Feb. 26, 1966

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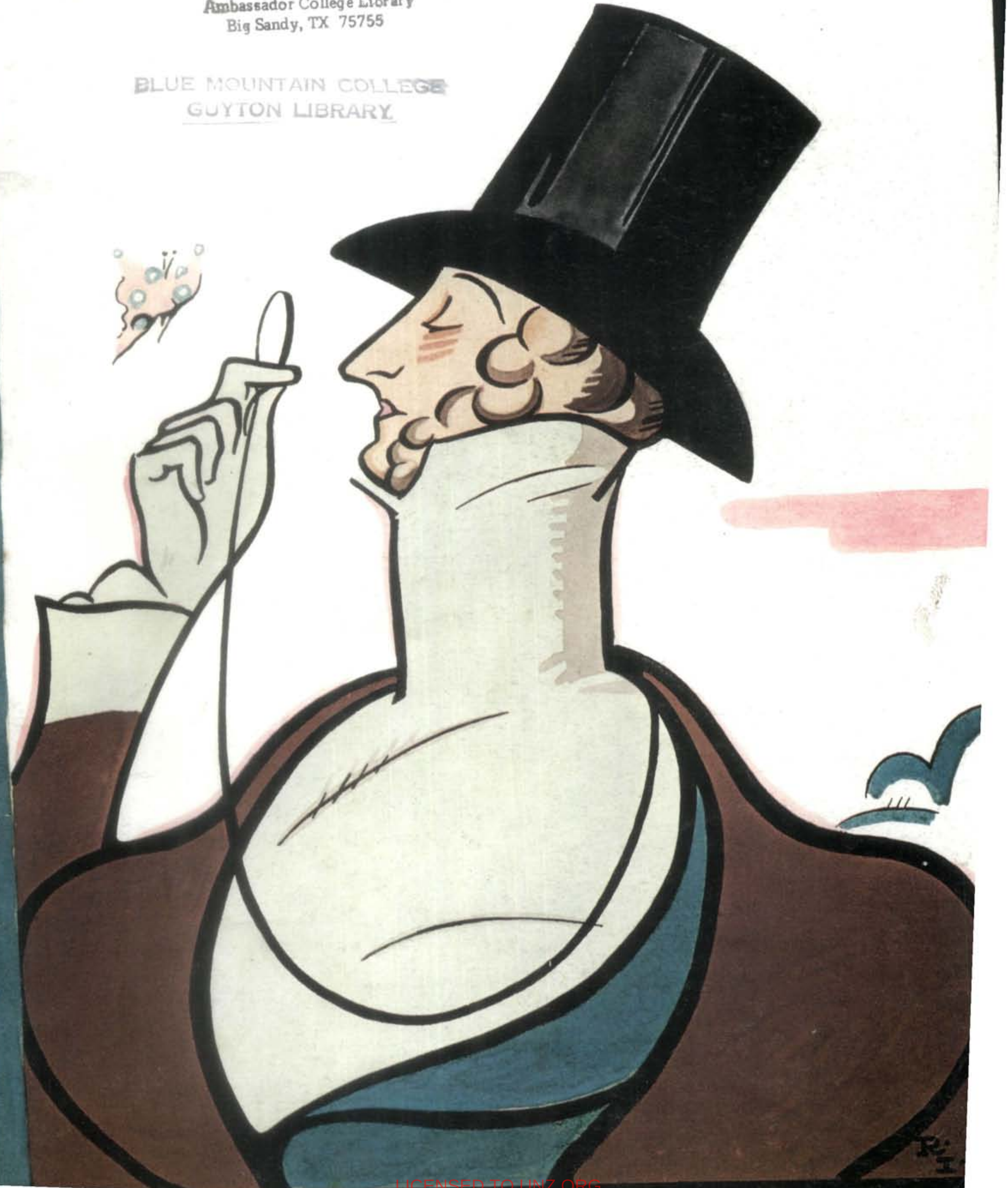

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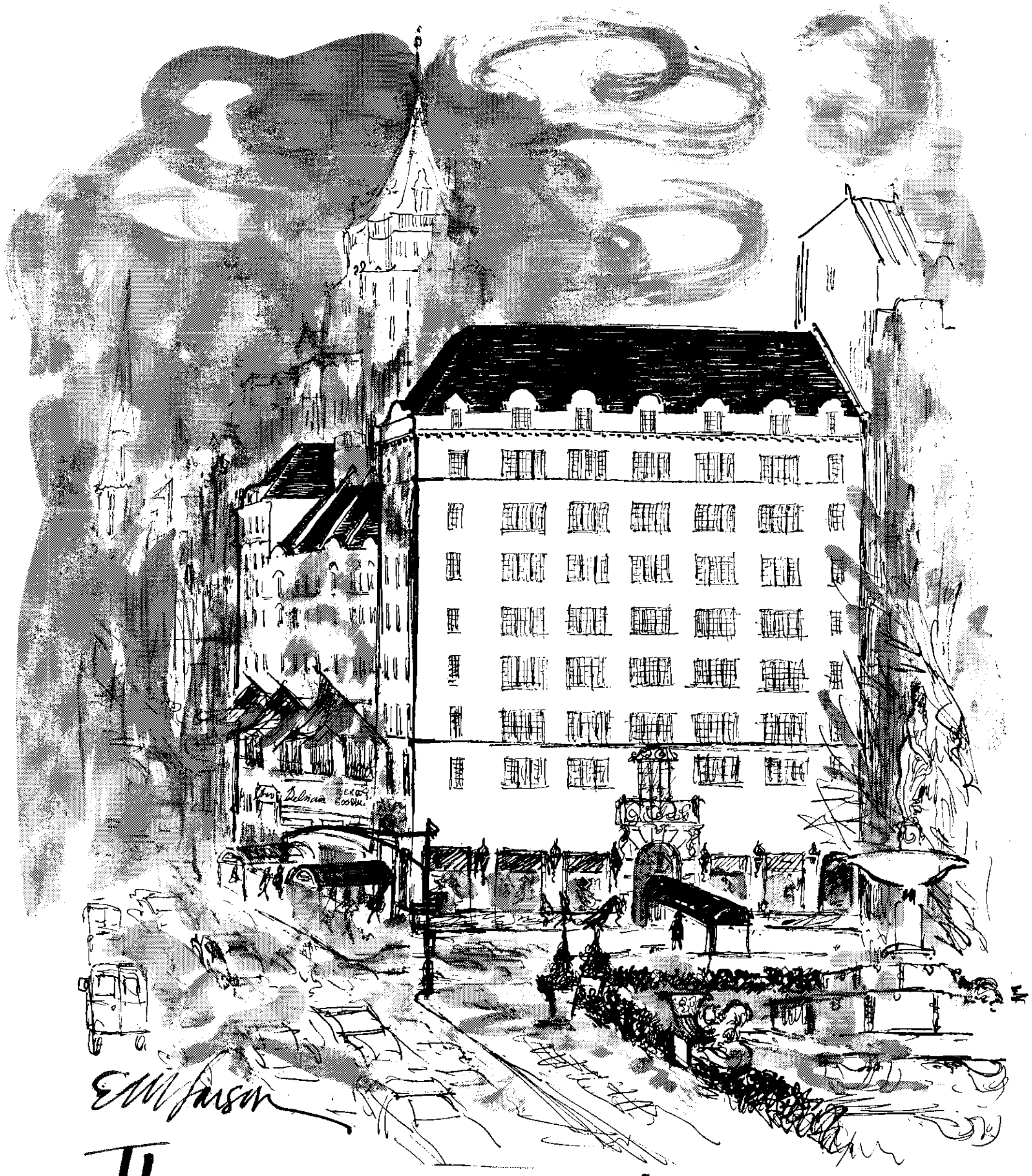

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—A long-drawn-out struggle between a civilized Chicagoan and his beatnik son-in-law, who resides in a lower East Side loft. The play was written by William Goodhart, and is fortunate in having the services of Henry Fonda, who plays the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—A courtroom drama by Jack Roffey that moves along slowly in proving that a barrister accused of murdering a judge didn't do it. The cast is headed by Ray Milland and includes such worthy performers as Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A frantic but not very stimulating comedy. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—John Osborne's attenuated and cheerless drama about the disintegration of an English lawyer. Nicol Williamson has the taxing central role, which involves delivering practically non-stop monologues. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Marat/Sade—The Royal Shakespeare Company, busily directed by Peter Brook, in a drama that depicts the awful situation of the inmates of an early-nineteenth-century insane asylum. Long and lugubrious. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—An absorbing drama, by Peter Shaffer, that colorfully details some of the events that took place when Pizarro and his tiny band set about the conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer cannot be faulted as Pizarro, and David Carradine is a tower of strength as Atahualpa, the Inca chieftain whom the Spaniards destroyed. The play is incisively directed by John Dexter, and has superb settings and costumes by Michael Annals. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Wait Until Dark—In this drama by Frederick Knott, three badmen make life miserable for a blind girl because there's a doll full of heroin in her Greenwich Village apartment, but the dénouement of the business is a long time coming. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Can't Take It with You—A first-rate revival of the thirty-year-old comedy that is as funny now as when it was written. The play is enacted by the APA Repertory Company, and all of those on view do well by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb directed the show and he has done a scintillating job. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik plays a Jewish grandfather who doesn't believe in apartheid on the loose in South Africa, and Louis Gossett plays a native who is his custodian and his pal. A rather fragile drama, which was written by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon and has incidental music and lyrics by Harold Rome. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Sandra Smith, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (George Abbott Theatre, formerly the 54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **luv:** Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell as three very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. Larry Blyden and Barbara Bel Geddes will succeed Mr. Wallach and Miss Jackson starting Monday, Feb. 28. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. Pat Hingle will replace Mr. Klugman starting Monday, Feb. 28. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **the subject was roses:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Now with Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Moves on Tuesday, March 1, to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Slapstick Tragedy—Tennessee Williams' latest offering, consisting of two short plays starring Margaret Leighton and Kate Reid. Alan Schneider is the director. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner hasn't been too successful in blending extrasensory perception and reincarnation into a smooth mixture in this musical, but the score, by Burton Lane, is bright, and Barbara Harris, as an ESP girl, is delightful. Oliver Smith has provided fine sets, and Freddy Wittop splendid costumes. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A mediocre musical based on Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," in which Julie Harris appears pleasantly as a lass whose head is full of dreams. The play was written by Peter Stone, and the music and lyrics are by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor, but Bob Fosse's choreography and direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is excellent. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **funny girl:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **golden boy:** A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's drama about a highly sensitive boxer, played by Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 5. . . . **half a sixpence:** Tommy Steele in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Evangeline. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

First One Asleep, Whistle—Salome Jens and Frank Converse in a play by Oliver Hailey,

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 1, February 26, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.

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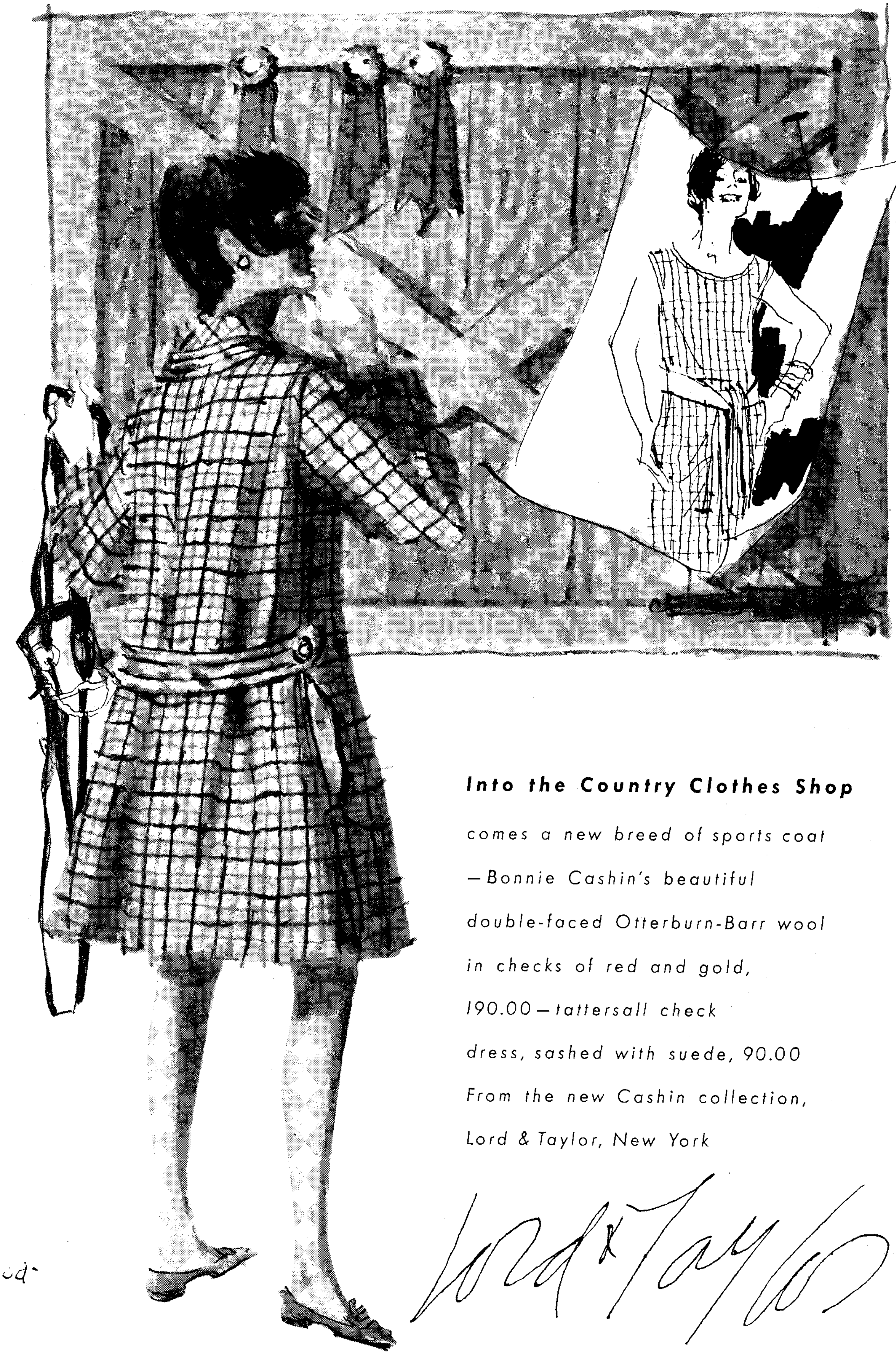

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

staged by John Berry. Opens Thursday, Feb. 24. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NATHAN WEINSTEIN, MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT—A comedy by David Rayfiel, with a cast headed by Sam Levene, Zohra Lampert, and Estelle Winwood. Peter Kass is the director. Preview Thursday, Feb. 24. Opens officially on Friday, Feb. 25. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WHERE'S DADDY?—William Inge's new comedy, starring Betty Field and Hiram Sherman. Directed by Harold Clurman. Previews through Sunday, Feb. 27. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 28. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Tuesday, March 1, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE LION IN WINTER—A play about Henry II by James Goldman. Robert Preston and Rosemary Harris lead a cast under the direction of Noel Willman. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 1-2. Opens officially on Thursday, March 3. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

CITY CENTER—COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE: The final performances in a three-week repertory. De Montherlant's play **LA REINE MORTE**, Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's comedy **L'AVARE**, Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 26-27, at 2:30 and 8:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. . . . **HUNGARIAN NATIONAL BALLET AND FOLK ENSEMBLE:** A two-week return engagement (new program) by this company of a hundred and ten dancers and singers, plus an orchestra. Starts Wednesday, March 2, and will run through Sunday matinée, March 13. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—The company's third offering is Sartre's **THE CONDEMNED OF ALTONA**, adapted by Justin O'Brien. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Through Saturday, Feb. 26: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Starting Friday, March 4: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2:30.)

THE DEADLY GAME—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, is quite good. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick at *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY ENDING and **DAY OF ABSENCE**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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HOGAN'S GOAT—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

JONAH—Sorrell Booke and Earle Hyman in a Biblical play by Paul Goodman. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

THE MAD SHOW—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

PHÈDRE—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Dieber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 763-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ROOMS—A pair of glib, rather cheap one-acters, the first a comedy and the second a melodrama. James Broderick is good in both of them. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WHITE DEVIL—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WINTERSET—A revival of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

ERICK HAWKINS—With his company, in a program of modern dance. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 8:30.)

PAUL SANASARDO—With his company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL BALLET—The company from Washington presenting "Night Song" (New York première), "La Sonnambula," and "Homage au Ballet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 5, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

VITTORIO GASSMAN—Plus a troupe of assisting actors in "The Game of Heroes," an anthology of scenes and one-act plays from four centuries of Italian theatre, performed in Italian with English introductions. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

ANNA RUSSELL—In a single performance of her new solo revue, "All by Myself." (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, March 4, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Julie London's songs, which she delivers in the Royal Box at dinner and supper, are just part of her physical-fitness program, which involves plenty of drum-majorette exercises, in concert with the Lee Evans orchestra, all silk and a yard wide. On Monday, Feb. 28, Miss London will be replaced by Nancy Ames, a meadowlark who is more of a relaxacisor. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Seemly doings, seemly sound in seemly surroundings—the ground-floor restaurant. From eight to nine, George Anaya's Cubans execute listening music; after that, they play for prancing. The tunes run until twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Where the Lowells speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to Mills. In the grand ballroom, there is dance music (Freddy Alonso's Latin band in particular) for anyone who happens to get restless; in the Champagne Room, people who are just taking a rest cure listen to fiddle and pianoforte. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun and games for all occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Under the burden imposed upon her by older and unwiser heads, Liza Minnelli staggers a bit as she goes through her Salome and Delilah arias in the Persian Room; her junior-miss ballads, however, and her ballet with her excelling partners, Neil Schwartz and Bob Fitch, point out the true merits of this picturesque sprig of a girl. The dance music issues from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On a clear night, you can see . . . Or you can dance, between courses, whenever the local trio sets to, which it does from eight-thirty until one-thirty, Sundays not included.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The Society for the Preservation of the Big-Band Sound meets every evening but

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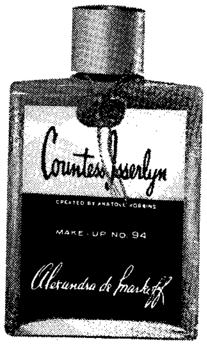
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday. Its current pleader for equal time is the Tommy Dorsey orchestra, now under the direction of Urbie Green, curator, who has given it a whole new and deserving portfolio of orchestrations. On Monday, Feb. 28, the band of Si Zentner, sometimes complex to the point of being prolix, but a dance band all the same, takes over. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The newly overhauled Maisonette is still making up its mind—is it a nocturnal library or is it an art gallery ablaze with murals?—but the guests remain single-minded; dine and dance is their purpose. The sound men—Charles Turecamo's orchestra (city-slicker music) and Quintero's Latin band—begin at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley is at the keyboard in Peacock Alley, which resounds with his eclectic pianism from four to eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, from five to nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from five to eleven Sundays. A foursome does dance music from nine to one every evening but Sunday.

Note—At **roseland dance city,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), footing it featly is the only dance within the law; no fruggers or hugger-muggers need apply. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays, understandably, are rest nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Chatter Box would be as good a name, for the conversation pieces—by both young and old—are forty words to the dozen. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **frey's,** 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): A picnic ground for the landed young gentry, their loved ones, and other town and gown characters. The piano of Carl Norman, who sits in one corner, runs on well into the lobster shift. No music Sundays. . . . **mike malkan's,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Too young to leave their mothers, too decorative to be kept home—that is the clientele hereabouts. The counterpoint is the dum-dee-dum piano of Mr. Malkan, prop., who works out from seven until a very late date, even on Sunday. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It doesn't matter when the customers arrive, for if the musicians are not thumbing their way through Italian romance literature, some singer or other is giving Puccini his due or doing the same for Broadway. This music is delivered every night, and an easy-does-it dance band also operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum. Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The merriest toilers among the electronic performing arts get away from them all to the tune of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome, which is on duty every night but Sunday. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube; i.e., zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is that noble seigneur Tibor Rakossy; the soprano really doesn't matter. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he has blundered into a rehearsal of "La Traviata" when his waiter suddenly becomes Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **charlie bates,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Six characters in search of the Fey Nineties and the innocent music that went with them. The leader is Bob Emma, banging and chanting away at a condemned upright; the rest of the crew sings rumpus-room style—the Ned Odum Boys now, Bob Gibson's threesome from Monday, Feb. 28, on. The humming begins around seven, and lasts and lasts, during the week; Sundays, instead, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band romps from four until one. . . . **bell's,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): A new New England homestead devoted to the care and feeding of young and old, as well as to frequent music—George Taylor's threesome, which has been known to break into song. The working hours are nine to three, except Sundays. . . . **the apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A good deed in the naughty world of Second Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal proportions. Charles De Forest, whose collection of late-night songs matches anyone else's, has a piano and a bass player on his side. He stays home Sundays.

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Note—The discothèque, a night-blooming phenomenon to which nowhere near enough deaf ears can be turned, is represented at its best by: **shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The pioneer settlement, but—frontier or not—opulent in appointments as well as menu. The citizenry is more senior than it is in most enterprises of this sort. The music—seven-thirty to three or four during the week, Sundays until one—is insistent and glittery, since it is all freshly squeezed out of a tube. Dinner and supper. . . . **arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguished cast of young volunteers, is fancy free, and every man to himself, every girl to herself. Heaven is as easy to gain admittance to. The music is sometimes robot, sometimes human. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **il mio,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. . . . **downtown,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name, and just as original. The *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers are *sui generis* and amusing; the music, partly storage battery and partly real, runs from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano, receives in this sumptuous greenroom from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The extremely handsome arrival of the twentieth century in Iberia—a meeting effected without ignoring the vivid architectural past. Rogelio Reguera, the guitarist of the occasion, is a classicist and a flamencan practically beyond compare. He performs from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **sheraton-east,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, Joe Moon is playing upper-echelon piano for anyone who is dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a view of a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. . . . **petroushka,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha.* She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the cooks) usually carry on from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Grandeur, thy name is Spain. The inflammatory guitar is plied by the Andalusian gypsy Sarita Heredia, who is on hand at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport.* The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening on the Via Veneto, and just warm enough for comfort. Part of the warmth is the squadron of peregrinating musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **café carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The watercolor piano and watercolor humor of George Feyer are on exhibit along this stretch of Bailey's Beach. Eight-thirty until about two is his speed. Closed Sundays. . . . **new york hilton,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Beneath the René Bouché murals (Rome on the verge of a dulcet dusk) in the Seven Hills, Mario Peralta plies an age-old bandonion from seven to nine, extracting from it any number of joyous sounds. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his term of office. Silence on Sundays. . . . **polo bar,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The mansion is Moorish, sort of, the menu is American, the mien is decorous, the piano (George Rudolph) is laudably venturesome. The music is audible from six until midnight except on Sundays. . . . **sheraton gladstone,** 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Room, a bar that takes only Sundays off, Tony Gorody, once of Havana night life, sits down at his piano around six, and does not wander far from it until around one.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): It is possible to shoot a moose in the balcony, for our hornèd friends are turning out in response to the calls issued by the Supremes, the three girls who are having such a good time being folksy, bouncy, and noisy. The current humorists are concerned only with the telling of old wives' tales. On Thursday, March 3, all hands are to be succeeded by the team of Allen & Rossi, whose jokes have been in the family for centuries. The Copa ballerinas, accustomed to such changes of administration, will calmly continue to go their extremely individual ways. Dancing.... ¶ In the lounge, jingle-jangle sets in on the podium at ten, and nobody thinks to turn it off until four or so.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Paris when it sizzles, or at least when it comes to a boil, as seen through the eyes of a sensitive tripper. Jayne Mansfield, who studied everything but singing when she was at the Sorbonne, sings, and a lot of meaningful girls race on and off stage, among them a fine figure of a tigress called Betty Jo Alvies. Also on hand: a remarkable circus acrobat (Chris Heyl), trained poodles, etc., etc., and etc. On Tuesday, March 1, Kay Starr and her cantatas will replace Miss Mansfield. Dancing for the diners, too.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Damita Jo, whose singing has something to do with the first principles of jet propulsion, is top of the heap. A new band (Gerald Wilson's) and an old vaudeville act (Timmie Rogers) follow her trail. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nothing is ever quite what it seems in "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's newest brief for dis-Establishmentarianism, for every prank, every parable, every bit of poesy turns out to be a witty engine of destruction. Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, and Liz Sheridan are the avenging angels of the cast; Bill Hinnant, Dennis Allen, and John Keatts fill out a squadron of six that has the virtues and the strength of ten. The orchestra is the pianos plied by Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements. Nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. Closed Sundays. ... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Joaquin Robles is putting his flamencan stamps of approval on the floor of the back room, and his troupe of gypsies does its best to follow suit; the five young Mexicans who call themselves Los Vegas neatly, nimbly, and harmonically demonstrate that rocking and rolling would be ever so much better up north if it had been invented south of the border. The performers turn up at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten.... ¶ After ten, in the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar can always bemuse and beguile, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays.... **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Cole Porter, the only sociologist who ever combined rhyme and reason, is memorialized (and to perfection) in a small revue (words and music by C. P.) inhabited by Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan, those blithe spirits of mockery, and by Carol Arthur, Jane Manning, and Virginia Vestoff, their estimable aides. Nearly all of what goes on in this, the second edition, did not go on in the first edition, so fluent was the Porter pen. Things happen at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven on Friday and Saturday. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The first few minutes of "Just for Openers," the new revue here, never would be missed; thereafter, the jollity is quite noticeable. R. G. Brown is up to his usual knowing tricks, and he is given loyal aid by Fannie Flagg, Kelly Wood, and Richard Blair. Twice a night, except Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The qualities of mercy and merriment are not ever strained by Mabel Mercer, whose lyric advice to the love-torn is year after year offered up in her special high and wry style. The premises are at the moment also being used as a rehearsal hall by Joan Rivers, who tests (sometimes, of necessity, to destruction) her comic ideas on how to split a personality into smithereens. Sam Hamilton's well-considered piano is likewise available. Nothing happens before ten. Closed Sundays.

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): On Friday, Feb. 25, Thelonious Monk and his quartet and Coleman Hawkins and his foursome will settle in for a stay. Mondays, their times-out, will be assigned to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen—all exulting at their temporary respite from studio work. Hank Jones, Bob Brookmeyer, and other eminences are usually included.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion above a grotto. In the pavilion is Dave Pike's triad, which moves out on Sunday, Feb. 27, to be replaced, on Tuesday, March 1, by the piano of Jaki Byard. In the grotto, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, Mongo Santamaria's band will dish out Basic Latin and the Clara Ward Singers will set down the Gospels in letters of fire. The grotto is occupied on Mondays by Symphony Sid, a *Mad Magazine* sort of commentator, and a Latin band. ... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A *Brauhaus* whose only brew is coffee. The song is mostly from our hills and dales; Jake Holmes and Lorry Green (that's a girl, and a new one) are its outlets. A certain humor is offered by the Uncalled-For 3, whose final night is Monday, Feb. 28. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every note is fraught. A quartet makes audible the broodings of Lennie Tristano every night but Monday, and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, Kenny Durham's quintet will join in. ... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Fighting trim is the phrase for Charles Mingus and his Jazz Workshop. Their free-form flauntings occur every night except Monday, when another band is in charge, and Toshiko Mariano, whose solo piano is generally exploratory and elucidatory, holds to the same schedule.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The music to dance to that was invented by our forefathers is once again dance as well as listening music. It is turned out by Mr. Condon and a hearty crew, such as Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Roger Kellaway, Morey Feld, and one non-forefather, the Japanese pianist Shoji Suzuki. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though often still cheerful, now and again considers "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual Zutty Singleton is reaping the whirlwinds he so enjoys sowing, and he gets help from Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Herman Autrey, and Max Kaminsky. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. ... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, there is even a bagpiper on the podium, too. Nine to three or four is the idea.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Young man, go south, and young woman, go likewise, to where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. To top it off, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band rollicks on Sunday afternoons after four-thirty.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALBERT ALCALAY—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

WILL BARNET—Portraits; through March 12. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGIT BECK—Semi-abstract landscapes; through March 12. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BENSON—Rectangular wall pieces; through Saturday, March 5. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Recent gouaches, mobiles, and stabiles; through March 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY CASSATT—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings and pastels; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

CARMEN CICERO—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

JOHN DOBBS—Figure paintings; through March 12. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Abstract paintings done in a mixture of sand and oil; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ALICE FORMAN—Figures and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 5. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

KEN FRITSCH—Figure paintings; through March 10. (Aegis, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

HANA GEBER—Silver and bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

GREGORY GILLESPIE—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB—Abstract oils; through Saturday, March 5. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HARTMAN—Paintings; through March 12. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

HANS HOFMANN—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists, who died last week; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

BUDD HOPKINS—Abstract paintings; through March 12. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Still-lifes and figure paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (Jackson, 32 E 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—Representational paintings; through March 12. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

IRVING KAUFMAN—Paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

DENNIS LEON—Metal sculptures and draw-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

César Manrique—Abstract paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Ezio Martinelli—Bronzes; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Mario Micossi—Etchings of Italy; through March 10. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Sue Mitchell—Landscapes; through Saturday, March 5. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Costantino Nivola—Drawings; through March 12. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Noland—Abstract paintings; through March 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Felix Pasilis—Abstract oils; through Saturday, March 5. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabor Peterdi—Graphics; through March 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—Landscape, still-life, and figure paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carlos Sansegundo—Paintings; through Saturday, March 5. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

David Sawin—Still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, March 5. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Sivard—Paintings of Yugoslavia, Paris, Puerto Rico, and New York; through March 12. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jane Smith—Still-life paintings; through March 12. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Hedda Sterne—Portraits, 1941-65; through Saturday, March 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tal Streeter—Sculptures; through March 12. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Cy Twombly—Drawings; through Wednesday, March 2. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raoul Ubac—Slates, oils, and gouaches. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

John von Wicht—Graphics; through Saturday, March 5. (Grippi, 344 E. 59th St.)

Robert Watts—Objects and constructions; through March 19. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

Greek Art—Plates, vases, bronze animals, and other Greek antiquities; through Saturday, March 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—Masks, statues, and utensils (in wood, bronze, and ivory), from Mali, Liberia, Nigeria, and so on; through Monday, Feb. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings by (for instance) Robert Brackman, Frederick Frieseke, and Robert Philipp; through Friday, Feb. 25.... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Hassam, Twachtman, and Pleissner; through March 25. (Closed Mondays.)... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Prints and watercolors by Misch Kohn, Bill Majors, and other members of the gallery, plus bronze nudes by Doris Caesar; through March 9. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: Roy Lichtenstein, Josef Albers, and Victor Vasarely are three of the artists represented in a travelling show of graphics entitled "Pop and Op;" through Wednesday, March 2. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: An exhibition consisting of sculptures, paintings, drawings, and objects relating to the subject of chess, by such contributors as Helen Frankenthaler, René Magritte, and Jean Tinguely; through Saturday, Feb. 26.... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by Robert Motherwell, de Staël, Klee, and other twentieth-century artists; through March 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Sixteenth- to twentieth-century drawings by Boucher, Toulouse-Lautrec, Homer, and others; through March 19.

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Europeans; Group Show—"Old Masters in Twentieth-Century European Art," including Picasso, Arp, and Mondrian; through Saturday, March 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine, and others.... ¶ "Chinese Metalwork," a new installation of small objects dating from 1500 B.C. to about 1250 A.D., including sculptures, religious images, and jewelry, in gold, silver, and gilt bronze. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of oils by the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte; through Sunday, Feb. 27.... ¶ A display of architectural drawings of projects and buildings by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, in celebration of his eightieth birthday; through March 20.... ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and collages (1941-55) by Nicolas de Staël, together with European drawings by such artists as Gianfranco Baruchello, Eduardo Paolozzi, and Antoni Tàpies; through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

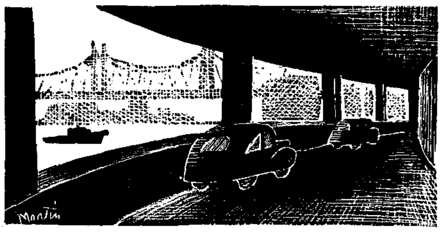
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Oils, drawings, and small caseins by Niles Spencer, 1893-1952; through March 6.... ¶ Geometric abstract paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection, by, among others, Frank Stella, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and Ilya Botolowsky; through April 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29.... ¶ "Greek Gold: Jewelry from the Age of Alexander," a loan exhibition of some two hundred items, the majority of them unearthed during the past fifteen years in Greece, Italy, Syria, and Turkey; through March 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Ancient Art from Afghanistan: Treasures of the Kabul Museum;" through March 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through March 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Spiral Press Through Four Decades," an exhibition of books and ephemera; through April 9.... ¶ Illuminated manuscript leaves; through April 23.... ¶ The Vinland Map and other early records of exploration; through April 2. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)



Museum of Graphic Art—"Five Centuries of Graphic Art," the initial showing of this new Museum, at present without a home of its own, is being held in temporary quarters at the Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St. On view are woodcuts, etchings, engravings, and lithographs, ranging from Schongauer to Picasso. Through March 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Tikal 1956-66: Excavations in Maya Guatemala," through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-first annual, composed of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Reri Grist, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, Nicolae Herlea, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Mignon Dunn, Roberta Peters, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, and Tito Gobbi. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, Richard Tucker, and Kostas Paskalis.... ¶ Tuesday, March 1, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Mignon Dunn, Roberta Peters, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Wednesday, March 2, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Reri Grist, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, Nicolae Herlea, and Giorgio Tozzi. ... ¶ Thursday, March 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Jeanette Scovotti, Ruza Pospinov, Alfredo Kraus, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Friday, March 4, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Raina Kabaivanska, Richard Tucker, William Walker, and Elfego Esparza.... ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 2: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Loretta Di Franco, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corera.... ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8:15: "Falstaff," with Pilar Lorengar, Lili Chookasian, Mildred Miller, Judith Raskin, Tito Gobbi, Kostas Paskalis, and Luigi Alva.

New York City Opera Company—Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 24-26, at 8:15: "Street Scene."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2:30: "The Ballad of Baby Doe."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8:15: "Don Rodrigo."... ¶ Wednesday, March 2, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe."... ¶ Thursday, March 3, at 7:45: The company's première of Francis Poulenc's "The Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English).... ¶ Friday, March 4, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Saturday, March 5, at 8:15: "Street Scene." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, March 27.)

Juilliard Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of Puccini's "La Bohème" (in English), staged by Christopher West and conducted by Jean Morel. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 3, and Saturday, March 5, both at 8:15. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Schippers conducting—Performances of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah" on Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 25, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 28, at 7:30 (all with Jane Marsh, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Gene Bullard, tenor; Donald McIntyre, bass; and the Camerata Singers);

Department [illegible]ent's office. Carpet: distinguished tweed-plush Richmead in Avocado. Accent rug: Wavy River from our Custom Carpet collection.

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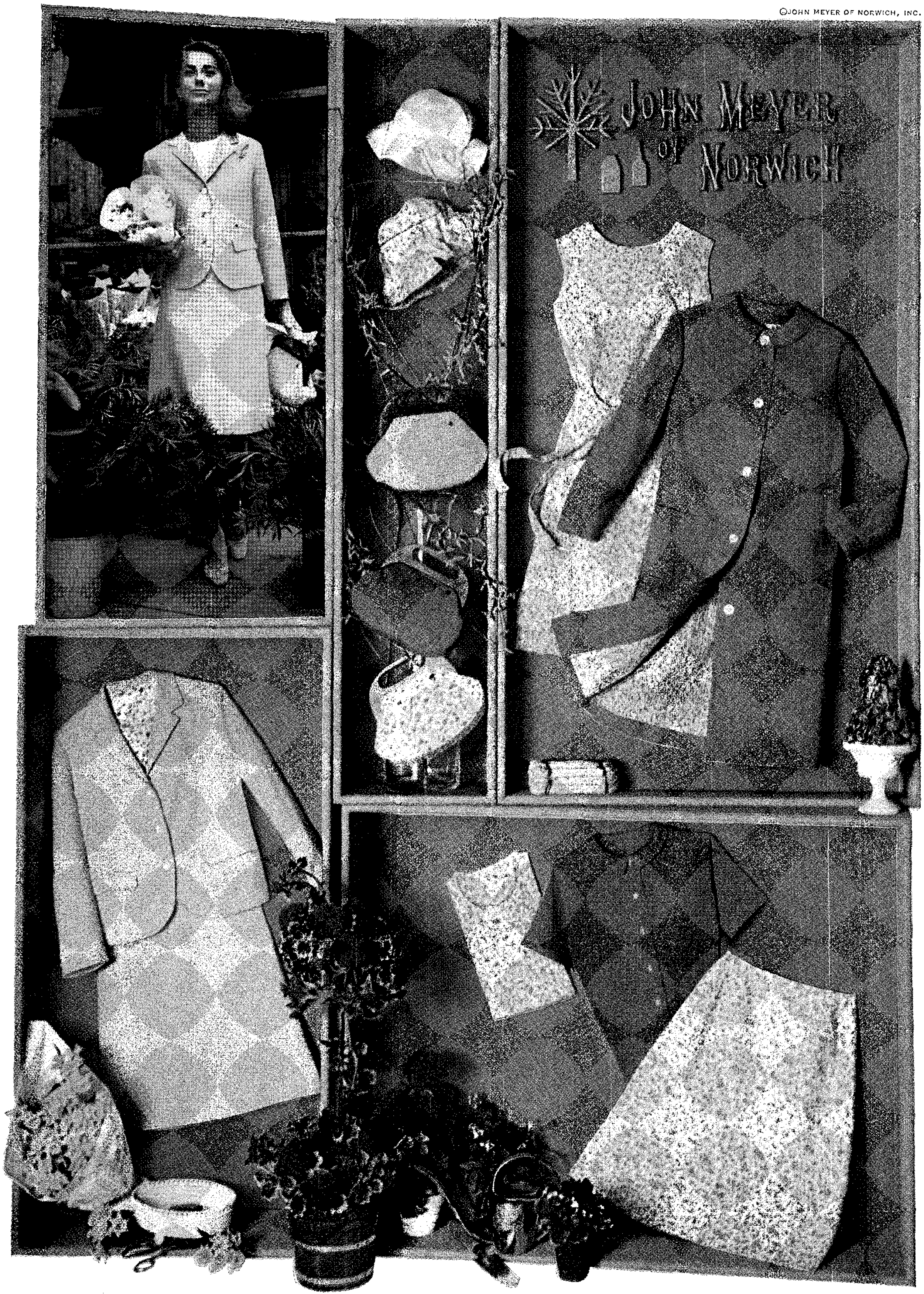

Go calling with daffodils wearing these beautifully understated John Meyer niceties. Pert buttercup "Boy's" suit in heatherspun $25. Its printed shell $7. Blue coat with print lining $30. Matching print skimmer dress $20. Green print Panel-A skirt $12. Its tucked shell $8. Matching bags $9 and hats $6. Tailored with tender loving care . . . typically John Meyer. In spring posy colors. For store nearest you, write John Meyer of Norwich, Norwich, Connecticut.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and a varied program on Thursday, March 3, at 8:30; Friday, March 4, at 2:15; Saturday, March 5, at 8:30; and Monday, March 7, at 7:30 (all with Guiomar Novaes, piano).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 2, and Friday, March 4, both at 8:30, performances of Schumann's "Faust." with Beverly Sills and Veronica Tyler, sopranos; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; and several choruses. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 3, at 8:30, a varied program, with four violin soloists. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 5, at 8:30, an all-Brahms program, with Zino Francescatti, violin.)

Claudio Arrau and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—The pianist in the first of three joint all-Beethoven concerts with the orchestra, conducted by Max Rudolf. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting—Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30: The first in a series of three Haydn-Mozart programs, this one with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Lillian Fuchs, viola. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, March 5-6, at 8:30: A varied program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and Gérard Souzay, baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting a program of Puerto Rican music, with Elias Lopez-Sobá, piano; Walter Trampler, viola; and Ralph Froelich, horn. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

American Symphony Orchestra—José Serebrier conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3, and Monday, Feb. 28, at 8:40.)

American Opera Society—Carlo Felice Cillario directing the American première of Verdi's "Giovanna d'Arco" in concert form, with Teresa Stratas, soprano; Angelo Mori, tenor; and Sherrill Milnes, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 1, at 8.)

Brattleboro Music Center Chorus—Blanche Honegger Moyse directing a program of Bach cantatas, with the Brattleboro Music Center Chamber Orchestra, the Brattleboro Community Chorus, the Marlboro College Chorus, and soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 5, at 5:15.)

RECITALS

Peter, Paul & Mary—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Koeckert Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin, in a program of partitas and sonatas for unaccompanied violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

The Romeros—The guitarists Celedonio Romero and his three sons, with the Esterhazy Orchestra conducted by David Blum. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

John Corigliano and Ralph Votapek—Violin and piano, with a string quartet in a program of chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2:30.)

Pilar Lorengar—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Peter Serkin, piano, in an all-Schubert program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3 and 9.)

Bernardo Segáll—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

John Ogdon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 2, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Paul Badura-Skoda and Jörg Demus, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 4, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

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27	28	1	2	3	4	5

Trio di Trieste—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 4, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Contemporary Music Society—A program of works by Henry Cowell, performed by Anahid Ajemian, violin; George Pappastavrou, piano; Theodor Uppman, baritone; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 4, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 4, at 8:40.)

Vienna Octet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—Alfred Brendel will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 6, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 28, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Art Farmer, Benny Golson, and the other members of the New York Jazz Sextet. (Bowman Room, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:40. For information about tickets, call CO 5-8444.) . . . ¶ Kenny Burrell, solo and with accompaniment. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Billy Eckstine, Oscar Peterson, and Maynard Ferguson. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 4, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 26, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. Baltimore and Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 1, at 6:30: Baltimore vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. San Francisco.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 27, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 2, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Track Events—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 5, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, March 3. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturday, at 7:06.) . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8, from Friday, March 4, through Tuesday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Faust," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 5, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "Cinderella." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **EQUITY THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 5, at 2:30.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS:** "Young Ben Franklin." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Brightest Moon of All." Starting Tuesday, March 1, there will be a new show, "The Meaning of Spring," which will describe the motions of the earth, the causes of the seasons, and the arrival of the vernal equinox. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"A Dog of Flanders," with David Ladd and Donald Crisp. A benefit performance. (Art Theatre, 36 E. 8th St. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 10. For tickets, call TR 7-9050.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—St.-John Perse's new poem, "Birds," will be read in the original French by Gérard de la Villesbrunne and in English by the translator Robert Fitzgerald, Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Henri Coulette and Edgar Bowers reading from their own works, Thursday, March 3, at 8:30. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

National Antiques Show—The twenty-second annual show of antiques, chiefly American, ranging from furniture to knickknacks. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Feb. 24, through Wednesday, March 2, from 1 to 11, and Thursday, March 3, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 1:45: Near and Far Eastern art, including Persian ceramics and miniatures, Chinese scroll paintings and frescoes, and Indian and Siamese sculptures; the property of the Kevorkian Foundation. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 2, at 1:45: Americana, from the John Carter Brown Library of Brown University.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

BIG 2 SHOWS
2 BIG SHOWS DAILY ★★★★
Hairdressing

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Darling—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright account of contemporary London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 1.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Flight of the Phoenix—A Walter Mitty dream come true: a band of brave men putting together a new plane out of the bits and pieces of a wrecked one. With James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Italiano Brava Gente—A not very accurate but often touching account of the Russian-Italian sector during the Second World War. Made by Russians and Italians. In Italian. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Juliet of the Spirits—Another glorious plunge into the grab bag of Federico Fellini's fantasies, here thinly disguised as those of a suburban Roman housewife. With Giulietta Masina, Sandra Milo, and Mario Pisu. In Italian. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

King and Country—Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde in a grim story of the First World War, brilliantly directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Life at the Top— . . . is hard cheese, says this wry, tough, well-written and well-acted English comedy. Starring Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Donald Wolfit, and Honor Blackman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Lord Love a Duck—A wild and woolly contemporary comedy, written and directed by George Axelrod and starring Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Loved One—An overstuffed nightmare, expanding and almost wrecking the Waugh work, but with a few funny scenes. The heroes of the occasion are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Rod Steiger, Milton Berle, and Margaret Leighton. Tony Richardson directed. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Male Companion—The hero of this comedy wishes not to earn a living and to make conquests of innumerable girls. An impossible goal, but he comes close. Starring Jean-Pierre Cassel and directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Othello—An extraordinarily perverse reading of the title role by Sir Laurence Olivier, who is wonderful, right or wrong. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

Our Man Flint—More death-defying high jinks à la mode de Bond, with James Coburn in the title role. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607. On Wednesday and Thursday, March 2-3, the opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor," sung in English, with Norman Foster and Mildred Miller, will be shown instead of the regular film.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very plausible movie. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through March 1.)

The Shop on Main Street—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring two extraordinarily fine actors—Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—A strong, old-fashioned, no-nonsense melodrama, with an intricate plot and excellent acting by Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, and Claire Bloom. The director was Martin Ritt. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

The 10th Victim—A very witty movie about the twenty-first century, when murder has become a form of useful play. Starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress, and directed with zest by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. On Wednesday and Thursday, March 2-3, the opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor," sung in English, with Norman Foster and Mildred Miller, will be shown instead of the regular film.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Where the Spies Are—Still another melodrama about international spies. The difference is a clever script and a fine performance by David Niven. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 25.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 25.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 24.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 26-28.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 24.)

The Misfits (1961)—Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable as a lonely young divorcée and an aging cowhand in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Feb. 26.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 24.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting March 2.)

Sayonara (1957)—The American-boy-meets-Japanese-girl theme. Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Feb. 26.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Feb. 27-March 1.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through March 1.)

Three Strangers (1946)—Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Geraldine Fitzgerald unsuccessfully trying to share a sweepstakes ticket. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 2.)

Two Daughters (1963)—Sufferings of youth and age, as experienced in the steamy back country of Mother India. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 1.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting March 2.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 25.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Four programs in a series called "A Producer's Work: Sam Spiegel." Through Feb. 25: "We Were Strangers" (1949), with Jennifer Jones and John Garfield. . . . ¶ Feb. 26-27: "The Prowler" (1951), with Van Heflin and Evelyn Keyes. . . . ¶ Feb. 28-March 1: "The African Queen" (1952), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ Starting March 2: "On the Waterfront" (1954), with Marlon Brando and Karl Malden. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional *showings on Thursday evenings at 8.*) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through Feb. 27: Excerpts from various W. C. Fields films. . . . ¶ Starting March 1: A program of experimental shorts. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	1	2			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
OUR MAN FLINT.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Inside Daisy Clover," Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through March 2: "The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE LOVED ONE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
DARLING.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry; and "Bambole!" (in Italian), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
OTHELLO.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
MALE COMPANION (in French).

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
LORD LOVE A DUCK.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
DARLING; and another feature, to be announced.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
WHERE THE SPIES ARE.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian). On Wednesday and Thursday, March 2-3, instead of the regular film, the opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor," sung in English, with Norman Foster and Mildred Miller, will be shown at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 1: **DARLING.**
From March 2 (tentative): "The Hill," Sean Connery.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
(Saturdays and Sundays, features are shown only after 4.)
Through Feb. 26: "The Hill," Sean Connery.
Feb. 27 through the afternoon of March 1: To be announced.
March 1 at 7:30 and 9:30: "The Extra Girl" (silent), Mabel Normand.
From March 2: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD; and "Kid Rodelo," Janet Leigh.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
OUR MAN FLINT. (On Wednesday and Thursday, March 2-3, instead of the regular film, the opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor," sung in English, with Norman Foster and Mildred Miller, will be shown at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30.)

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 24: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival; and "Throne of Blood" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Feb. 25: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Feb. 26: **SAYONARA**, revival; and **THE MISFITS**, revival.
Feb. 27-March 1: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.
From March 2: **ROOM SERVICE**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry; and "Bambole!" (in Italian), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 1: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson; and "Murder Most Foul," revival, Margaret Rutherford.
From March 2: To be announced.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 1: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.
March 2-3 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: The opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor," sung in English, with Norman Foster and Mildred Miller.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
LIFE AT THE TOP.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
OTHELLO.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Second Spring" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "The Lady General" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
ITALIANO BRAVA GENTE (in Italian).

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
KING AND COUNTRY.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian).

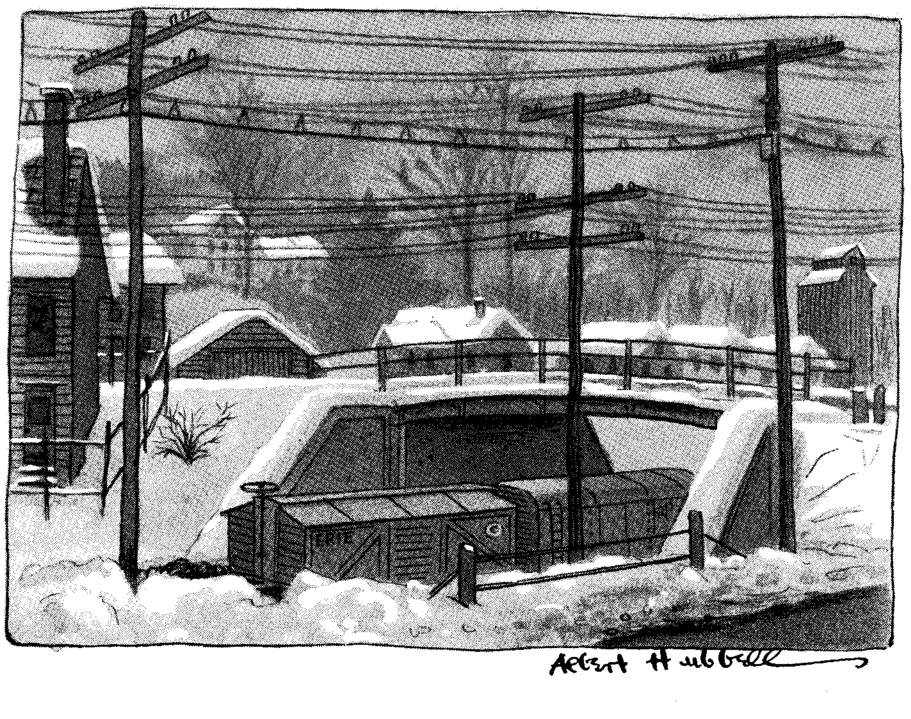
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.

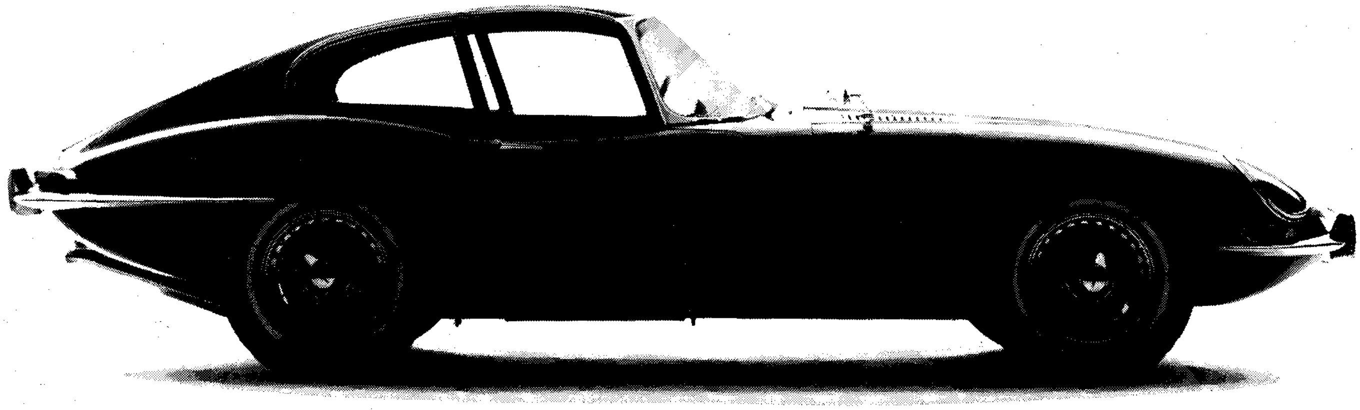
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 24: "The Prize," revival, Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson; and "The Verdict," revival, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre.
Feb. 25: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "Manpower," revival, Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson.
Feb. 26-28: **KEY LARGO**, revival; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane.
March 1: "A Boy Ten Feet Tall," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Fergus McClelland; and "The Raven," revival, Boris Karloff, Vincent Price.
March 2: **THREE STRANGERS**, revival; and "Actors and Sin," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Marsha Hunt.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Nanny," Bette Davis; and "Goodbye Charlie," revival, Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 24: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **MAYERLING** (in French), revival.
Feb. 25-28: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
From March 1: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali), revival; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
LIFE AT THE TOP.





If you need more reasons to buy a Jaguar...

2. double overhead camshaft engine
3. all synchromesh 4-speed gearbox, diaphragm clutch
4. Powr-Lok limited slip differential
5. aerodynamic styling, wind tunnel tested
6. lightweight all-steel monocoque body
7. torsion bar front suspension
8. quadri-coil independent rear suspension
9. wood-rimmed, racing-type telescopic steering wheel
10. positive, responsive rack-and-pinion steering
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13. bucket seats, upholstered in finest leather
14. painstaking craftsmanship
15. the Jaguar racing heritage
16. There is a special feeling the Jaguar owner has for his own different breed of cat. He likes to be alone with it out on the road. He likes to run up the rev's and fill the air with a throaty growl. He likes to downshift coming into a curve and power through the turns in complete control. He likes the feel of the butter-soft leather and he likes the way the seat holds him. He likes the way people look at him and he likes looking at his car.
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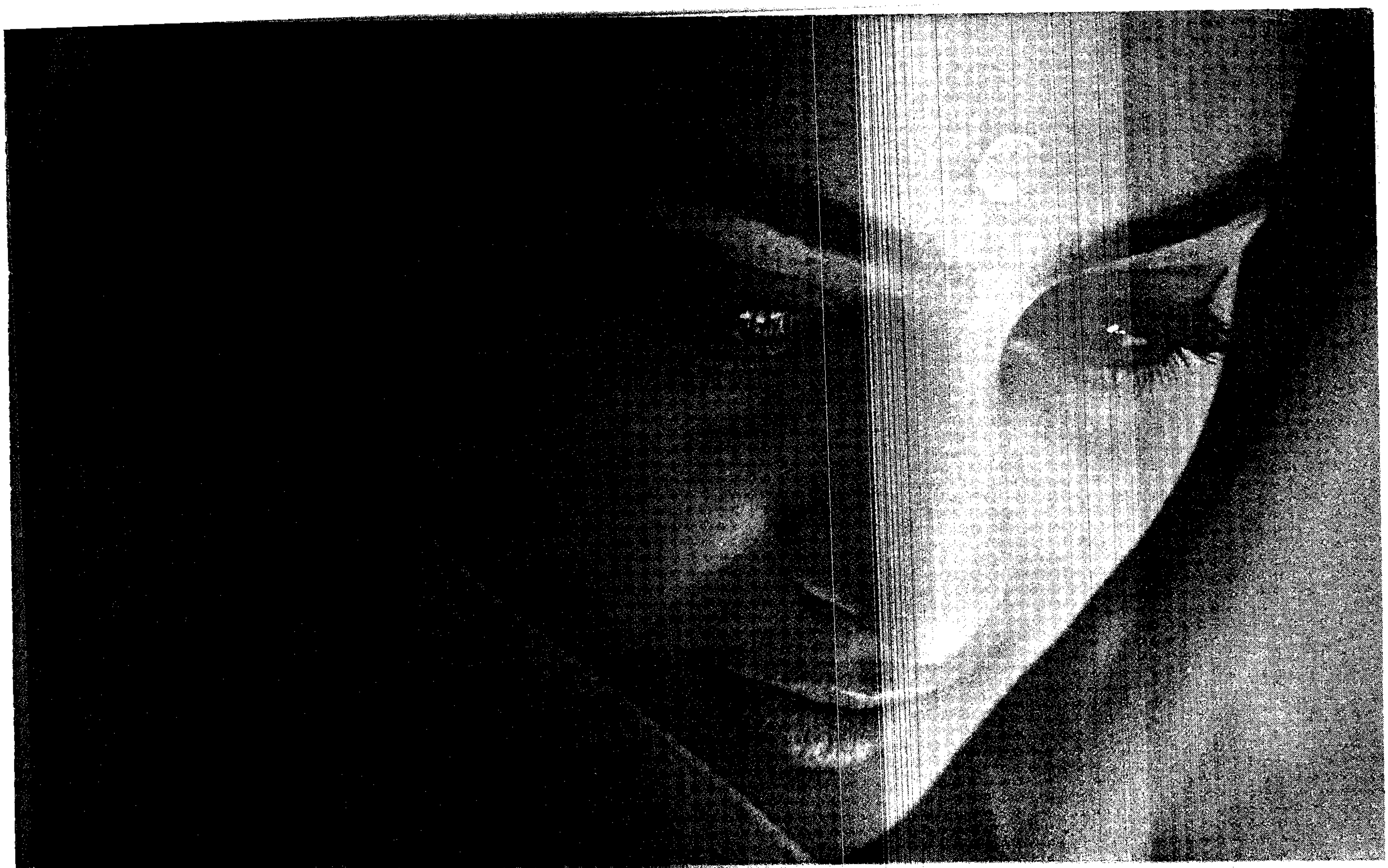
    Money-saving overseas delivery can be arranged. See your dealer or write Jaguar Cars Inc. 32 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.



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[illegible] like to [illegible] might [illegible] India for [illegible] the more [illegible]

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[illegible] for the [illegible] which in [illegible] eur at [illegible] you can [illegible] boast [illegible] airline [illegible] fourth- [illegible]

Our point is this: See the wonders of our ancient, colorful land. The India of orchid-studded mountains. The India of sleepy blue lakes. The India time can't budge.

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India

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Our master blender watches his favorite team. He was born in the Highlands not half a mile from our Cardow Distillery.

The man in the picture is George Thomson: sports enthusiast, master blender, possessor of the world's most talented nose.

Mr. Thomson's nose is the secret of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

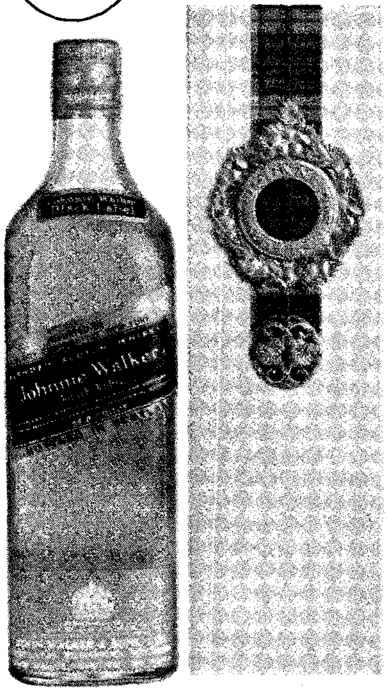
Imagine judging the maturity and character of over a hundred different malt whiskies without tasting one of them. And then selecting the perfect combination of over forty, again by aroma alone. Not many men could ever do that. Mr. Thomson is only the fourth master blender in the history of Johnnie Walker.

He rounds out more than forty aged Highland malts with just the right amount of mature Scotch grain whisky. And when he's done, the Scotch is deep and full. Quite frankly a luxury Scotch, for people who enjoy something very good now and then.

About supply and demand

There must be many people who do prefer Johnnie Walker Black Label. In fact, the Scotch is so much in demand in the United Kingdom, it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. import quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

Look for Black Label with its new year-round gift carton. In its own way, the carton is as distinguished as the Scotch inside. Johnnie Walker Black Label. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



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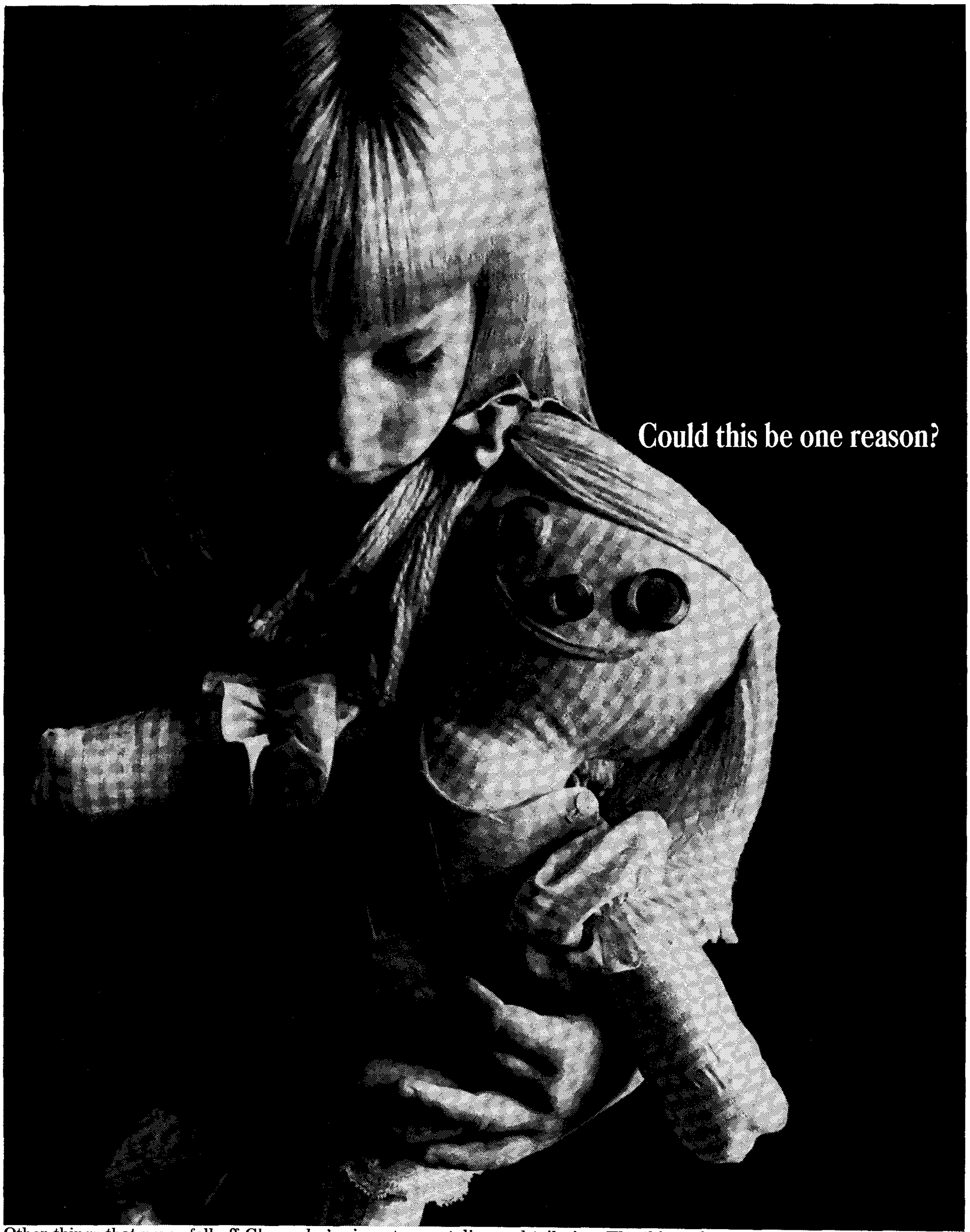
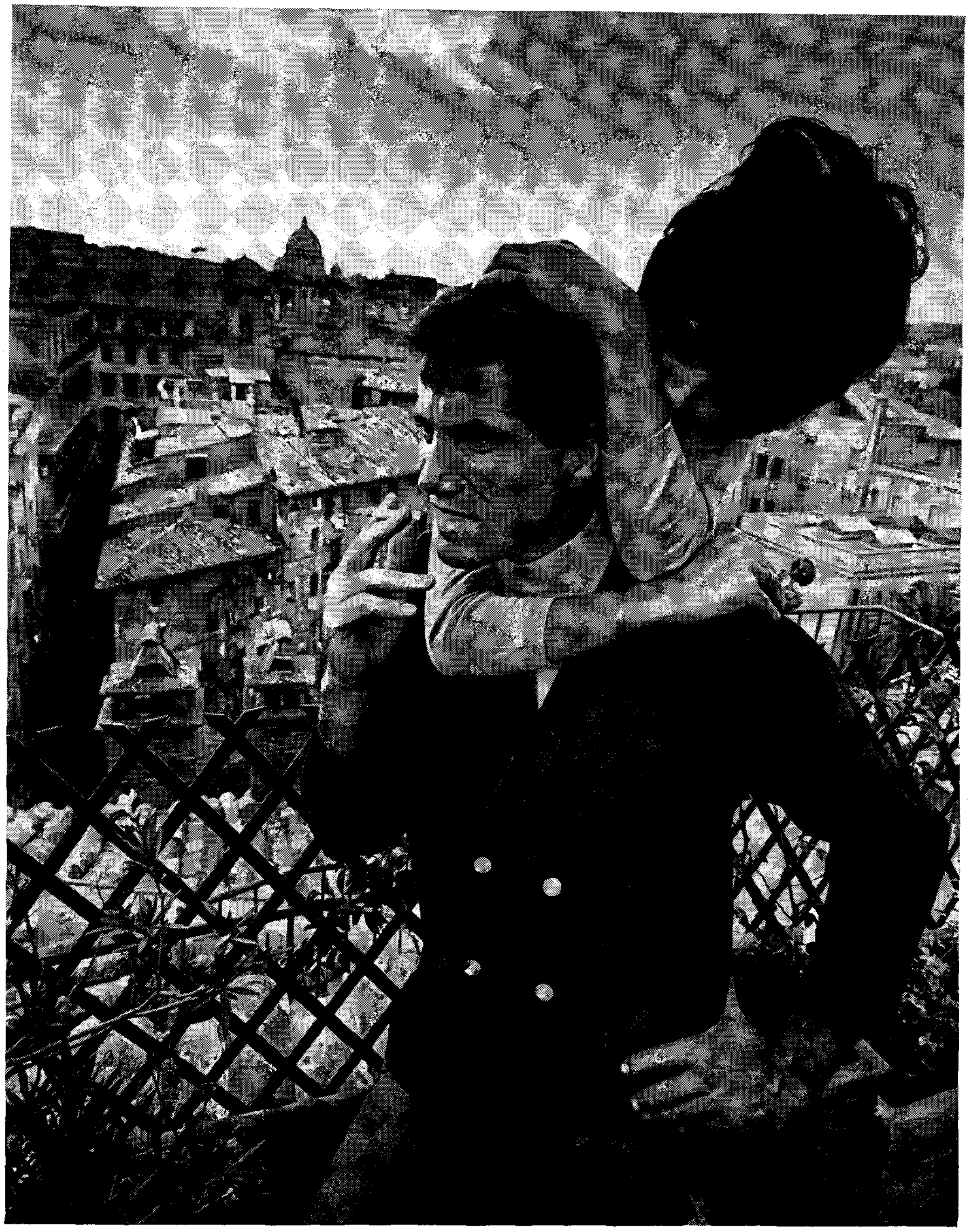


Could this be one reason?

Other things that never fall off Gleneagles' raincoats are styling and tailoring. The things that do fall off are stains and rain. So go ahead, use the extra buttons for whatever you like. See Gleneagles for men or for women from $32.50 to $75.00 with DuPont **ZE PEL**® fabric fluoridizer at well-informed stores. Or write Gleneagles, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York City.



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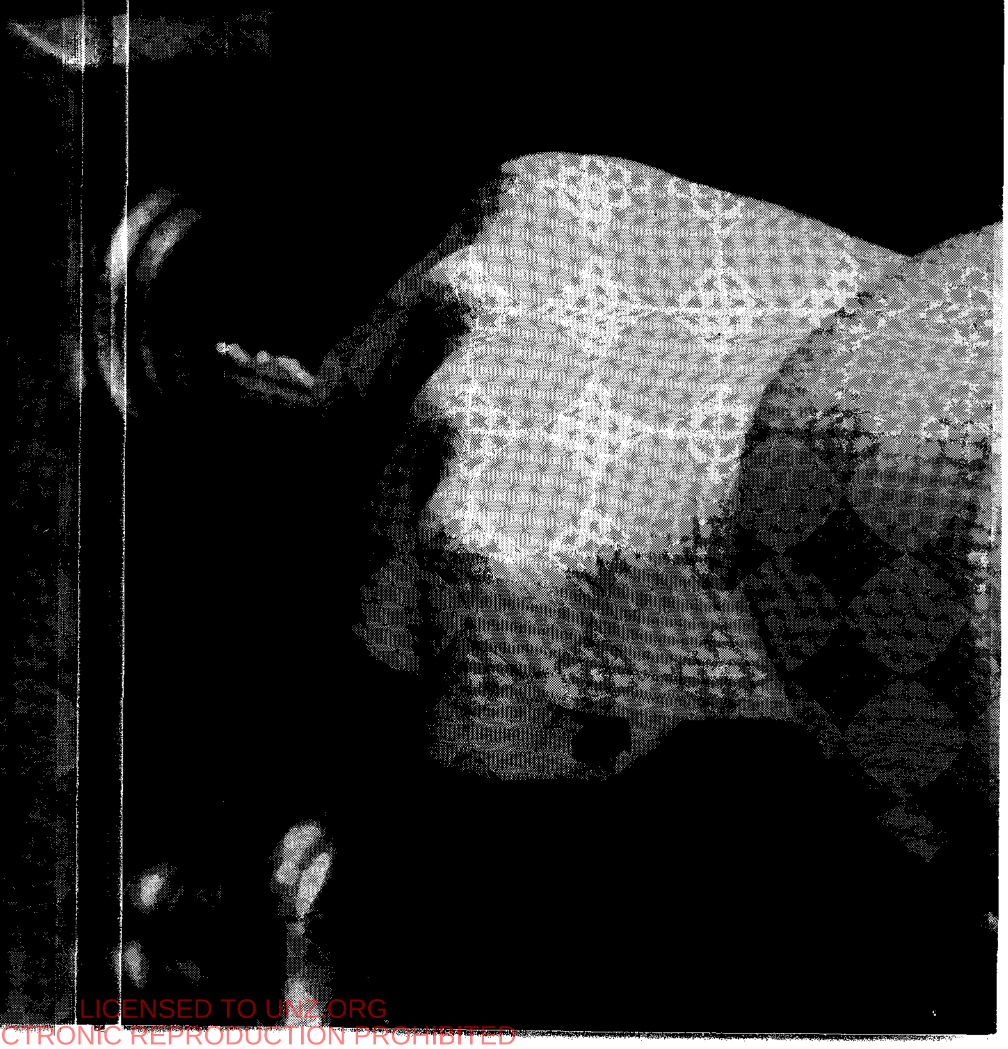

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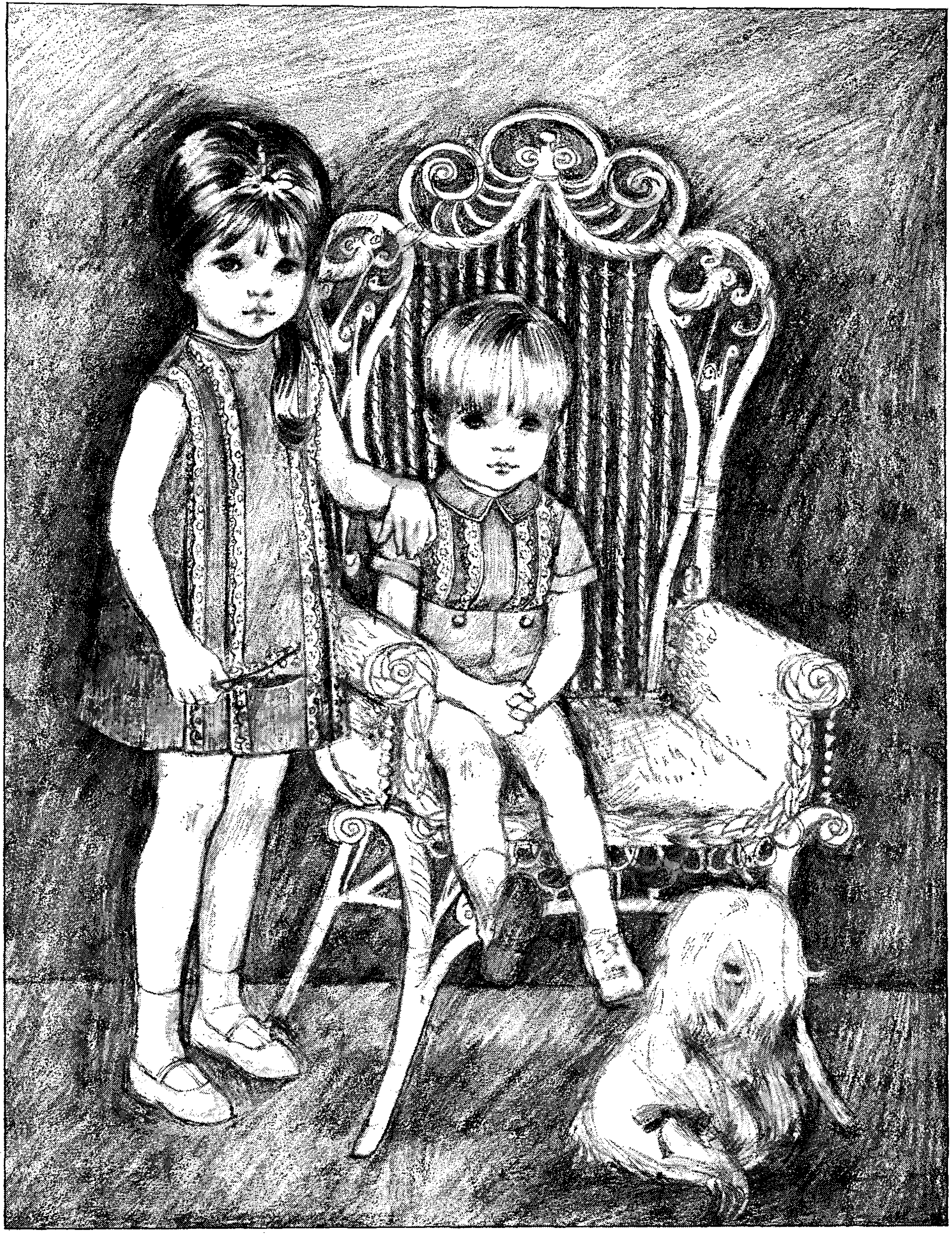


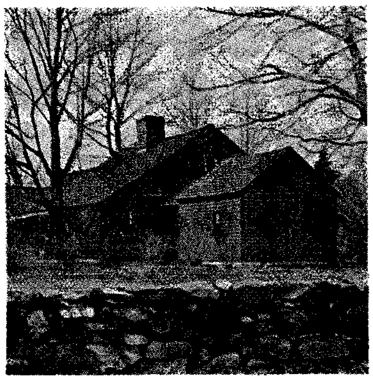
If the photographer is going to shoot you, be sure he does it with his camera.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE RECORDED FOR POSTERITY, PLEASE OBSERVE ALL OF THE FOLLOWING MANNERS:

1. Don't lean on the wall, it isn't a wall.
2. Don't criticize the pictures hanging about —you might not fare as well.
3. Do not pinch your brother.
4. Do not pinch your sister.
5. Do not pinch Prince.

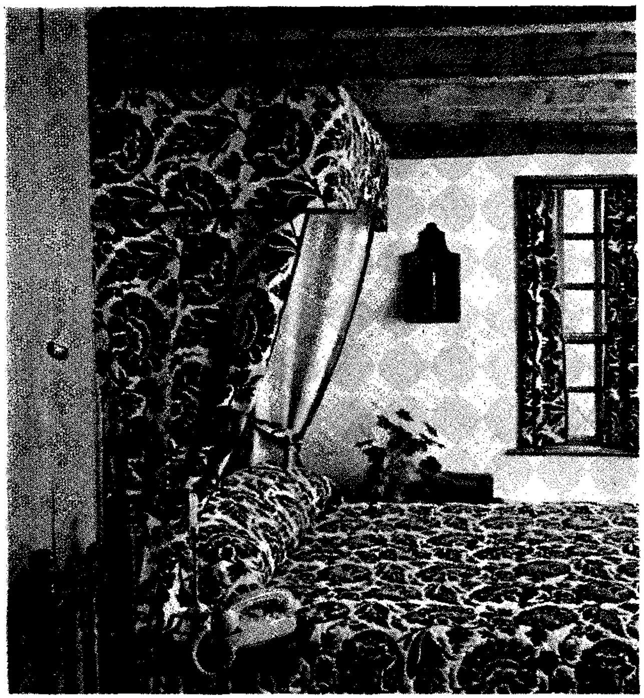
The photogenic pair here are naturally wearing their Florence Eiseman portrait clothes, so enchanting they should be put in the time capsule. Imported Irish linen touched with Swiss lace, in a very deep gray. Also available in other charming shades. *Girls to 12, little boys to 4. At Bergdorf Goodman,* Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin. **FLORENCE EISEMAN**

Where customers ask us to put their extension phones—and why



(in a snug Cape Cod Cottage)

A

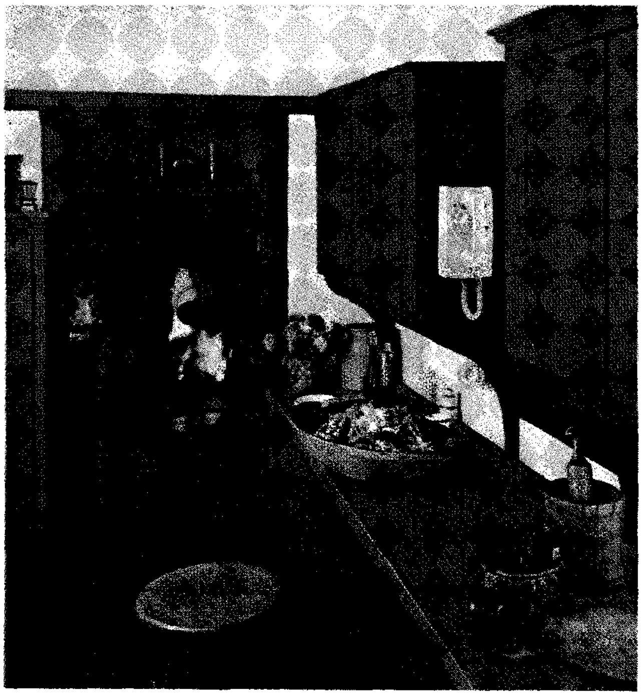


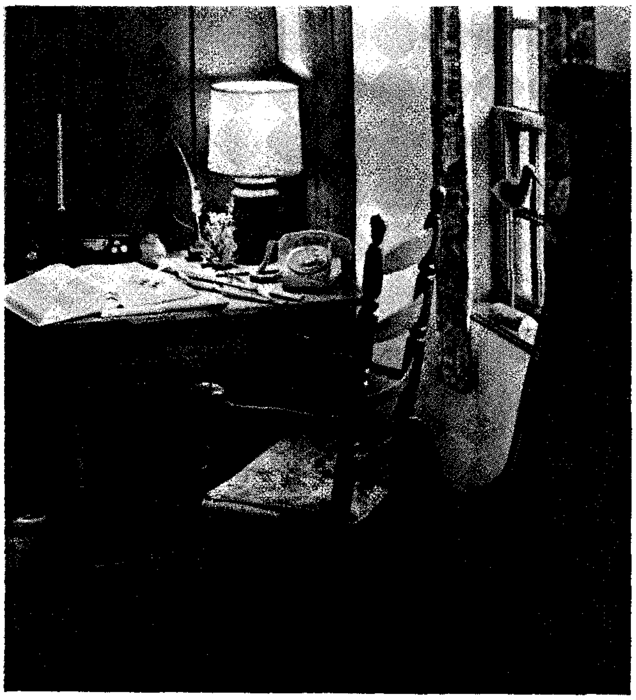
A New ease beneath old beams—
a lovely Princess® phone to bring calls to the bedside,
save year-round stair-climbing,
create a haven of privacy.

B A handy wall phone in the friendly kitchen area
serves all the family, yet hangs out of the way.
It's perfectly placed for grocery orders
and shopping by phone.

C A nook to work in, plus a phone to work with and
help you run the house, organize programs for
church and charity, play your role in community affairs.

B





C

Whether your home is large or small, of many rooms or few,
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The way she likes it... he likes it... you'll like it.

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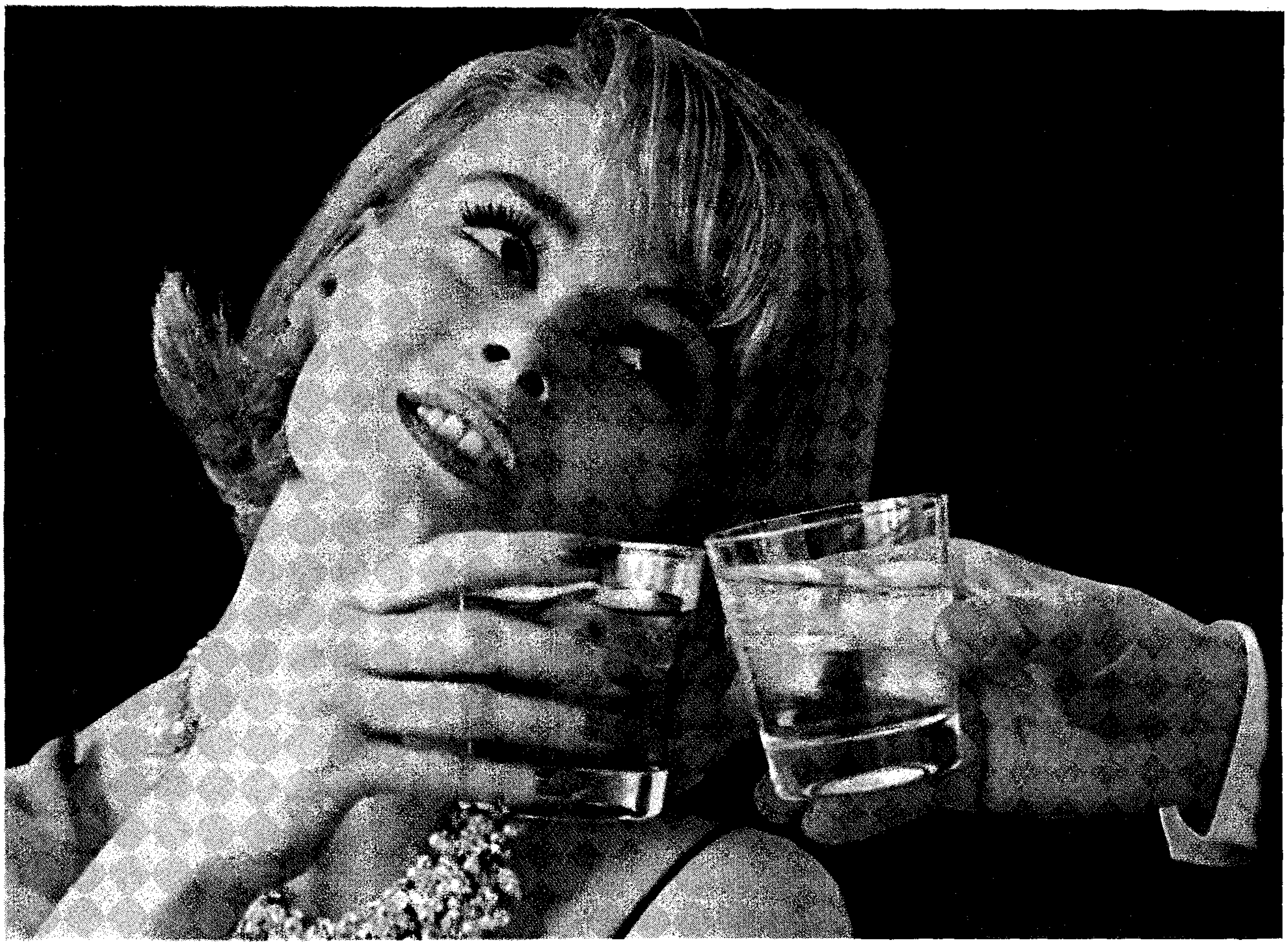

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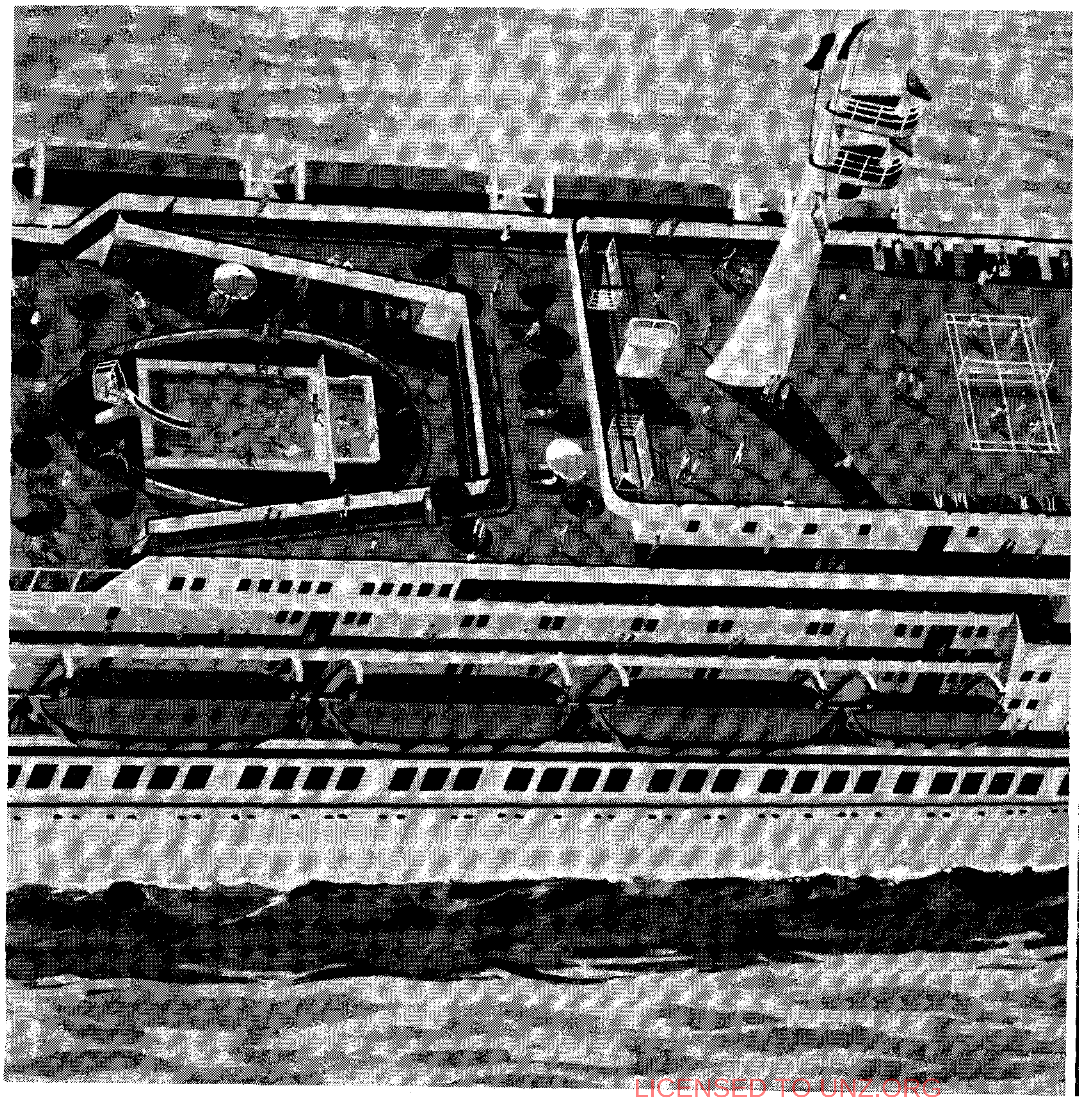

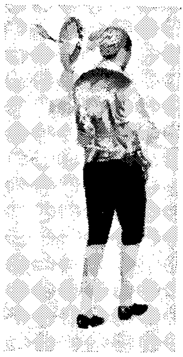

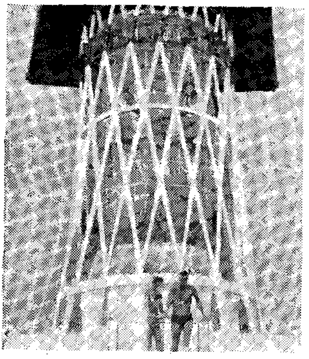

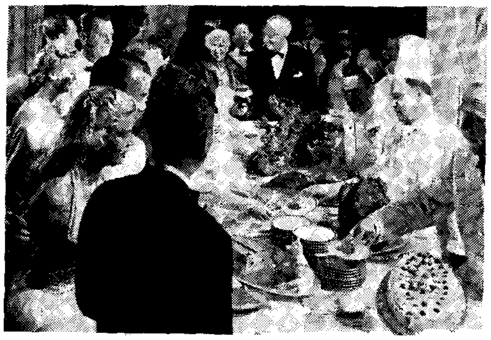

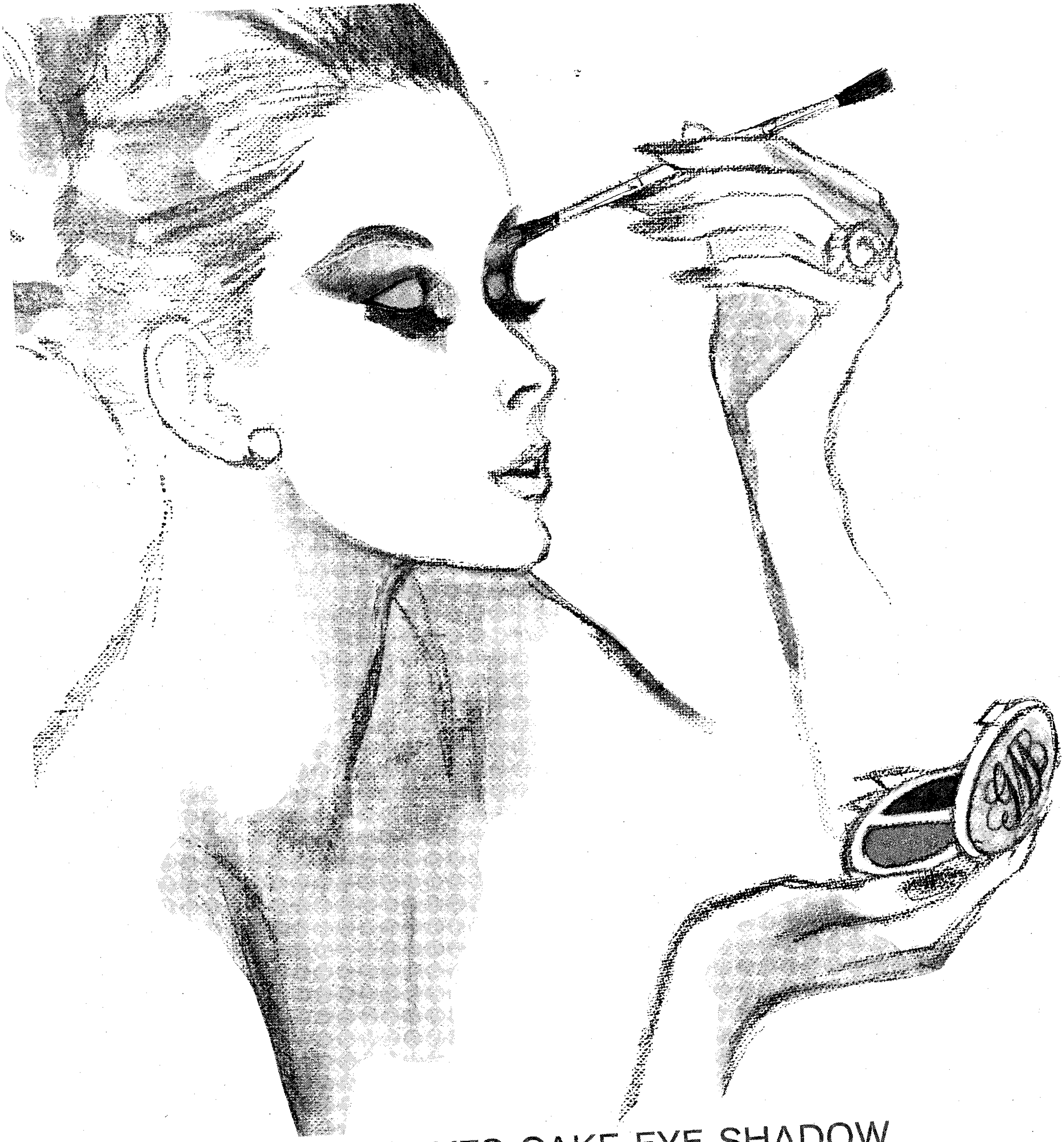

IDOL-EYES CAKE EYE SHADOW

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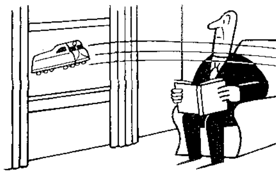
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SING "Ho!" for our tumultuous times, "Hey-nonny!" for high principles and urgent press conferences, and "Go, go!" for New York, our sooty old cyclotron where the daily collisions of celebrities, institutions, and ambitions shower us with exclamation points and fill the air with the delightful noise of dilemma. Just the other day, for example, Thomas P. F. Hoving, our new Parks Commissioner, emerged from a meeting at City Hall and announced that the city would in all probability turn down Huntington Hartford's gift of a café at the southeast corner of Central Park. "We just have to be resolute about some things!" cried Mr. Hoving. "One, two, three—bang!" Mr. Hartford, sounding like a doting uncle who has just seen his gift of an electric train thrown out the window, admitted that the city was perhaps showing "a little more negative attitude." The same day, a crash press conference was called at the Playboy Club at which it was announced that nine bunnies had been dismissed for failing to maintain "the bunny image." The girls, it seems, were stripped of ears, cottontails, and white cuffs and cast into exile because they were guilty, severally, of tardiness, overweight, and less than perfect make-up and coiffure. That evening, David Merrick suddenly cancelled the final preview performance of a new play because of "technical difficulties," thus disappointing several hundred forehanded theatregoers, including Stanley Kauffmann, of the *Times*, who sometimes writes his drama reviews slowly, after witnessing a preview performance, instead of quickly, on opening nights. This practice revolts Mr. Merrick, and Mr. Kauffmann's freebies for the subsequently cancelled performance were accompanied by a message as terrifying as old Pew's black spot: "At your peril."

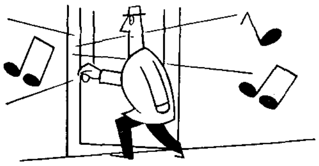


What so pleases us about these three varyingly consequential crises is the reasonableness of the positions taken by all the principals. No urban phenomenon, it seems, is without complexity, and there is a lot to be said nowadays for every side of everything—even the waistline of a waitress. Commissioner Hoving has our admiration for wanting to keep the Park countrified, but Mr. Hartford, whose generosity has won him nothing but a kick in the shins, has our gratitude and our sympathy. The people in charge up at the Playboy Club, having invented an expensive photographic image, probably have a right to expect adherence to its specifications, but we can't shake the notion that those nine absent lovelies—perpetually late, a fraction too plump, with an escaped strand of hair tucked fetchingly behind one ear—failed as images and bunnies only because they so wonderfully resembled women. And who, finally, can reasonably choose between Mr. Merrick and Mr. Kauffmann? Each of them, out of love for the theatre, claims the right to his own kind of perfection—the former to a play seen and judged in its finished, black-tie state, the latter to a review written and pondered and polished over the span of a day or two. Here in the city, it seems, everybody is right but everybody is also in peril.

We refuse, however, to leave these cases unsettled, these deserving disputants unrewarded, and we are delighted to find that when the three matters at issue are taken together, they suddenly seem to solve each other. Mr. Merrick, who wants to stage his previews in semi-privacy, can give the final preparatory performances of his next production inside the Playboy Club, with the almost certain assurance that Mr. Kauffmann (formerly of the *New Republic*) does not have a bunny key on his chain. Mr. Hartford, who wants to add zest and charm to our woodlands, can now have the pleasure of finding those nine heaved-out nymphs and hiring them to stroll about the Mall or lie charmingly on the grass in the Ramble. That leaves only Mr. Kauffmann out in left field—a position that suggests at least a temporary solution for *his* problem. Since the drama season is waning and the baseball season is now, so to speak, going into rehearsal, we suggest that Mr. Kauffmann be offered on loan to the *Times* sports department and dispatched at once to the spring training camps in Florida. Sportswriters are welcome at all Grapefruit League games, and there, under the palms, in peril only from foul balls, Mr. Kauffmann would be free to start roughing out the opening paragraphs of his World Series story.

A Nice Groove

WE stopped in, the other day, at A & R Recording, Inc., on the fourth floor of 112 West Forty-eighth Street, where two young men named Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, of Red Bird Records, were supervising the recording of a new rock-'n'-roll number—"I Spy for the F.B.I.," sung by Luther Ingram. The sound coming at us through the door to the control room was so tremendous that we imagined we were pushing against it to get the door open. Leiber and Stoller, who not only are the owners of their company but serve as the producers of many of its records, smiled at us from chairs behind the control-room console as we yelled an inaudible hello,



and waved us to a couch. From fifteen feet of speakers hung above a window between the control room and the studio we heard guitar, bass, piano, drums, anvil, and tambourine, all this being the tape of a rhythm section, over which the rest of the music would be dubbed. On the studio side of the window, twelve musicians were sitting at music racks under boom mikes, holding their horns at their sides or on their laps; a few were drinking from containers of coffee, and the rest were simply waiting. An empty fifth of gin stood on the floor next to the trombone section. Without warning, the music stopped and the air hummed with silence.

"O.K.," Leiber said. "That one. What is it? Take Four?"

The engineer nodded.

Leiber swivelled his chair toward Stoller, and said, "Shall we go with this one?"

"It's the best," Stoller said. "There's a tempo pickup in the first few bars that we'll have to cut, but after that it settles down."

Leiber turned to the engineer. "O.K.?" he asked.

"I love it," the engineer said.

Stoller rose from his chair and went out, reappearing an instant later on the other side of the window. Taking up a position in front of the horn men, he picked up a baton and did a two-second imitation of Leonard Bernstein. From inside, we could see the musicians laughing, without being able to hear them.

"Sound," Leiber said.

The engineer threw a switch, and we heard Stoller finish a sentence: ". . . where the tenors open up and blow hard. O.K.?"

Leiber picked up a microphone and said, "We're off."

The instrumentalists straightened up in front of their music and watched Stoller. Once again, with earsplitting intensity, the rhythm section began, and Stoller, his head against a small speaker mounted on a sort of lampstand, caught the beat with his baton and began swinging the baton down like a hatchet on every quarter note. After three or four bars, the horns were raised and everyone began to play.

As the rhythm and the horns blared out simultaneously, the former on tape and the latter live, it became clear that different kinds of sounds could be sandwiched together to create an effect denser than the sum of the parts. The air was heavy—jammed with sound, as if the arranger had decided to use the entire acoustical spectrum to which the human ear responds.

"A real power pack," someone said in our ear. We turned to see Luther Ingram, a young man with fairly long, wavy hair who had a large gold cross hanging on his chest. He sat down on the couch, smiling, and started moving his arms in time to the music. Behind the console, the arranger, a tall young man named Robert Bateman, stood with his hand on the back of Leiber's chair. The music ended.

"Again," Stoller said, from the other room, watching Leiber through the glass. "It's coming, but the baritone should honk more. Bring up the saxes a bit."

"I can bring the bari up more than the tenors," said the engineer.

"O.K. Good," Leiber said, and leaned back. He punched the button on his mike. "O.K.? Here we go!"

The music began again. We imagined we could feel it on the backs of our hands. Bateman came out from behind the console and danced a few steps, very tight, barely moving his body, in a series of precise, understated gestures. We heard a strange new singing sound, high and thin, and turned around to see what it was. We found that beside us on the couch Ingram had his head thrown back, and we could see from movements of his throat that he was singing. His voice, improvising in a high falsetto, appeared and disappeared among the horns like water flowing over and under rocks.

Suddenly, Bateman stopped dancing and kicked Ingram on one leg. "Cut out that singing," Bateman said when the music stopped. "Save your pipes."

"It don't hurt me, man," Ingram said peevishly.

"Do like I say," Bateman said.

Leiber's voice boomed a question to Stoller over the speakers: "What do you think?"

Stoller put down the baton. "Good," he said. "A nice groove."

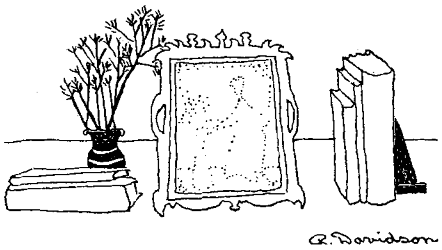
"I love it," the engineer said.

"That's it, then." Leiber picked up the mike. "Gentlemen, very beautiful. Take a break."

"Go in there and get yourself hooked up," Bateman said to Ingram.

"You *know*," Ingram said, smiling, and moved away.

"Has he learned the new words?" Leiber asked when Ingram had gone. "We made some changes."



"He's cool," Bateman said, moving behind the console. "He's cool."

Beyond the window, Stoller was helping Ingram put on a set of earphones, which covered the sides of his head like gigantic, futuristic earmuffs. Stoller came back in, and the tapes—the one of the rhythm and a new one, of the horns—were rewound. Ingram stood alone in the studio, facing us over a music rack.

"All set," Leiber said, and he pushed the button on his microphone. "Sing, baby. Do your thing."

Once again, the terrific music filled the air, and Ingram threw back his head. "I spy," he sang, in a high, pressurized voice, "for the F.B.I." Snapping his fingers, he leaned closer to the microphone. "Got an X-ray camera in your house sees what I can't see." On tape, the saxes blared. "That man you were kissing all last night def-initely was not me." And then, in a kind of scream coming up from the bottom of the scale: "I spy . . . for the F.B.I."

We watched from the control room as Ingram went through all four verses. In the third, he stumbled over the phrasing and had to consult the words on his music stand.

"Let's do the third again," Leiber said to the engineer when the music stopped. He cut in his microphone. "Let's do the third again. Everything else was beautiful. Just the third. O.K.?"

Ingram nodded, and picked up his cue as the music began, but once again, at the same spot, his phrasing fell apart, and he didn't finish the verse. He stared at the floor and shook his head as the tape ran on.

Leiber punched the button. "We can change the words. Is there some way it would feel better?"

"No, I'll get it," Ingram said. "Let's go again."

This time, his voice cracked.

Leiber looked up at Bateman.

"You better let me go out and talk to him," Bateman said.

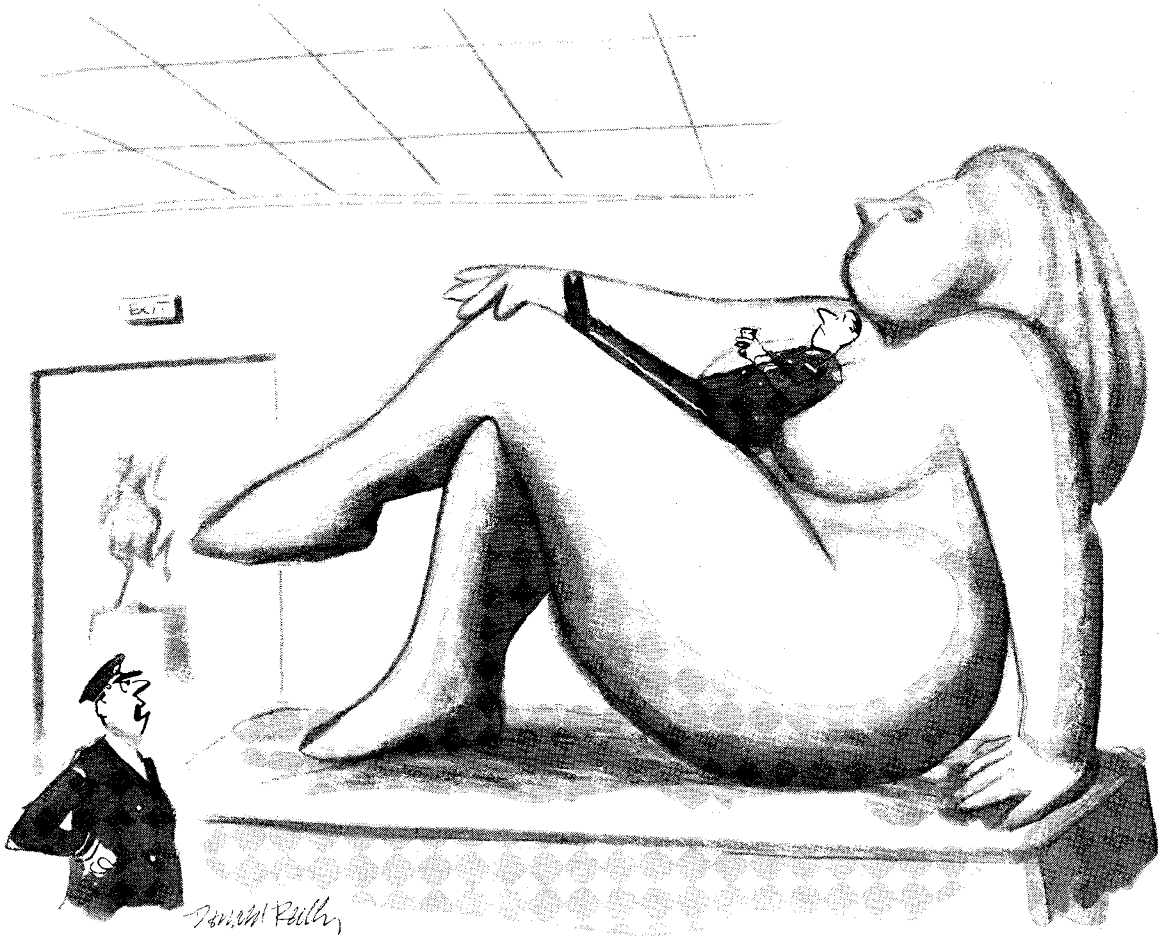
"I don't want to get him nervous," Leiber said.

"He's nervous already," Bateman said.

"Well, then, let's find out how he wants the words," Leiber said.

"That ain't no good. You could talk all day and he'd just yes you to death," Bateman said, on his way to the door. "I'll straighten him out."

Sitting in the silent control room, we watched the two men singing together, their lips moving soundlessly as they



"Muller, I wish you'd take your coffee break in the employees' lounge, like everyone else."

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took the third verse line by line.

"I don't like this," Leiber said. "I can feel it slipping away."

Bateman signalled from the studio, and the engineer cut in the sound. "We'll go all the way through," Bateman said. "Take it from the beginning."

The engineer nodded, and quickly rewound the tapes. "Go!" he said.

"I spy," Ingram sang, "for the F.B.I."

We listened as he went smoothly through the first two verses, his body moving in time to the music. Bateman stood by his side, motionless, watching the words on the music stand. As Ingram approached the point where he had faltered, we heard something new in his attack—a subtle change of phrasing, designed to give him more time with the difficult words. And then, as he reached the critical moment, he lifted his voice in a wonderful, soaring cry, effortlessly recasting the words into a logical, fluid phrase, in perfect pitch and perfect time.

Everyone in the control room jumped to his feet, and laughed and danced around as the music rang out, each man succumbing to the suddenly irresistible beat. Leiber frugged behind the console, his body dipping and twisting like a boxer's. Beyond the glass, Ingram threw back his arms and his head, his whole body bending under the microphone. "I spy," he sang—and his face was the face of the happiest man in town—"for the F.B.I."

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NOTICE over a table covered with angel-food, devil's-food, orange, and chocolate cakes in the Princeton University Store: "Lady Taylor's Cake Sale for the Benefit of Graduate Wives' Unexpected Medical Expenses."

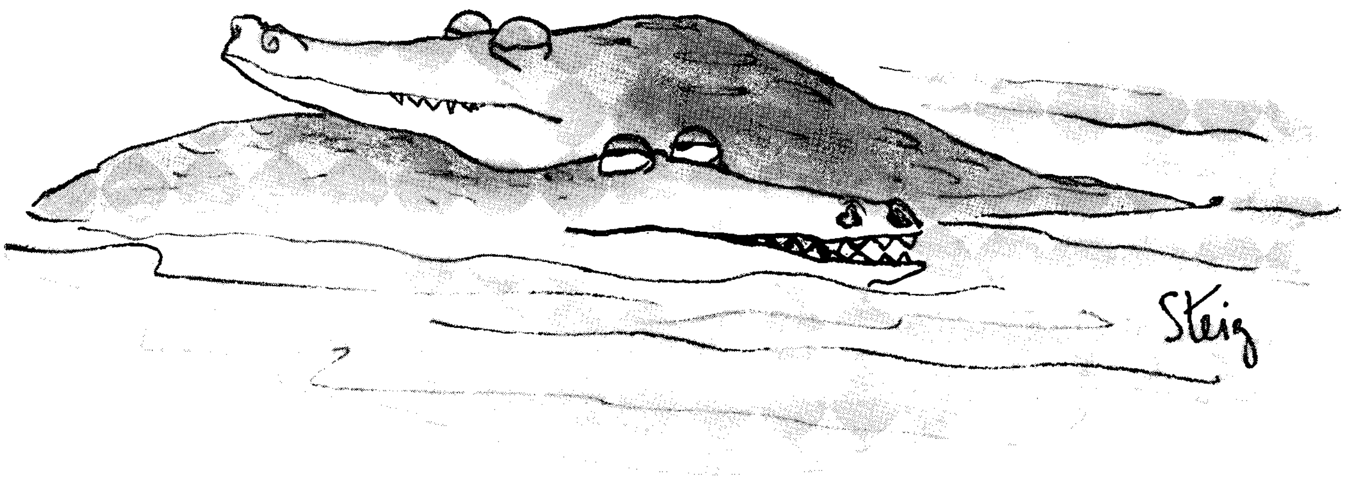
The King

ELEVEN years ago, we had a satisfying conversation with some of the actors of the Comédie-Française during their first visit to America, and one morning last week, the Comédie-Française being back in town, we sought out M. Maurice Escande, who is both an actor with the company and its current administrator. M. Escande, whom we called on at the St. Moritz, where he is staying, is an imposing, discursive, gray-haired man of seventy-three. He sat down facing us, as if we were an audience, so we moved our chair to his side, hoping to give more reality to our little scene. Actors, we have found, can often be trusted to keep the acting in real life to a minimum, permitting reality to make its entry at once. We mentioned this, and went on to say, "As an actor who has played every great role for a great number of years—" M. Escande, nodding, supplied the missing detail. "Fifty, to be exact," he said. Then, with a wave of his hand, he signalled for us to continue, and we continued: "—how do you feel our everyday behavior has been affected by the almost complete disappearance of the classical theatre today and its replacement by the films?"

"This brings us right to the heart of a question that modern critics, and especially modern praisers of an epoch gone by, constantly fail to ask themselves," M. Escande said. "If the great theatre, for which the Comédie-Française is the true place of worship—even though it is eager to find new things for its repertory—has disappeared from our century, what has gone *along with it* from modern society? You will agree that the theatre is the mirror of a society, and this will help you understand the immense difficulties we encounter at the Comédie in re-creating what our ancestors saw in their own mirrors, without having them alive as our models. Now, if we manage by means of careful study and dedication to rid ourselves of our non-theatrical modern soul and adopt the theatrical soul of that epoch, so that we graduate from shadows of that past to its real mirrored images onstage, we will feel, more than the layman can, what is missing from this world which that world had. Let me tell you. The theatre not only mirrors a given society but feeds it back a clarified, almost distilled image of itself, so that people become conscious not only of what is ridiculous, pompous, or tragically wrong with their customs, their laws, and their feelings but also of what is good, amusing, elegant, permissible, even highly dramatic, and they will leave the theatre with an unwritten—often unconscious—permission in their pockets to continue the play they have just seen as their own, in a sort of individual *commedia dell'arte*. In other words, the theatre gives each member of the audience a return ticket back home, or back to the café, the office, the house of friends, and this is what the famous 'influence' of the theatre on everyday life consists of. Learned historians will never be able to discover it, unless they have a highly developed sense of the drama of life itself. Today, we see that the behavior of most people is a feedback from the screen, not from the stage, and even those who would never dream of becoming movie actors daydream openly, sleepwalking in the streets, always unconsciously feeling that the cameraman may be lurking behind the next corner or sitting across from them in the subway car, ready to immortalize their every gesture and facial expression. But the movies do not portray theatrical situations. They portray, at best, fragments of everyday situations, or dramatic situations much more closely tied down to the ground of casual, everyday reality than the ones we portray onstage. Which produces the paradox that we are freer, even when we reconstruct Molière, than the man in the street is, even when he is *not* playing a film role. Molière's characters seem at times much more alive to me than their tired and inelegant descendants, and yet I recognize these people, too, or I would not enjoy 'L'Avare,' 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' 'Tartuffe,' 'Le Malade Imaginaire'—these characters who reveal our own worst secrets onstage. Yet, if I may paraphrase Sartre's title 'The Condemned of Altona,' I would say that Molière's characters are the condemned of the Salle Richelieu—'Les Séquestrés de la Salle Richelieu;' they are imprisoned in that house by the death of their century, like mourners who will not leave the house after a death in the family. But what joy, what vitality is still in them, despite that loss, and what little life, what lack of joy in their descendants, who pass the Salle Richelieu by the million every day, on foot, in buses, in cabs, or, invisibly, in the subway! What is wrong with the descendants of Molière's characters? I'll tell you what. They find it almost impossible to be their *worst* selves, let alone their most pleasant selves. What is a miser in our day? Does it pay to be one? Does it require imagination? The list of objects that the miser Harpagon in 'L'Avare' makes up as added surety for his loan to an unknown young man, who later turns out to be his own son, reads like a catalogue from a sale of rare furniture, paintings, and fabrics at Parke-Bernet. Every one of those objects bears witness not to stinginess but to great taste, to a great familiarity with the most difficult of arts—the art of living. And the famous *cassette*, the leather box containing his beloved fortune, is itself an art object well worth coveting, not to mention the fortune inside, all in beautiful gold coins of various sizes, each bearing a delicately chiselled likeness of a king on one side and a few mythological figures on the other. What would be the object of Harpagon's avarice in modern terms? Ugly certificates of stocks and bonds, coupons and checkbooks, with numbers, from Swiss banks. You cannot lose them, because a telephone call to the bank will stop the thief; you cannot even possess them, because no matter how many hours you may spend in enraptured study of your 'wealth,' it will always remain a scrap of cheap paper—or, at best, imitation parchment—with stupid words printed on it, and made precious by hearsay. Yes, my friend, by hearsay. How else would you define market value than as 'what other people think'?"

M. Escande paused for a few breaths, then went on, "No, no. Human nature, in all its frailty, has not changed and cannot change, but it can no longer be either curled up into comedy or painted in the sinister colors of tragedy or composed into a great synthesis of the two. Human nature is buried forever—or at least for a good number of years to come—in a mishmash of fears that are not even truly recognizable as fears. They have been 'clarified' into darkness, if I may be paradoxical; they have gone in a direction that is opposite to the direction intellectual progress should take—not from confusion toward definiteness but from definiteness toward confusion. They have progressed to the mysterious and illegitimate stage of 'complexes,' which my Cartesian education would suggest is not a term at all but the anti-term par excellence. And this mish-

"I have a desperate need for commitment, and what happens? I'm offered a job!"



"Love me?"

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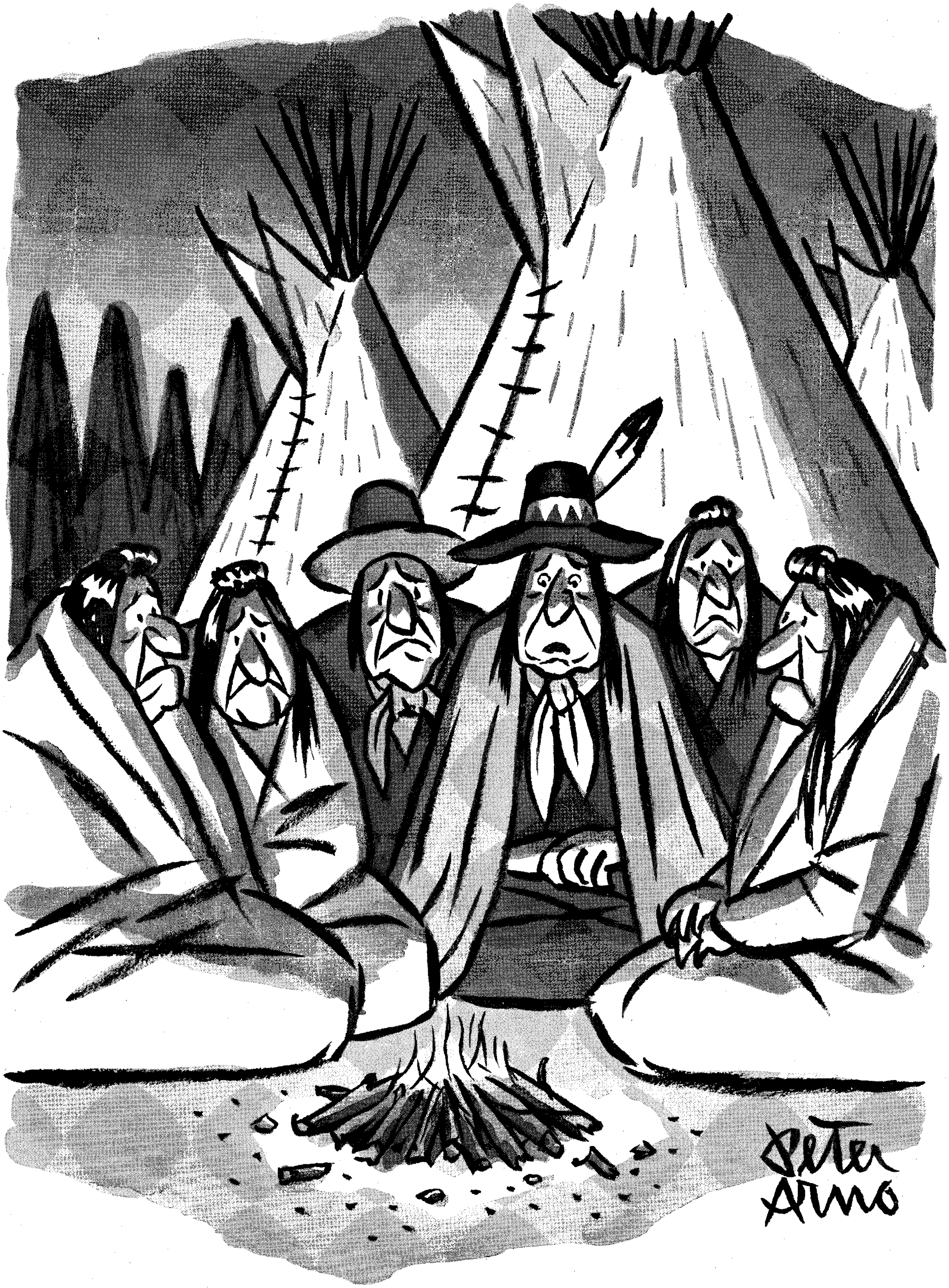
mash of emotion, this unreadable message from the depth of our souls, once the source of lyric poetry, of great comedy, is now, alas, the subject of much boring monologue by a psychiatrist with no talent for good writing, followed by the same type of monologue from a patient with equally bad taste and poor imagination. Which, let me tell you, is the wrong way to unscramble the message, because it makes the untalented believe they can be their own dramatic, satirical, or lyrical spokesmen. If we need spokesmen in politics, we need them infinitely more in the arts. A few talented people speak, and an entire inarticulate generation follows. This is true even in painting, where people begin to see what great painters have seen, where nature itself seems to obey the painter: children are born to the dictates of Piero della Francesca or Botticelli; trees, rivers, and hills repeat the lessons of Cézanne, Corot, Monet, van Gogh. When I hear people tell me of the recent discovery of 'psychodrama' as a medical device, I feel wounded, as a pupil of both Molière and Descartes—as if I were to hear people speak of 'heavenly divinity,' of 'theological religion,' or of the prose that our dear M. Jourdain had been talking for forty years without knowing it. But not only has there been a descent from the joy of living as human beings and the joy of representing that life onstage, there has been a complete reversal of values, so that today, instead of having 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' or the uneducated money-maker who seeks refinement after reaching the top of the social pyramid, we have 'Le Gentilhomme Bourgeois,' who, for fear of taxes, revolution, or exile to a distant province (in those countries where conformity is called revolution), plays the comedy of pretending to own much less than he does own, avoids splendor (and, mark it, splendor is the only known obligation of the rich to their wealth), and, in place of building for himself a beautiful château and having Lully play while he dines, or Molière's troupe after dinner, shares with the poorest mechanic a TV program aimed not at him but at the mechanic, who thus dictates the rich man's habits, controls his use of his mind, and is the real lord in his house. For this reason, you see, I have my own little quarrel with those who are alarmed by electronic assistance in theatres and concert halls. Of course I hate it, of course I agree with the critics that it boosts the impotent and the untalented, and makes the talented feel useless, almost ridiculous, with their pride in a talent no one has any use for. These are all excellent reasons for me never to permit the installation of electronic devices at the Comédie. But I feel that in making their point only an aesthetic one the critics fail to drive home to the millions who are not preoccupied with talent the true danger facing us all today. This danger is not that the machine is replacing man but that a different type of man, capable only of operating the machine, is replacing man in every one of his rarest capacities. The machine does not operate itself; it needs a mechanic, much as a baby needs a nurse, in order to survive. And as the mechanic grows in importance, is fed ideas and social importance by the machine, he becomes the real machine! Much worse, therefore, than the gradual disappearance of real talent from the arts is the gradual appearance of anti-talent on the world scene. Mechanics are excellent mechanics to the extent that they are devoid of imagination. The insurance companies know that what makes a safe driver is a person with no eye for the beauty of the landscape, no ear for the birds, no dangerous poetic reflexes that may make him unaware of other cars on the highway. Mechanics are neither beasts nor murderers, as so many aesthetes are wont to call them today, but the contrary is true. Organizers of masses into violent hordes—think only of Hitler—are manipulators of the human mind. They see it and use it as a machine, while we actors, who, indeed, can teach something, are incapable of violence; we brandish wooden swords and shed red ink."

Here M. Escande became aware that it was almost time for a matinée performance of "Le Cid," a play in which we had admired him as a very stately King of Castille the evening before. He asked us to accompany him to the theatre, speaking in a voice that was already different from the voice we had been listening to. It was already the voice of the King. We walked with him to the City Center, and he asked us to wait for him outside his dressing room. When we were finally summoned inside, there stood the King, crown and all. "Sit down," he said, and we did. He began to pace the room. After a while, he said, pointing a gilded glove at us, "Yes, this is what I want to say. Electricians, for example. Wonderful people, indispensable helpers to us in the theatre. They can do everything except electrify the audience. I don't know if you noticed last night that when the Cid's father looks for his son in the dark and says 'I think I am embracing him and embrace only a shadow,' the electricians forgot to turn off the lights. And yet nobody was aware of it. Why? Because the darkness was in the actor's voice, and there alone, my friend, are the lights turned on and off." Seizing his sceptre, he left us, to go kinging onstage.

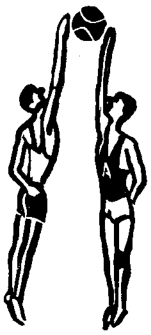


"*Lo, the poor us!*"

LEONARD

ALONG about half past five on weekday afternoons the girls who worked in the shops and offices would show up at the South Seas, and for the next four or five hours the joint, as they said then, would be jumping. The tables were small, but they could be moved together when necessary to accommodate groups of four or six or eight, and for impromptu dinner parties. The South Seas was not a place where people would order dinner ahead of time or reserve tables in advance. Most of the patrons knew each other, if only by sight, and there was always a certain amount of table-hopping during the cocktail hour. The men patrons, who usually arrived a bit later than the girls, were likely to go to the bar first and have a drink before sitting with the girls. The men were also employed in the neighborhood shops and offices, the smoothest and best-dressed being the salesmen and partners in the haberdasheries and tailoring establishments, and automobile salesmen. A few marriages had had their origin at the South Seas, but for the most part it was patronized by men and girls who were not bound by marriage, or in any event were not too strict about the binding ties. Nobody had much money, nearly everybody could run up a tab, and a man who had the shorts did not hesitate to let a couple of girls buy his drinks. If he did it too often, he would be marked lousy and there would come the dread day when Teddy Hollander himself would say to him, "Don't come in no more, pal. You're in me for over a hundred dollars, and I don't like it when you freeload off these kids." To be barred from Teddy Hollander's South Seas was the sign for a man to move to another part of town, as far from Beverly Hills as he could get. He could not make much of a fuss; Teddy usually had one of his bad checks in the cash register. And if he still happened to have a job, Teddy could get him fired. Teddy was well acquainted with a fair number of business executives who patronized the South Seas on the special occasions when they were not accompanied by their wives. The South Seas had its own rules, which were not imitative of the rules of more prestigious establishments, but they worked for the South Seas and for its patrons.

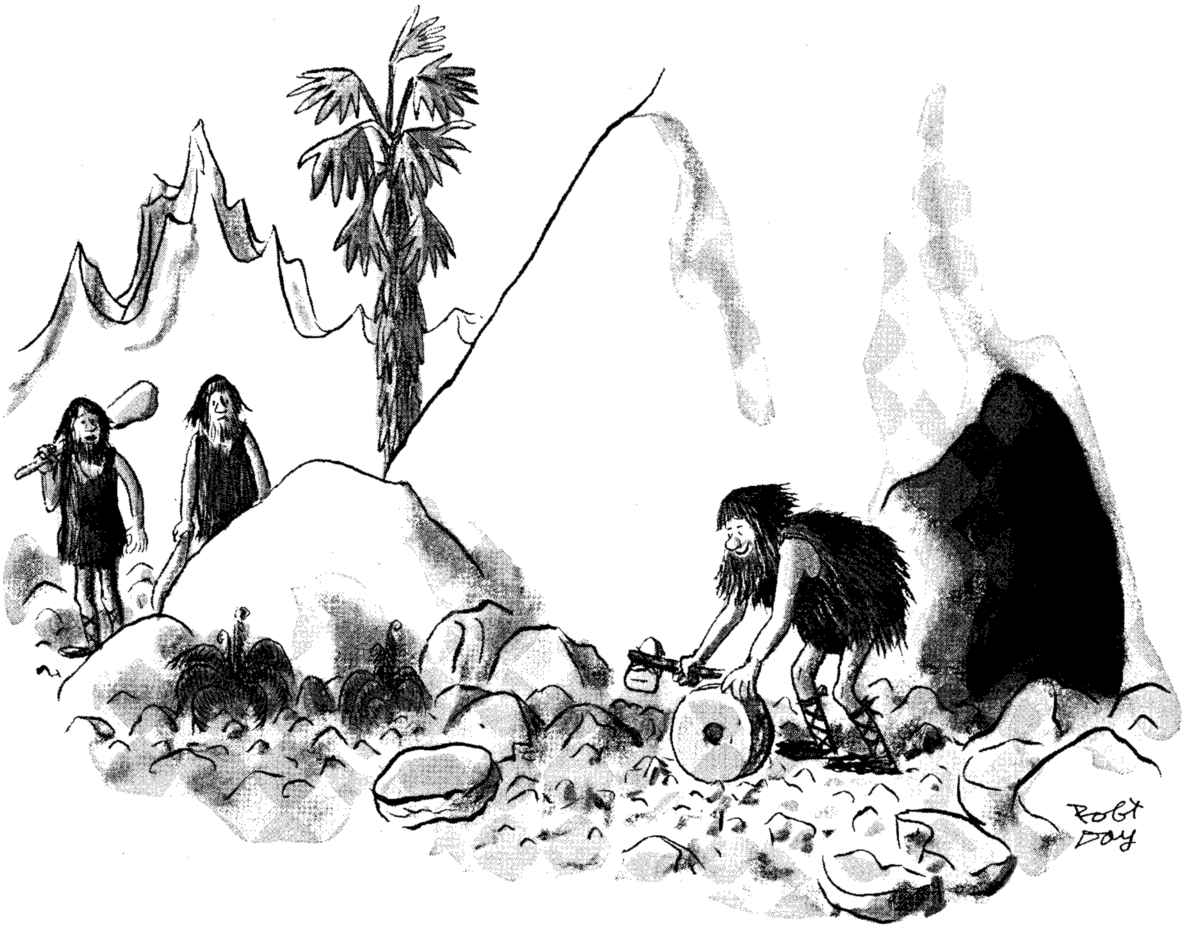
The food was Hawaiian and Chinese and cheap; the drinks were rum-based and cheap. The music, that went on without interruption from noon till midnight, was recordings of "Moon of Manakoora" and "South Sea Island Magic," played softly through the public-address system, never loud enough to be disturbing but always audible. The décor was split bamboo, wickerware, straw matting, and various touches that Teddy remembered from his hitch in the Navy. His doorman, a retired Negro prizefighter, wore a pith helmet, a khaki uniform, and a Sam Browne belt. The waiters were Filipinos and Mexicans, and the chef was a native American Chinese. The hat-check chick-cigarette girl was Jewish, and wore a Chinese sheath, split up the sides well above her knees. Her husband, the head bartender, was a Jersey City Irishman who had a record of fifty-one months in the Marines. All the key employees had been with Teddy from the beginning, and they were all horseplayers. Consequently, they were almost never wholly out of debt to the proprietor and frequently had to subsist on eggs foo yong, rice, and pineapple. McHugh, the bartender, did not like Chinese food and his wife would not eat pork, and when they had simultaneous runs of bad luck at the tracks they could not depend on the South Seas kitchen. They were therefore more deeply in debt to Teddy than the others. Alma McHugh, who had a remarkable figure, would late-date a chump who would take her to the Sunset Strip and feed her a steak, and for the next few days she and her husband would not be on speaking terms, but they always went back together again. Several of the older girls among the patrons, after a couple of Mac's Guadalcanal Specials, would invite him to their apartment after work. The secret of the Guadalcanal Special was a big dash of Pernod—two dollars a drink and no more than two to a customer. They were popular with the girls who worked in offices, who dropped in on Friday afternoon and did not have to show up at the office on Saturday. Mac was a rye drinker himself.



The oldest customer of the South Seas, both in point of patronage and of years on earth, was Leonard Dillman, who had stopped in for a drink on the afternoon before the official opening night. It was a saloon, and he wanted a drink, and when the waiters told him they were not yet open for business, he said he didn't give a damn about the floor show or anything to eat; all he wanted was a little whiskey, about four ounces of whiskey and two ounces of water and a little ice, in a tall glass. The waiter told him to go away, but Teddy Hollander overheard the discussion and introduced himself to Leonard Dillman and gave him the drink, on the house. Leonard thereupon engaged a table for himself and stayed all evening, in the course of which he spent more than a hundred dollars. The opening was attended by salesmen from the liquor dealers and produce and meat companies, and by a few minor movie actors, writers, and agents, whom Teddy had known from his previous work as assistant manager at a small-time gambling house just off the Sunset Strip. He had never seen Leonard Dillman before, and Leonard did not know anything at all about Teddy, but on the day after the opening Leonard appeared at about four o'clock, took the table he had occupied the night before, and spent about fifteen dollars on drinks and dinner.

Thereafter he came in every day, sat at the same table, and spent about the same amount of money. As the South Seas acquired a clientele, the regulars created for themselves the legend that Leonard was a silent partner in the place. He would bid good afternoon to the girls and to some of the men, but he never bothered anyone and he did not encourage visitors to his table. There had to be some explanation for him, and the invention of the story that he was Teddy's moneyman sufficed for a time. But without a denial from Teddy or from Leonard, the girls began to disbelieve their own explanation of him. He was not *like* a man who had a piece of the joint, for one thing, and by degrees they noticed that Teddy's manner toward him was always a little more respectful than to anyone else, and a different kind of respect from the respect he would show a partner, no matter how much money he had.

Teddy, in fact, was as mystified as the girls. Inquiry among the taxi-drivers revealed Leonard Dillman's address—an apartment building to the south of Wilshire Boulevard, they said—but they could not say what he did in the daytime: whether he had a job someplace, or what he did until his afternoon appearances at the South Seas. He had no acquaintance among the business or professional people who patronized the South Seas, nor among the movie crowd, and he never brought



"I think it's called a eureka. Anyway, that's what he shouted."

• •

anyone to the joint. He always paid cash, and he tipped well but not foolishly. Thinking back over the year he had known Leonard, Teddy had a hard time recalling how he had ever got to know Leonard's name. Mac and Alma McHugh knew his full name, and the waiters knew him as Mr. Dillman, but no one could recall being told his full name, or even half of it, and yet Teddy called him Leonard, Mac called him Leonard, and Alma called him Mr. Dillman.

He would come in at four or four-thirtyish and take his seat at his table, order his first drink of four ounces of whiskey and two of water, and nurse it along with water for the first half hour. After that, he would have two ounces of liquor and two of water, which seemed to indicate that his first drink at the South Seas was his first drink of the day. He would put away five drinks before eating any food, and his food was invariably the same: a small steak, and hashed-in-cream potatoes. He had to have his steak just right; too rare, or too well done, he would send it back to the kitchen. He would pay for it, but he would refuse to have it recooked or replaced. If it was not just right when served, he would lose his appetite for it, no matter how much Teddy tried to persuade him to change his mind, and he would resume his drinking until it was time for him to go home. He was very particular about other things as well. When the waiter brought his change, he would refuse to accept soiled, limp dollar bills. "I always pay you with nice, crisp, clean money," he told Teddy. "You can do the same in return."

"I'm sorry, Leonard, but I don't always have fresh bills," said Teddy.

"You could have, if you made a point of it," said Leonard. "So why don't you make a point of it?"

There was one waiter whom he would not allow to serve him. "A good waiter never scratches his hair, at least not out in public. I don't want Pancho to wait on me. I don't want him handling my food."

"I tell them that, but they forget," said Teddy. "I got rules put up in the kitchen."

"What good are they if you don't enforce them?" said Leonard.

"You're right, you're absolutely right," said Teddy.

But Leonard Dillman's complaints were few, and after a couple of years he was so much a part of the South Seas that—as McHugh said—he faded into the furniture. His wants were attended to automatically, impersonally, by McHugh and the waiters, and Teddy Hollander would sometimes let a week pass without stopping at Leonard's table. Leonard had more real class than the run of Teddy's customers, but since Teddy was not running a class joint, he was more inclined to esteem the financial aspect of Leonard's patronage than the touch of gentility that Leonard's presence added. Besides, class guy or not, Leonard had something about him that was not quite kosher. Only a little bit of Teddy's curiosity about him lingered on, but that little bit was enough to make him wonder about Leonard when he had nothing else on his mind.

In appearance Leonard gave the impression of being a banker, or possibly a clerk in a high-class jewelry store—the kind of man who did not have to be aggressive in selling whatever he sold. Teddy could picture him in a store like Tiffany's or Brock's, laying a couple of emerald rings on a velvet pad and letting the customer decide, and when the customer asked how much was this one, Leonard would be able to make it sound like peanuts as he replied, "That one is twenty-two thousand five hundred, tax included," and somehow implying that if the customer had to think about price, he had no business being in the store. Teddy did not know why he had hit upon the theory that Leonard had had something to do with precious stones. Leonard certainly wore none himself. Winter and summer, he wore a hard worsted suit with a vest. It was always the same model—three-button jacket with a soft roll of the lapels. He always wore a fat bow tie, a white shirt, and brown or black kid shoes of the blucher style. His only adornment was a gold watch chain, strung between the lower pockets of his vest, which was patterned after an anchor chain. He could almost have got a job in pictures as the understanding small-town physician, but his greenish-gray eyes were too lively for that kind of casting. Then, too, there were signs of his drinking in his complexion—mottles on his forehead and his nose, and on the backs of his hands. He was probably sixty years old, but he could have been in his early fifties; it was hard to say. Sometimes he looked older than at other times. Monday afternoons, he looked like hell, and he put away his first drink at a noticeably more rapid rate than other afternoons.

He was not an eavesdropper, but he would react with a half smile to the chatter of the girls in the vicinity of his table. The conversations were slangy and sophisticated, and the girls did not feel that they had to be circumspect, even in relating things that had happened to them. Leonard's lively eyes would indicate that he was hearing all they said, and occasionally something would be said that would make him cover his mouth to hide a grin. There was one girl with a deep voice who spoke so slowly that she seemed almost to have a speech impediment, but it was only her way of talking. The other girls would imitate it both in her presence and in her absence, and they obviously held her in some affection. Her name was Geraldine Williams, but she was always called either Jerry or Character. She worked as receptionist and appointment secretary at a beauty salon on South Beverly Drive and was separated from her husband. She had large, brown, sympathetic eyes that she would turn on whatever friend happened to be telling a story, nodding as though in complete agreement with the friend. Then when the story was finished she would make a devastating comment about the veracity or the morals of the speaker. It could be simple, like, "I think maybe you left out half of that story," or it could be brash, like, "That's what makes the grass grow so green." The men patrons of the South Seas were continually making a play for her. "Character, what about you and me having dinner?" a man would say.

"I don't know," she would say.

"You got a date?"

"No."

"Then, wuddia say?"

"I'm not saying anything till I hear what you had in mind."

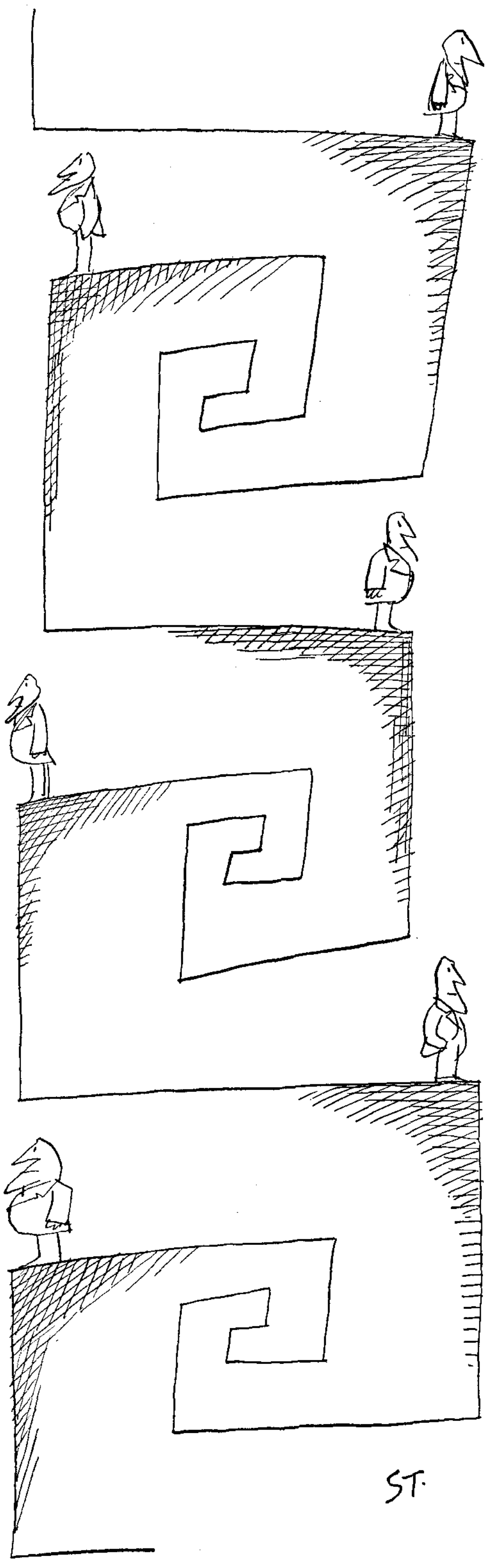
"I'll take you anywhere you say."

"That new place that used to be Thelma Todd's?"

"Jesus, you can't get out of there for under fifty bucks."

"Well, I don't have fifty bucks, so good night, sport," she would say.

She had a slow laugh that began almost undistinguishably from a child's whimper and never achieved full laughter, and something that amused her would first bring sadness to her eyes. Even in moments of repose her expression was of permanent piteousness, although her comments were anything but compassionate. Her slow delivery, and her eyes, kept the stab out of her comments, and she could say anything to anybody and get away with it. For two years Leonard Dillman had been listening to her, and during that time she had never said anything but "Good evening, Mr. Dillman" to him on her way to her table, and he would say "Good evening, Geraldine." They had never been introduced. Then one evening, sevenish, she finished telling a story and suddenly turned to Leonard, whose table was across the aisle, and said, "That's right, isn't it, Mr. Dillman?"



"Why, yes, I suppose it is," said Leonard.

"Well, you've been taking in every word, you ought to know," said Geraldine. "Am I right, or am I right?"

"Of course you're right. You're always right," said Leonard.

"Oh, you're only saying that because it's true," she said.

"I've never known you to be wrong," said Leonard.

If she had intended to surprise and embarrass him, she failed, and her failure confused her. Her companions were watching to see what she would do; they had seldom seen her come near to awkwardness. Without a word to them, she got up and took the vacant seat at Leonard's table. "Why don't we have a date?" she said.

"Nothing would please me more," he said.

"I'm a little tight," she said.

"Yes, I know," he said.

"But I'm good for a couple of hours," she said.

"Where would you like to go?" he said.

"How about the King's?" she said.

"Romanoff's? No, I'm uncomfortable there. But I'll take you anywhere else. Shall we go in your car?"

"How did you know I had a car?"

"Oh, heavens, I've heard you speak of your car. But do you think you'd better drive? We can take a taxi, or I can drive your car, whichever you like."

"Can you drive a car?"

"My dear, I was driving cars before you started to breathe. Every make there is."

They left the South Seas in her convertible, a second-hand Pontiac. The next afternoon Leonard was at his table at the usual time, but Jerry did not appear. Again she failed to appear on the following day, a Friday, and on Monday, when she showed up at approximately her usual time, she was greeted with the friendly insults that were customary among her group. They were careful, however, not to refer in any way to Leonard, and they watched Jerry's greeting to him. "Good afternoon" was all she said, and it was all he said.

NOW began a change in the atmosphere of the cocktail hour at the South Seas, and the change emanated from Leonard, from his presence rather than from any word or act or manifestation of his presence. Formerly he had faded into the furniture, as McHugh said. Now he was conspicuously present without having altered his manner or his habits. He was the same Leonard Dillman, but he possessed certain information that the people in the South Seas were denied. Specifically, he knew what had happened between himself and Jerry, and Jerry was not saying a word, which was not a bit like Jerry. She was apt on some occasions to abandon all protective reticence. There were men among the South Seas customers who had made rather chivalrous fools of themselves by pretending to a casual friendship with Jerry after she had already told the girls that the men had been her lovers. She would look at a man, sizing him up from head to foot, as though she were measuring and memorizing his potentialities as a lover, which he sometimes became. But a man who made the first move was not likely to get to first base with her. Knowing this, her friends jumped to the conclusion that for one night at least Leonard had been her lover, and that in his case her reticence was due to his inadequacy or to her embarrassment for having chosen him. In any event, his presence there every afternoon was affecting the spirit of the cocktail hour, and Teddy Hollander commented on it to McHugh.

"Yeah," said McHugh. "We're off about eighteen, twenty dollars."

"That much?" said Teddy.

"Easily. They go home earlier. Where they used to sit there and gab, now they start leaving around seven. They want a couple drinks, because they're used to it. But they're *quiet*. When you can hear the music over the p.a. system, you got a pretty quiet crowd."

"I wonder ought I turn up the sound a little," said Teddy.

"What you ought to turn is Leonard—out. He's the cause of it."

"How do you know that?" said Teddy.

"How do I know it? How do *you* know it? You get so used to a place you know every sound."

"Yeah," said Teddy. "I thought it was just me. But if we're off that much between five and seven, that's concrete proof. *He's* good for fifteen dollars on the average, you know that."

"Sure, I know that," said McHugh. "But who does he bring in? The attraction here is this bunch of kids, where a guy a little on the make comes in and maybe he doesn't get fixed up, but at least he has a few laughs. We got married guys coming in here two-three times a week, that they don't necessarily make any big pitch. But they get a couple laughs on the way home."

"I know."

"My advice to you, Teddy, is if you lose these kids, you're gonna have to start letting the hookers in. Then you got trouble with the law."

"I guess he has to go," said Teddy.

"Well, you got a problem, and there's no two ways about that," said McHugh.

"The hell of it is, what do I tell him?"

"You want to know?"

"Sure I want to know. I can't just go to the guy and tell him to stay out. Not him. In addition to being my best customer I gotta take into consideration he's a friend. Maybe a bit of a creep, but he never gave me the slightest trouble. Not the slightest."

"Well, now there you're wrong,"

ILL-MET BY FLUORESCENCE

OR, EVERYBODY'S DOING IT WHO'D RATHER BE ESCHEWING IT

I know a dance, a perilous dance,
A demoniac duet,
It's a ritual now habitual
With the older married set.
It's danced in seven-room co-op
And ivied ranch-style cot,
It's that conjugal collidoscope
The Bottleneck Gavotte.

What celibate pseudo-architect,
What very prince of asses,
Built such complex of bottlenecks,
Such network of impasses?
Now man and wife 'twixt bed and bath,
Or oven and china-shelf,
In kitchen door, at bureau drawer,
Forever meet themself.

Advance and bump, retreat, repeat,
With many a sparkling glance,
It's eye to eye and rump to thigh—
So goes the intricate dance.
She raises the soup above her head
While he props door with knee,
He steps to left and she to right,
And again they're vis-à-vis.

He sidles thus, she sidles so,
In movements contrapuntal,
He backs, she fills, they stand transfixed
In permanent confrontal.
Oh, there's many a couple with bumpers hooked
Like cars in a parking lot,
Frozen as on a Grecian urn
In the Bottleneck Gavotte!

—Ogden Nash

• •

said McHugh. "I don't say he gave you a lot of trouble, but I know how to get rid of him."

"All right, wise guy. How?"

"Every night, a small steak. Right? Every night the hashed-in-cream potatoes. Right? The steak ain't right, back it goes, and he won't order nothing else. Right?"

"I get it," said Teddy. "He complains, and I give him a little argument. But the steak ain't any better the next night. I get it. He threatens to quit coming in, and Bob's your uncle."

"Bob's your uncle. You talk like a bloody Englishman," said McHugh. "Anyway, if that don't work, I got the crusher."

"What's that?"

"Give him Pancho. He won't let Pancho wait on him because Pancho's a head-scratcher."

"I remember that incident," said Teddy. "I hope I don't have to give him Pancho."

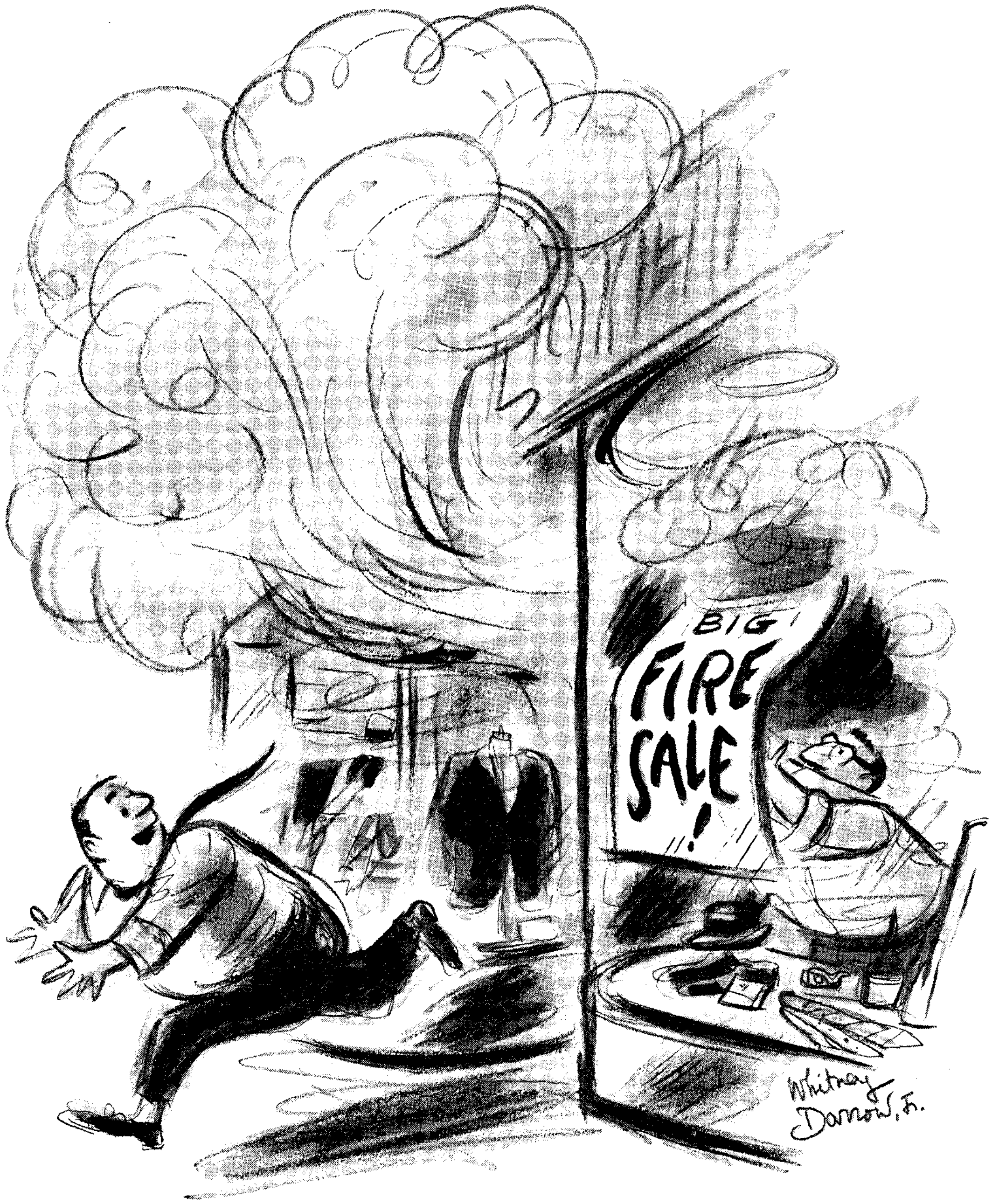
"So what?"

"You know, you're a real son of a bitch, aren't you?"

"That's what I pride myself," said McHugh.

"Did he ever take Alma home with him?"

"Would I care if he did?" said McHugh.



"That can wait, Benton!"

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On the third night of the incorrectly prepared dinners, Leonard summoned Teddy.

"What's it now, Leonard?" said Teddy.

"Something tells me you wish me to discontinue my patronage," said Leonard.

"Why do you say that? Why, what's the trouble now?"

"You know perfectly well," said Leonard. "All right. Just give me my bill, please."

"What are you so upset about?"

"What really upsets me is that you had to indulge in such subterfuge. You had to be so devious. Or you thought you had to. That's degrading, to you as much as to me. I thought you were tougher than that, but you're not, are you?"

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it. And there won't be no bill."

"Very well. I won't insist," said Leonard. He got up and walked out, and Teddy found out later that he tipped the doorman fifteen dollars.

During the next week or two several customers asked about Leonard. "He didn't pass on, did he?" said one.

"Not that I know of," said Teddy. "He just stopped coming in anymore. We don't know what happened to him."

The last to inquire about Leonard was Jerry. "Did you bar him?" she said.

"Why would I bar him?" said Teddy.

"You tell me."

"You're the only one he ever had a date with. Why don't you ask *him*?"

"I think I will," she said. She put three one-dollar bills on the table. "Take care of mine," she said to her companions. She rose and left, and no one at the South Seas or at the beauty parlor ever saw her again. However, Alma McHugh did have a postcard from her about a year later. It was from Mexico City, and all it said was "Finally made Leonard buy a hat. Best. Jerry W." —JOHN O'HARA

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The engineer shortage lashing U. S. industry in waves of severity since World War II has swelled to another crest and is spilling over Rochester.—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

On the other hand, there's no shortage of writers.

A WINDING STAIR, A FOX HUNT, A FULFILLING SITUATION, SOME SYCAMORES, AND THE CHURCH AT HENNING

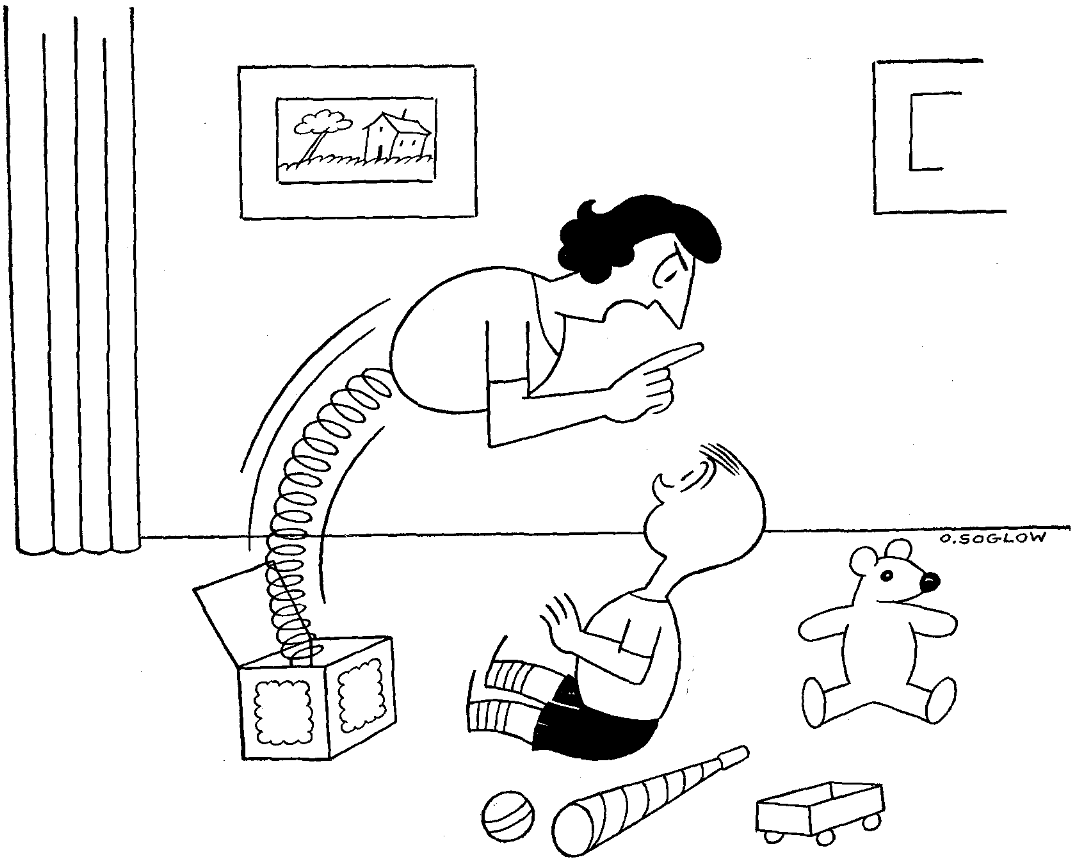
ENGLISH people don't visit country churches now as they used to when I was young. This is partly because modern cars are so difficult to stop. By the time one has finished saying, "There's a church. Why don't we have a look at it?" the car has gone on past recall. Even if one sees the church some miles before one draws level with it, and the driver's mind is sufficiently disengaged to hear what one's saying, it takes so long to park the car and to lock the steering and the doors and then to have second thoughts about tractors coming round the corner and to unlock the doors and the steering and find a new place that would have been perfect if there hadn't been a pond there, or a motor bicycle, that one is lucky if one ascertains more about the church's inside than its temperature, if it is winter, and the fact, at all times of year, that it has a font.

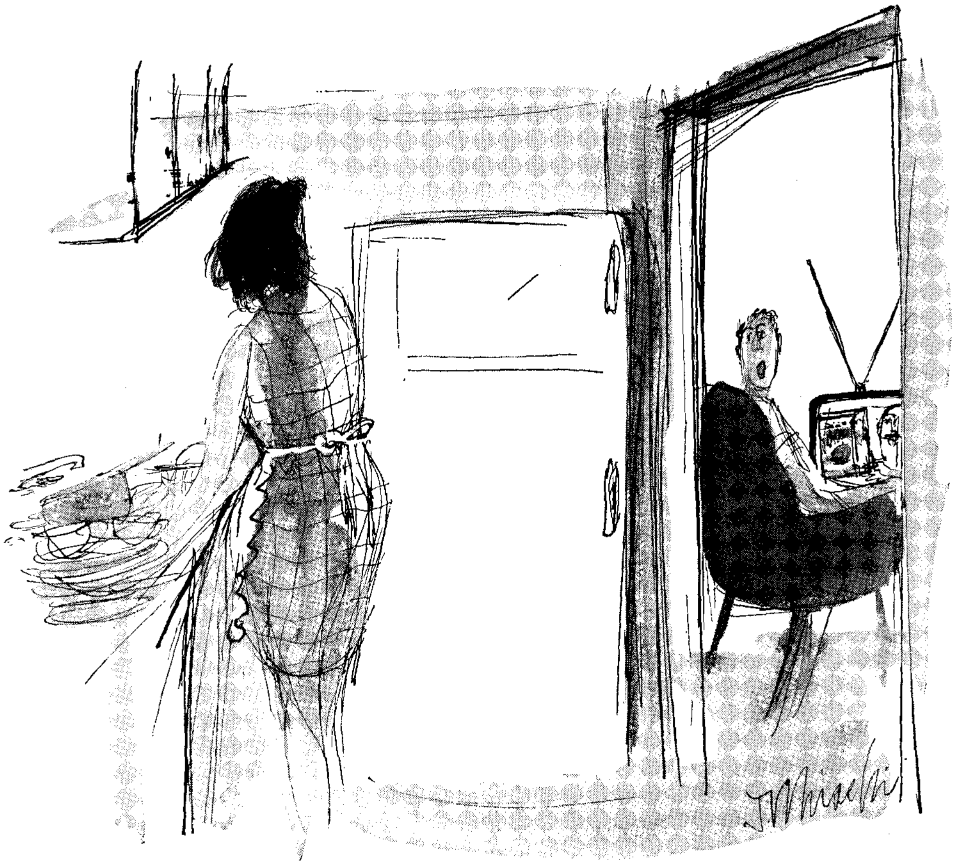
When I was young, cars were more amenable. You stopped, got out, and left them; if you were humane and it was, again, winter, you threw a rug over the bonnet. Then you spent half an hour or so investigating the church, reading its mural tablets and drawing conclusions on the character of its incumbent from the state of things in the vestry. And when you saw the car again, it was sitting where you left it, unharmed and undisputed, and the rug was in the ditch. But it isn't only this business of cars. When I was young, visiting village churches was fashionable. Intellectuals practiced it as a form of Conspicuous Waste. Later on, some even took to going to church. This always struck me as *outré*. One can carry a fashion too far.

Fashion has veered. Though I know several people half my age who find it quite easy to stop their cars outside, they go in for different motives. They are specialists. They have heard that the north transept contains a baroque monument or that the organ has some remains of Father Smith. They haven't the same broadminded passion that carried me into every country church I could lay foot in, when I was young.

It was a passion that made demands. For one thing, I hadn't got a car. For another, I hadn't got a husband or a dear old Scotch nanny or anything of that sort which I could leave William with. William was my black chow dog. William and I pursued our churches on foot, as nearly as the crow flies as bridle paths and cuts across fields would allow. William sported free as air; I carried William's lead and harness and a large-scale ordnance map. When we approached the church's village, William was harnessed and led. Harnessed and led, he accompanied me round the outside of the church, looking increasingly indifferent. He knew what would happen next. His lead would be tied to a railing, or looped round some convenient crocket, and he would be left to meditation and philosophy. This was not unkind. Usually he was quite glad to sit down and bite burrs off his paws. On this particular occasion, I tethered him to a holy door scraper and in a southern aspect just outside the porch.

The church was even larger than it had looked from a distance. (This, I may say, doesn't happen except with churches that are really large; ordinary-sized churches dwindle.) As I walked about in it, I was continually looking up at the roof, and wishing I had the moral courage to shout—the echo would have been so rewarding. Eight furry bell ropes hung in the space beneath the tower. When I tried the door into the tower stairway and found it wasn't locked, I was not, however, so spontaneously pleased as I should have been. It was a corkscrew stair, and the steps were steep and irregular. Saying to myself that I could always turn back if I didn't like it—or for that matter come down backward, a method that has much to be said for it—I started to go up. There was light ahead from a window, which I presently found coincided with a landing and the door into the ringing chamber. Here were the furry ropes again, but smoother with handling. Ringing charts were nailed to the wall, and on some of them were dates and boasts: "27th July 1904. 2½ hours," and so on. I thought of those eight sweating men, conjoined by pattern-keeping into one man; and how dizzily, after the last of the changes, the conjoined man must have come to pieces, each looking round on his fellows and shaking down into his mere singleness again. From here on, the stairs were steeper but not so worn, being less often used; and, thinking of campanology and by now grown into the rhythm of circling round and round the newel, I got up them pretty cleverly. The window on the second landing was louvered. I heard the wind flirting in it as I went upward, and felt the cold of upper air. The bell-





"Hey! There's good news from the wonderful world of detergents!"

• •

chamber door was bolted, but I drew the bolt and looked in. There they were, the eight of them, roosting like enormous doves in their nest of machinery. I rubbed the rim of the nearest, and presently it began to whine. They were the heart and reason of the tower, I thought; and now I might go down. The stair wound on into darkness. I groped up and up, pawing my way, and at last a drizzle of light fell on me, sifting round the edge of the flap door. It opened more easily than I expected. The rush of light almost knocked me downstairs. Holding my ordnance map between my teeth I squirmed myself onto the leads, where the first thing I saw was a cigarette carton and the next a trouser button.

The next thing I saw was the roof of the nave, which from ground level had seemed so immensely high and from here was so far below me that I might have been looking down at a cat on the hearthrug.

I spread my map on the parapet and began to study the bright October landscape of pasture and woodland and honey-colored plough. There, so close, was the larch wood I had skirted round. There, so flattened, was the rise of ground from which I had first got my view of the church. There, were farmsteads, roads, villages, solitary elms and elm avenues like veins of metal. There, was a white-faced Georgian house in its park, looking like a sheep. There, was Brent Goodleigh, and Snuffham, and Darcy Cantelo and Darcy All Saints. There, was the railway, with a train on it, methodical as a caterpillar.

I moved my map to the southern parapet. Just flowing into view was a fox hunt. At this remove, whence I could not see the fox enjoying the sport nor the purple faces of the riders who were so arduously procuring him his fun, it was an animating spectacle. The hounds looked clean and the autumn-colored horses suited the landscape. If they had been pursuing the M.F.H. it would have been wholly delightful. I glanced down at William. He was asleep. I identified a couple more villages. By then the hounds, who hadn't been running with much conviction, had gone into a little wood, where they stood about like a chorus of Druids in "Norma." I was just moving round to the eastern parapet when I heard William barking. He was barking at a clergyman; and as the clergyman was hatless I thought it probable that he was the church's own clergyman, who wished to enter his own church. "William!" I shouted, hoping the clergyman wasn't also called William. There was the clergyman, sometimes making a discreet step toward the porch and then rescinding it. There was William, ramping like a lion, straining at his leash and barking quite horribly. And there was I on top of the tower and quite unable to do anything about either of them. "William!" I shouted again. After several shouts, the clergyman looked up. Naturally, he would be more expectant than William of voices from heaven. He looked up. I looked down. It was a first step, but it didn't take us very far. Meanwhile William was hurling himself toward the interloper more violently than ever, and I expected at any moment to see the door scraper torn from its foundations. Then I remembered that there was a little door into the chancel (such doors are called priest's doors) and that it was open—for I had gone out by it to warm myself in the sun. I gestured to the clergyman. He stepped back, to see my gesture more clearly. William considered he was routed, and left off barking. Snatching at this moment of silence, I cupped my voice in my hands and shouted briefly, "Go round to the other door." I thought this showed generalship and presence of mind. But when I had closed the flap door on myself and was scrambling down those interminable steps, I also thought it had sounded as if I were expecting the clergyman to deliver groceries.

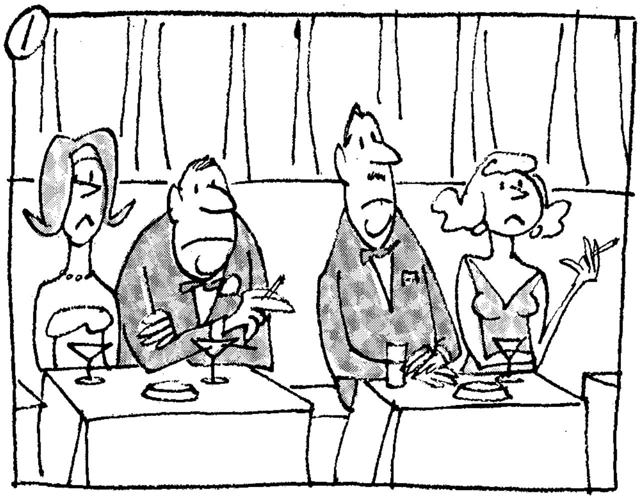
I was down at last. The church was ringing with silence, and there was the clergyman.

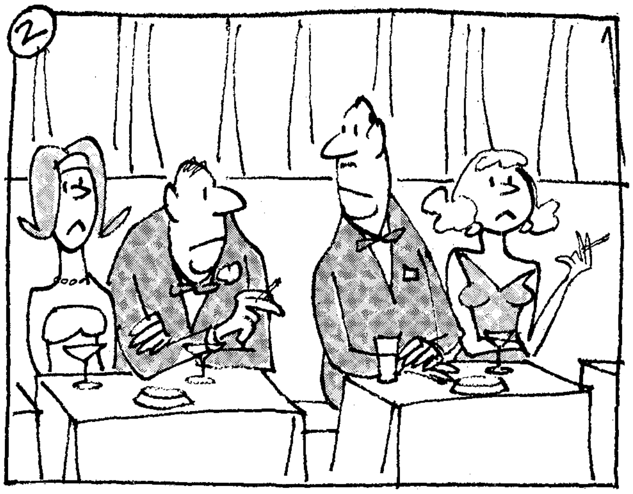
"My awful dog—"

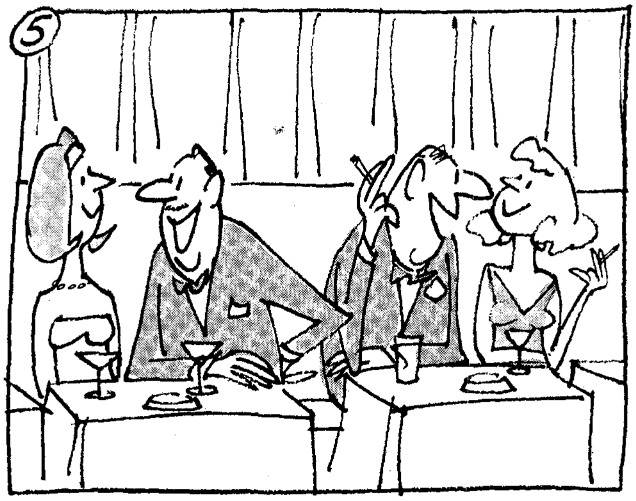
"I waited to see you safe down."

We mingled our apologies, I for my dog, he for his stairs. He was a most amiable man—I still cannot imagine why William took against him—and in no time the apologies turned into admirations, his for my handsome animal, mine for his splendid church. He showed me round it, and before I left he unlocked the safe to show me the registers, which went back to 1618. If there was any umbrage in his heart at having been addressed as though he were the groceries, he did not show it. Perhaps all that spiral jolting had given my conscience a morbid turn, and really there was nothing to fret about in what was a happy and fulfilling situation. He, bemused by William's barkings, had been in a fix; I had directed him out of it. The laity must play its part.

THE last village I identified before William's barks narrowed my horizon was called Henning. I had time to observe that its church lay quite apart







from the village—usually a sign of an old structure—and was approached by an avenue. But what with one thing and another, I did not approach it till July of the following year.

Its avenue was of sycamores—a tree which I respect (the Greek Anthology calls it "thick-tressed") but prefer in clumps. These sycamores had been planted too close together, and were decaying for lack of attention. Sycamore leaves, too, hold a great deal of water, and though by the time I walked the avenue it was no longer raining, raindrops continued to plop and patter through them. William walked sombrely beside me. I tied him to a railing and assured him I should not be long. With the best will in the world to be pleased with Henning, now that I saw it I didn't expect a great deal from it. It had a high-shouldered, asthmatic appearance, but wasn't tall enough to warrant its clerestory windows, and there was a dead blackbird in the porch.

I stopped in the porch to read the notices. The preponderance of them had to do with missions: missions to Africa, to India, to seamen; a missionary meeting with lantern slides; a Sale of work for the Church Mission Society. One must not hold a fabric responsible for the type of notices pinned in its porch; for all that, my prejudice deepened. This church, I thought, is taking too much on itself. Such busybody insistence on spreading the Gospel is all of a piece with those uncalled-for clerestory windows.

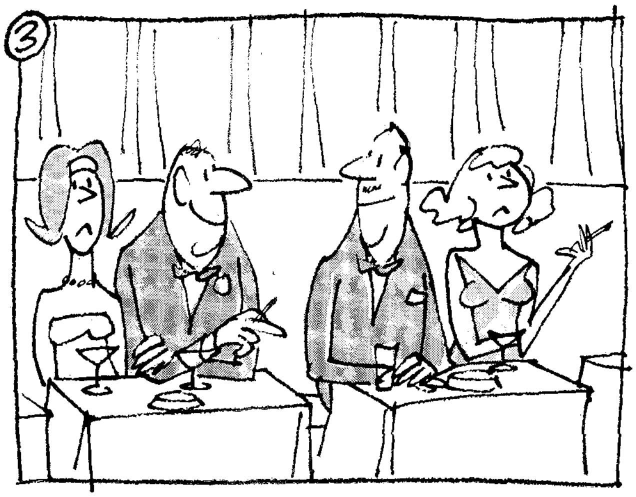
I opened the door and leaped in. The leap was forced on me: the floor of the church was a deep step below the level of the porch, and I had not noticed this in time. If, instead of drawing my attention to the needs of such large portions of the globe, the incumbent had allowed charity to begin at home with a notice of "Mind the Step" . . . My resentment flickered out: he could not have afforded the pasteboard, the unwatered ink. I had never seen a church so ground down into poverty. In a disheartened way, it was clean—fairly clean. The woodwork was rubbed; but no polish had been afforded. The floor was swept; but it would have taken more than a broom, it would have taken ten strong women with gallons of boiling water and cartons of yellow soap, to get the grime of long damp out of the flagged floor. There was a leak in the roof of the chancel—a white bedroom basin had been put on the altar to catch the drips. Through the clerestory windows the light glared in and itemized every stain, fray, fading, deficiency, poor makeshift. And when I looked about for a collecting box that might be labelled "Fabric" or "Restoration Fund" or even "Organ"—for in the vehemence of my compassion I would even have contributed to the organ—I found only boxes dedicated to missions. At which I put my money back again, missions not appealing to me.

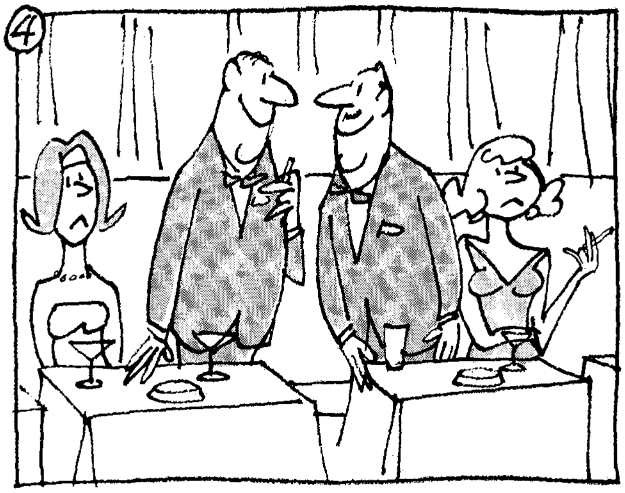
I was going away in rage and frustration when, turning back for a last look at that melancholy vista and the sad white bedroom basin, I happened to glance upward. And there I saw the most amazing thing. All round the church, skied between the clerestory windows and the roof, was a frieze of pale animals, modelled in low relief, each animal spaced out and in profile. They were of all kinds, and they were all of the same size. This did not make the elephant seem small. It made the dog behind him seem gigantic. The crocodile opened its jaws to no purpose; they could not possibly enclose the towering rump of the rabbit. As all these animals faced the same way, they appeared to be noiselessly pursuing each other.

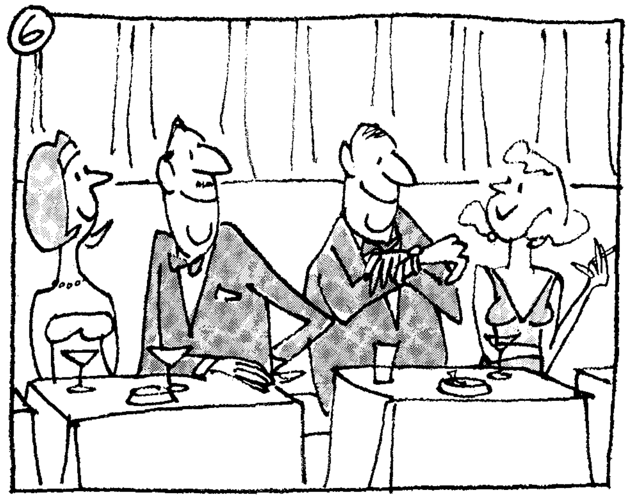
And in my hasty arrogance of compassion, I had nearly missed this wonder of wonders!

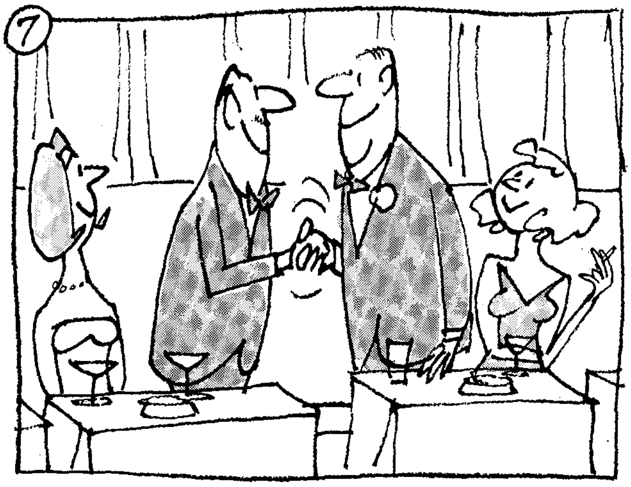
The noiselessness of their pursuit had so imposed itself on my mind that presently I realized that by comparison the silence of the church was only relative. The intermittent drip from the chancel roof chimed like a very small bell. A fly buzzed. A clock ticked in the vestry. July is a songless month, but favorable to insects. I kept on hearing a faint cloudy murmur, quite unplaceable, which I supposed was a late swarming of bees.

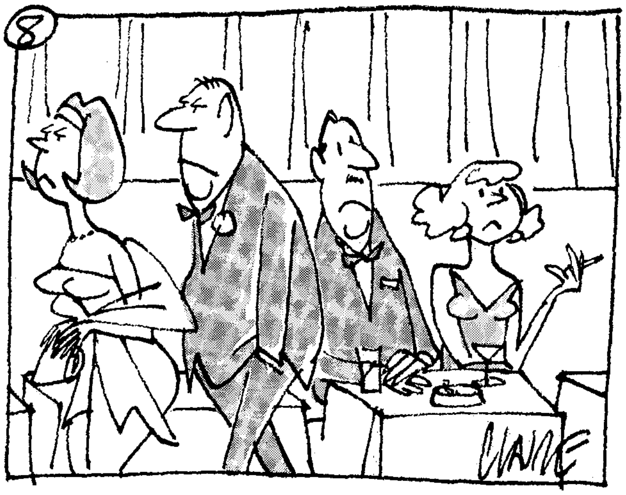
Provided they did not swarm on William . . . Bees are drawn to black—or are they repelled by it? I could not rightly remember. It was one or the other. I went on looking at the animals. A ram, a lion, a hind, a boar, a dog, an elephant, a different kind of dog, possibly a wolf, a cow, a porcupine, a leopard, a monkey, a goat, a crocodile, a rabbit, a bear, an ox, a camel . . . Another drip. By now the basin must be beginning to fill, and before I left it would be a kindly act to empty it in the churchyard. It was a very persistent leak; the rain had been over for a long











while. A cow, a porcupine, a leopard, a monkey, a goat, a crocodile, a rabbit, a bear, an ox, a camel, a badger, a sow, a horse, a ram, a lion, a hind, a boar, a dog, an elephant . . . And at some time or other every one of these animals had been food for some kind of man. William had no notion how edible he was: A sailor I met in a train told me he had seen rows of little Williams, about the size of sucking pigs, hung up outside butcher's shops in Canton. Poor William—I had told that innocent edible animal I would not be long.

A magpie chattered. A bee flew in and presently flew out again. A camel, a badger, a sow, a horse, a ram . . . The artist of the Henning animals was as single-minded as any of his beasts. He had no truck with allegory or heraldry or grotesque. He was faithful to his intention, and to his measurements: the rhythm of his spacing kept their pursuit alive. Paperhangers sell friezes of animals for decorating nurseries, and parents buy them and think them delightful and just what children would like. What children think of them I have never been in a position to know, but if such friezes are just what children like, one can reasonably assume that children take a very superficial view of animals. Nothing could be much more ill-suited to catch a parent's or a paperhanger's fancy than these pale Henning creatures, fatalistically pursuing each other through the centuries. I felt assured that in the generations of Henning children there had always been children to whom they were more than a solace through sermons, more than meat and drink, more than parents or wild strawberries or birds nesting—children who, even when they had been hounded out of Eden, still fed their minds on this mysterious plain statement leading to nothing. And on a winter night, a night when everything was rigid with frost and nothing stirred or quickened except the stars flashing overhead, such a child, grown older, would look up farther, and see Ursa and Draco and Lynx silently pursuing each other through the heavens.

A child's mind has more hardihood.

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For myself, I was becoming increasingly intimidated by these encircling animals. How long I had subjected myself to not being their quarry only the clock in the vestry knew—for at this date I scorned to wear a watch. A cow, a porcupine, a leopard, a monkey . . . Drip. I remembered that I was going to empty that basin before I left. I wandered up to the altar and looked in the basin. It was not more than a quarter full of honey.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

ANNALS OF BIRDWATCHING

MR. FORBUSH'S FRIENDS

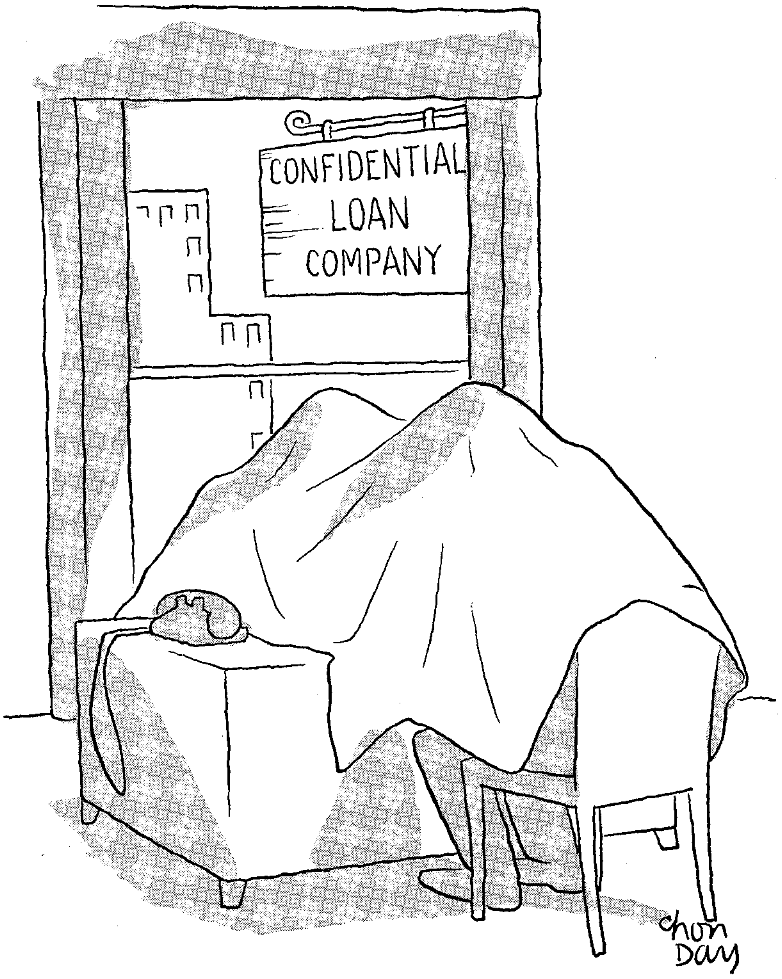
As a boy, Edward Howe Forbush, the ornithologist, was up and away at daybreak every fine spring morning, exploring the woods and fields of West Roxbury. At thirteen, he stuffed a song sparrow—his first attempt at taxidermy. At fifteen, he gave up school in favor of birds. At sixteen, he was appointed Curator of Ornithology of the Worcester Natural History Society's museum—undoubtedly one of the youngest curators anywhere about. He began "collecting," which means shooting birds to get a closer look at them, and he continued to experiment with taxidermy after reading a book on it. "Such mummies," he wrote of his mounted birds, "have their uses, but later I came to see that life, not death, would solve all riddles; that an examination of the dead was merely a preliminary to a study of the living, and that it was more essential to preserve the living than the dead."

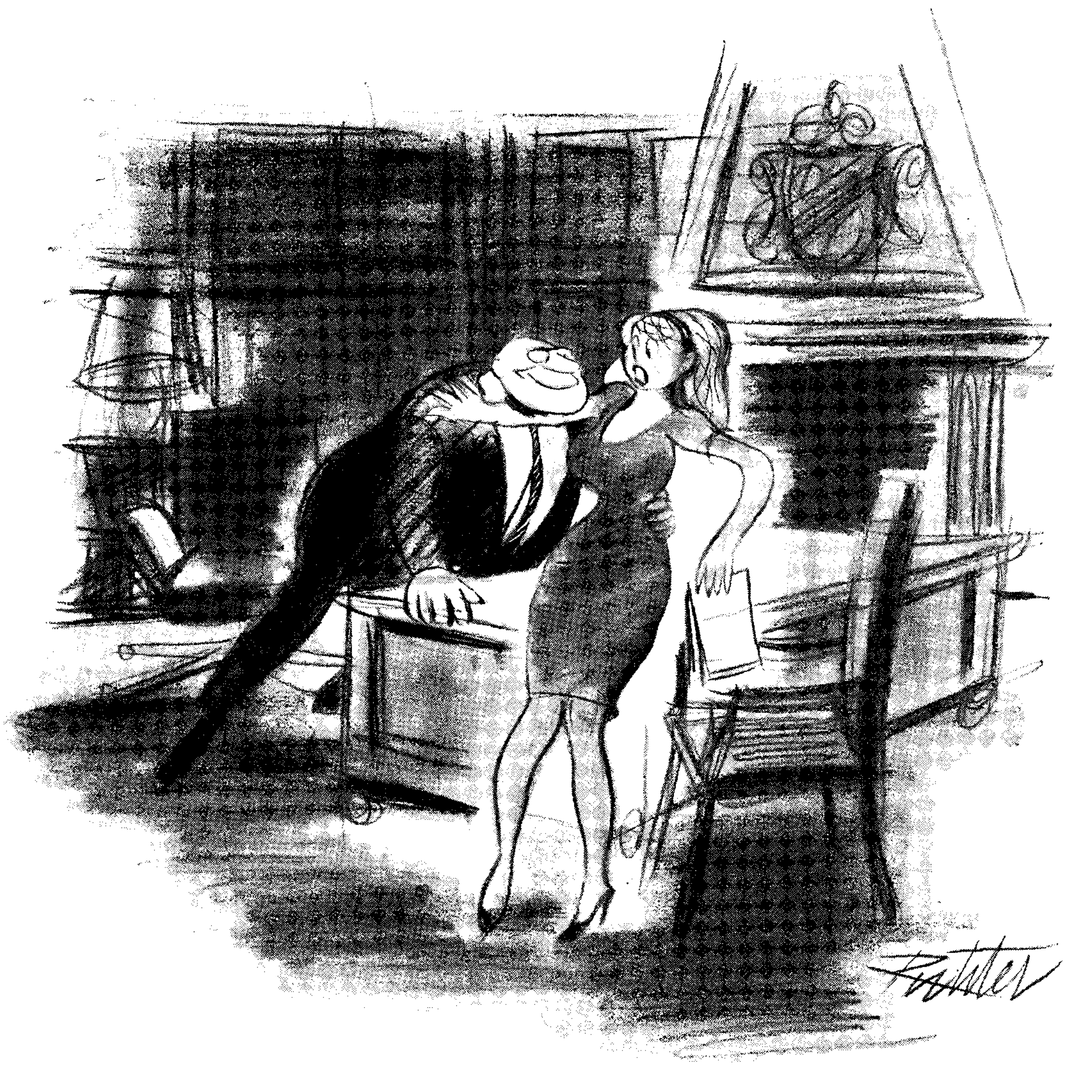
Even when he ate a bird (he was a hungry man and ate his share of birds), Mr. Forbush always saved the skin to further his scientific researches. His life was bound up with everything on wings, and his career culminated in the great "Birds of Massachusetts and Other New England States," a three-volume summation of the avian scene. Mr. Forbush died in 1929, aged seventy-one, when the work was within a few pages of completion.

When I am out of joint, from bad weather or a poor run of thoughts, I like to sit and think about Edward Howe Forbush. I like to think of him on that June morning in 1908 when, marooned on a sandy islet near the elbow of Cape Cod, his stranded skiff awash, his oars carried to sea, a stiff sou'wester blowing, drifting sand cutting his face, sea rising, he allowed himself to become utterly absorbed in "an immense concourse of birds" resting on the sands, most of them common terns. I see him, again, concealed in the lowest branches of a spruce on a small island off the Maine coast—a soft, balmy night. He is observing the arrival of Leach's petrels, whose burrows are underneath the tree—eerie, strange birds, whose chucklings and formless sounds might have been the conversation of elves. Or on that night when he visited a heronry among the sand dunes of Sandy Neck, Barnstable: "The windless air was stagnant and fetid; swarms of stinging midges, deer-flies, and mosquitoes attacked at will; and vicious wood-ticks, hanging from the vegetation, reached for me with their clinging claws, and crawled upon my limbs, seeking an opening to bury their heads in my flesh." In such uncomfortable situations, birds being near, Mr. Forbush found the purest delight.

I managed to acquire a set of "Birds of Massachusetts" about twenty years ago, and have been reading around in the books ever since, for refreshment and instruction. The first entry in Volume I is Holbœll's grebe (grebes seem to rank nearest to the reptiles from which birds sprang). The last entry in Volume III is the golden-crowned sparrow, an accidental visitor to New England. In between these two entries are descriptive accounts and anecdotal reports of all the species known to visit New England, whether on business or on pleasure or through the accident of great storms. Although not a student of birds, I am thrown with them a good bit. It is much the same sort of experience as being thrown with people in the subway: I gaze at a female, and am filled with curiosity and a wish to know more than I do about her nesting site, breeding habits, measurements, voice, and range. In the subway, gazing at an interesting face, I have nothing to help me but my imagination. But among birds, when I encounter a new face or renew my acquaintance with an old one, I turn to Forbush for help in comprehending what I have been looking at. The information he imparts is, of course, reliable and often fascinating, but for the casual reader his great gift is his immense enthusiasm for anything that has feathers. I suppose all ornithologists rather approve of birds or they wouldn't pursue the thing, but Edward Howe Forbush during his long and busy life was obviously enchanted with them. He was the champion of birds as well as their interpreter.

A certain tidiness infects "Birds of Massachusetts." The arrangement is calming to the nerves. You always know what you are going to get and the order in which you will get it. Let us say you wish to satisfy an idle curiosity about the barn owl and you take out Volume II and turn to page 189. First, the Latin name. Then the common name. Then the "other" name (or names)—in this case, monkey-faced owl. Then comes a section in small type: description, measurements, molts, field marks, voice, breeding, range, distribution in New England, and season in Massachu-





"Please, Mr. Quillan! You're supposed to be lonely at the top!"

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setts. This fine-print section goes into great detail. The barn owl, for instance, is such an infrequent visitor to New England that Mr. Forbush lists the names of the persons who have observed him or taken him, and the dates ("Lexington, June 10, 1915, female taken by Chas. Fowle," and so on). When it comes to describing the sounds a bird makes, Mr. Forbush is seldom content with giving his own rendition; instead, he assembles a company of listeners and lets each one do an imitation. The voice of the barn owl, depending on who is trying to get it on paper, is "a weird scream; a nasal snore; a loud, prolonged rasping *ssck;* a series of notes *click, click, click, click, click,* resembling in character the notes of a Katydid, but delivered with diminishing emphasis and shortening intervals during the end of the series." The song of the black-throated green warbler: Bradford Torrey translates it as "trees, trees, murmuring trees," a pleasing, dreamy, drawling, reedlike lay; others change it to "cheese, cheese, a little more cheese;" and Dr. C. W. Townsend sets it down as "Hear me Saint Theresa." (Mrs. M. M. Nice recorded two hundred and seventy-four repetitions of the song in one hour.) If you have any questions about nesting sites, eggs, period of incubation, breeding habits, breeding dates, appearance of young in juvenile plumage, range, or distribution, the answers will almost certainly be here in this section.

But when he's all through with the monumental task of delineating his bird in fine print, Mr. Forbush cuts loose with larger type and wider thoughts. Under the heading "Haunts and Habits" he writes an essay about the bird, dropping his tight scientific detachment and indulging himself as stylist, enthusiast, and footloose reporter. It is in these free-swinging essays that the fun is—for me, anyway. The style of the pieces is peculiarly the author's own—a rich prose occasionally touched with purple but never with dullness or disenchantment. A devotee of the periodic sentence, he often begins his report by setting the stage, leaving the bird out of it for a few moments, as in the very first entry (Holbœll's grebe): "A bright clear day in January, a gentle breeze, a river mouth where the rippling flood flows into the sparkling sea, a lazy swell washing gently on the bar where a herd of mottled seals is basking in the sun, Old-squaws and Golden-eyes in small parties—such a scene at Ipswich is a fit setting for the great Grebe that winters on our coasts." Or the entry for the ivory gull: "In spring dawns, fair and rosy, when the sun rising over the blue Arctic, magnificent with floating ice, reveals a scene of gorgeous splendor; where ice lies in innumerable shapes, some sparkling like gems and prisms, others rearing vast, white, phantasmal forms; on the edge of the ice pack where the wind opens vast sea-lanes; where the mirage shows towering mountains that never were on land or sea; in summer or winter, in storm or sunshine, there dwells the white Gull, bird of the ice and snow."

Sometimes, ignoring the scene, he leaps to the side of his bird and launches an attack on its detractors, as with the barn owl: "Since the dawn of history, owls have been the pitiable victims of ignorance and superstition. Hated, despised, and feared by many peoples, only their nocturnal habits have enabled them to survive in company with civilized man. In the minds of mankind they have been leagued with witches and malignant evil spirits, or even have been believed to personify the Evil One. They have been regarded as precursors of sorrow and death, and some savage tribes have been so fixed in the belief that a man will die if an owl alights on the roof of his dwelling that, it is said, some Indians having actually seen the owl on the roof-tree have pined away and died. Among all these eerie birds, the Barn Owl has been the victim of the greatest share of obloquy and persecution, owing to its sinister appearance, its weird night cries, its habit of haunting dismal swamps and dank quagmires, where an incautious step may precipitate the investigator into malodorous filth or sucking quicksands, and its tendency to frequent the neighborhood of man's dwellings, especially unoccupied buildings and ghostly ruins. Doubtless the Barn Owl is responsible for some of the stories of haunted houses which have been current through the centuries. When divested by science of its atmosphere of malign mystery, however, this owl is seen to be not only harmless but a benefactor to mankind and a very interesting fowl that will well repay close study."

Sometimes Mr. Forbush devotes most of his essay to some peculiarity of the bird: how the bittern produces its famous sounds of pumping and of stake-driving; whether the night heron really can throw out a light from its breast, as some believe; whether the cedar waxwing's dizzy spells are caused by its drinking too much fermented juice or by plain gluttony. Sometimes he starts his essay off with a bit of plain talk, straight from the shoulder, to clear up any misconception about the subject: "Cowbirds are free lovers. They are neither polygamous nor polyandrous—just promiscuous. They have no demesne and no domicile; they are entirely unattached. Their courting is brief and to the point. In this pleasant pastime the male usually takes the lead."

When he has finished with one of these rambling essays, Mr. Forbush winds up his study of the species with a short, businesslike paragraph headed "Economic Status." Here he weighs the bird's usefulness against its crimes, and it is in these concluding paragraphs, in which the bird is usually subjected to the ordeal of having the contents of its stomach examined, that you see Mr. Forbush the partisan wrestling with Mr. Forbush the scientist. The two are evenly matched, and they struggle manfully. Not all birds are popular in this world, and a number of them have police records. The crow is a cornpatch vandal. The jay is a common thief. The cormorant poses a threat to the salmon fishery. The shrike catches other birds and impales them in a thornbush for future reference. The bobolink knocks the spots out of a rice harvest. The owl presages death. The herring gull annoys commercial fishermen and befouls the decks of yachts at anchor. And so on—a long list of crimes and misdeeds. Edward Howe Forbush, however, during his long life of studying birds, managed to see more good in them than bad, and the dark chapters in the avian book are deeply challenging to him. Of the cruel shrike he says that "though we may deplore his attack on the smaller birds, we can but admire his self-reliance, audacity and courage," and that "all economic ornithologists who have investigated the food of this species regard it as a useful bird." Yet the author is scrupulously fair—he ends his defense by quoting Mr. W. L. Dawson, author of "Birds of Ohio," who finds the shrike's offenses hard to forgive, and who says he keeps his gun loaded.

Of the mischievous crow Mr. Forbush says, "Its habit of eating eggs and young of other birds should not count too heavily against it, as the birds thus molested usually have an opportunity to raise young later in the season, when the young Crows have been reared, and natural enemies of birds are necessary to keep their numbers within bounds." Mr. Forbush also recalls with relish the case of a sheepman who annihilated the crows in his region because they killed newborn lambs, only to discover that the grass in his pastures was dying from white grubs, which had increased rapidly following the destruction of the

FALSE YOUTH: WINTER

Through an ice storm in Nashville I took a student home,
Sliding off the road twice or three times; for this
She asked me in.   She was a living-in-the-city
Country girl   who on her glazed porch broke off
An icicle, and bit through its blank bone   brought me
Into another life   in the shining-skinned clapboard house
Surrounded by a world where creatures could not stand,
Where people broke hip after hip.   At the door my feet
Took hold, and at the fire I sat down with her blind
Grandmother.   All over the double room were things
That would never freeze, but would have taken well
To ice: long tassels hanging from lamps   curtains
Of beads   a shawl on the mantel   all endless things
To touch   untangle   all things intended to be
Inexhaustible to hands.   She sat there, fondling
What was in reach   staring into the fire with me,
Never batting a lid.   I talked to her easily   eagerly
Of my childhood   my mother whistling in her heartsick bed,
My father grooming his gamecocks.   She rocked, fingering
The lace on the arm of the chair   changing its pattern
Like a game of chess.   Before I left, she turned and raised
Her hands, and asked me to bend down.   An icicle stiffened
In my stomach   as she drew on my one lock of hair,
Feeling the individual rare strands   not pulling any
Out.   I closed my eyes as she put her fingertips lightly
On them   and saw, behind sight,   something in me   fire
Swirl in a great shape like a fingerprint   like none other
In the history of the earth   looping   holding its wild lines
Of human force.   Her forefinger   then her keen nail
Went all the way along the deep middle line of my brow
Not guessing but knowing   quivering   deepening
Whatever I showed by it.   She said, You must laugh a lot
Or be in the sun, and I began to laugh quietly against
The truth, so she might feel what the line she followed
Did then.   Her hands fell   and she said to herself, My God,
To have a growing boy.   You cannot fool the blind, I knew,
As I battled for air   standing   laughing a lot as she
Said I must do   squinting also as in the brightest sun
In Georgia   to make good   to make good the line in my head.
She lifted her face like a swimmer; the fire swarmed
On my false, created visage   as she rocked and took up
The tassel of a lamp.   Some kind of song may have passed
Between our closed mouths as I headed   into the ice.
My face froze with the vast world of time   in a smile
That has never left me since my thirty-eighth year—
When I skated like an out-of-shape bear to my Chevrolet
And spun my wheels on glass—that time when age was caught
In a thaw in a ravelling room   when I conceived of my finger
Print as a shape of fire   and of youth as a lifetime search
For the blind.

—James Dickey

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crows. You can feel his heart rise up at this bit of ecological justice.

When Mr. Forbush comes to the cormorant, a notorious fish eater, he issues a cautionary blast by quoting another bird man, P. A. Taverner, who wrote, "Though commonly accused of damaging the salmon fisheries by devouring the small fish and fry, careful examination of about thirty specimens showed that the hundreds of birds present were eating fish of no economic value and no salmonoid remains were found in them. Probably the eels, sculpins, and other fish taken by the cormorant make the species beneficial rather than harmful to the salmon, and probably more than compensate for the few valuable fish that it occasionally takes. This is a good example of the caution that is necessary before condemning any species of birds."

"All this avant-garde stuff is getting to be old hat, if you ask me."

In his role as defense attorney for the birds, Mr. Forbush is not merely spirited, he is wonderfully resourceful. He thinks of everything. After listing the obvious benefactions of gulls (they destroy grasshoppers and locusts, dispose of dead fish and garbage, eat field mice and other pests, and in foggy weather enable mariners to locate dangerous rocks and ledges by their shrill cries), he springs a surprise. "In war time," he says, triumphantly, "gulls show the location of drifting mines by perching upon them." What jury would convict a seagull after that piece of testimony?

The common tern: "It never eats marketable fish."

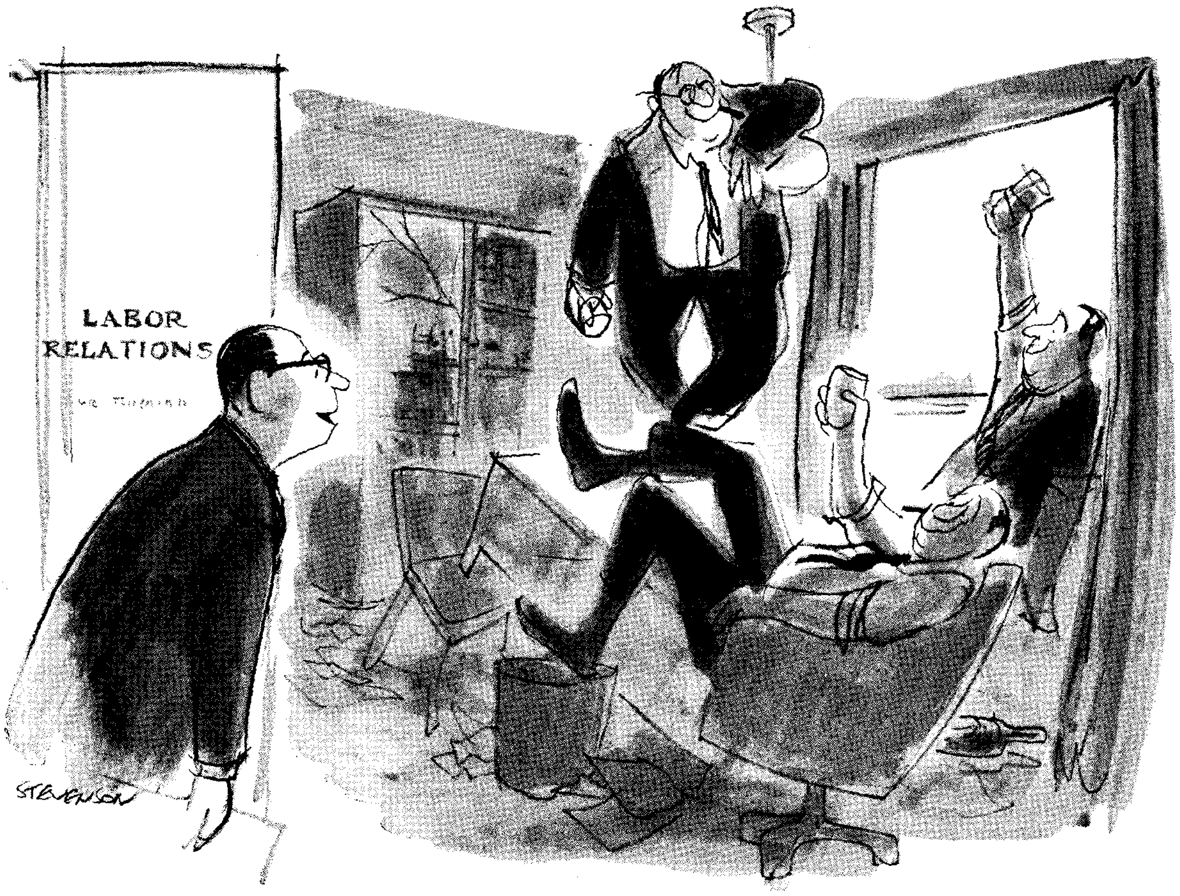
The blue jay: "Jays bury nuts and seeds in the ground, thus planting forests. They also regurgitate smaller seeds and so distribute them."

The cedar waxwing: "If the cherry grower, when planting an orchard, would first set out a row of soft early cherries or early mulberries around his orchard, and allow the birds to take the fruit from those trees, he might thereby save the main crop of later, harder, and more marketable fruit."

The sharp-shinned hawk: "It is not a bird for the farmer to tolerate about his chicken coops nor is it desirable about a bird preserve. Nevertheless in the eternal scheme of the universe, its existence serves to check the undue increase of small birds and to prevent the propagation of unfitness and disease among them."

When Mr. Forbush came to the economic status of the brown pelican, which not only loves fish but boldly advertises the fact by carrying a pouch to hold them in, he knew he was in a tough spot. Without hesitation, he called to his assistance Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, onetime president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, who, in the spring of 1918, had investigated the pelican's criminal record and reported on it to the Federal Food Administrator. Mr. Pearson proved every bit as slippery in arguing a case as Mr. Forbush himself. He first testified that the stomachs of pelicans contained no trout, mackerel, or pompano; instead, they were loaded with mullet, pigfish, Gulf menhaden, pinfish, and thread herring. Then he introduced an exciting new theme. "These large, grotesque-looking birds," he wrote, "afford winter tourists much interest as they flop about the docks . . . and many postcards bearing pictures of pelicans are sent north every year. It is quite possible that the profits made on pelican postcards at Florida newsstands exceed in value the total quantity of food fish captured by the pelicans in the waters along its charming coast."

A WANDERER in the pages of Forbush is rewarded with many delights and surprises, not the least of which are the peerless illustrations by Louis Agassiz Fuertes and Allan Brooks. To me, one of the chief amusements of the work is the presence of Mr. Forbush's large company of informers, or tipsters: people who at one time or another wrote him or phoned him to tell of an encounter with a



"Then I can tell the press that both sides are nearing agreement after a final round of negotiations?"

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bird—a strange doing, an odd fact, a bizarre occurrence. By paying heed to these people and giving them houseroom, Mr. Forbush adds greatly to his own abundant store of knowledge besides livening things up for the reader. He welcomes tipsters just as a newspaper columnist welcomes them. Some of his are professional bird people, known to him. Some are contributors of articles to nature publications, from which Mr. F. has lifted a juicy passage. But scattered through the three volumes are the names of hundreds of amateurs and strangers, who by reporting some oddity of bird behavior or recording an unlikely arrival have achieved immortality; their names are embedded in the text of "Birds of Massachusetts" as firmly as a bottle cap in a city pavement, and they are for the ages. Their lives, from the evidence, appear to be wonderfully haphazard and fortuitous. One of them will be "sharpening a sickle" when he looks up to see a girl attacked by an eagle; one of them will "happen to be" in a little outbuilding at precisely the right moment to witness the courtship of whip-poorwills; one of them will chance to step from a clump of small pines facing an alder run, and there, right before his eyes, will be the nest of a least flycatcher. The reader has hardly got started on Volume I before the first of these tipsters pops up: "Mr. Wilbur F. Smith, of South Norwalk, Connecticut, wrote to me March 27, 1916, that he had observed Holbœll's Grebes fishing near an anchored boat on which a fisherman lived. . . . Mr. Smith noted that when a bird had swallowed a particularly large fish, it put its head on its back and went to sleep."

Well, there you are. It'll be fifty years next month that Smith of South Norwalk discovered that a grebe grabs a little shut-eye after a heavy fish dinner, but the news comes as fresh today as when the letter was dropped in the mail. (I called the informant "Smith" just now, but Mr. Forbush was a courtly man and always used the polite "Mr." or "Miss" or "Mrs." or "Dr." in introducing his people.)

I have taken it on myself to bring a few of Forbush's friends together—a sort of convention of tipsters, pros and amateurs alike—and will here summarize their findings about birds. My list is necessarily selective; out of perhaps a thousand I've chosen a handful. And I have shortened their tales, giving merely the gist of the observations. Here they are, a goodly company, bright of eye, quick to take pen in hand:

Mr. Sidney Chase, of Nantucket. Saw loon rinse mouth after repast. May 3, 1922.

Mr. Harold Cooke, of Kingston. Found puffin in garage, offered it spaghetti. Spaghetti was accepted. February 1, 1922.

Mrs. Lidian E. Bridge, of Rockport. While standing on rock overlooking sea, saw two dovekies meet underwater. As they met, they uttered "an absurd little screech." No date.

Mr. Vinal M. Edwards. Found nest and young of herring gull on Middle Wepecket Island. 1888. (Sometimes Mr. Forbush authenticates a tipster; he refers to Vinal Edwards as "a thoroughly reliable observer." Other times, he just lets his man have his say and keeps silent, leaving the reader to decide whether there is any truth in the report or whether it's a cock-and-bull story.)

Mr. Horace Bearse, of Chatham. Saw starving crow attack starving herring gull after clash at garbage heap. Winter of 1919-20, a hard winter.

Mr. J. A. Farley. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence saw ring-billed gull scratch its face with its claw as it flew. Insouciance. No date.

Mr. Allan Keniston. While visiting Muskeget Island saw young laughing gulls eject the remains of cicadas. Insects had been flown twenty miles from Cape Cod by the gulls' parents. 1923.

Captain B. F. Goss. Saw Caspian terns dive on their own eggs, break them. Terns apparently did not want eggs to fall into hands of intruders. No date.

Mr. David Gould. At Nauset, watched newly hatched common terns during windstorm. Blowing sand adhered to wet plumage, many babies buried alive. No date.

Dr. L. B. Bishop. At Stump Lake, North Dakota, saw terns strike and kill young ring-billed gulls in retalia-

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tion for adult gulls' eating terns' eggs. No date.

Dr. Joseph Grinnell. Passed night on island of St. Lazaria, Alaska. Found it impossible to keep campfire alight because Leach's petrels, who stay out all night, flew into fire in such numbers as to extinguish it. June, 1896.

Mr. Frank A. Brown. On Machias Seal Island, found dog that was killing average of ten petrels a day by digging them out of their burrows. No date.

Reverend J. H. Linsley. Opened the stomach of a gannet, found bird. Opened stomach of *that* bird, found another bird. Bird within bird within bird. No date.

Mr. George H. Mackay. On Cormorant Rock, off Newport, found large number of curious balls. Appeared to have been ejected by cormorants. One ball, 5.25 inches in circumference, contained three crabs. April, 1892.

Mr. Stanley C. Jewett. Asserts that wounded red-breasted merganser at Netarts Bay, Oregon, dived to submerged root in three feet of water and died while clinging there. Apparent suicide. May, 1915.

Mr. J. A. Munro, of Okanagan Landing, British Columbia. Watched male bufflehead, far gone in passion, dive under another male, toss him into air. Sexual jealousy. No date.

Mr. G. Dallas Hanna. At Pribilof Islands, sought wounded harlequin duck that dived and failed to reappear. Found it dead in eight feet of water, clinging with bill to kelp near bottom. Apparent suicide. No date.

Mr. George H. Mackay again. Presented Mr. Forbush with head of female eider duck that had been found dying on Nantucket with large mussel in mouth. Mussel had closed on bird's tongue. Bird starved. Mussel remained alive, did not relax grip. January 3, 1923.

Mr. W. Sprague Brooks. In Alaska lagoon saw three male king eiders courting one female. Much neck stretching and bowing of heads. Occasionally, one male would interrupt courtship long enough to take a bath. Female unimpressed by this bathing ploy. June 14, 1915.

Mr. Henry Fenno, of Westborough. His grandfather, Jesse Fenno, brought down thirteen brants with one shot. About 1810.

Mr. George W. Morse, of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Saw great blue heron strike at small fish between own legs, tripping self up. Heron was carried downstream in capsized position with

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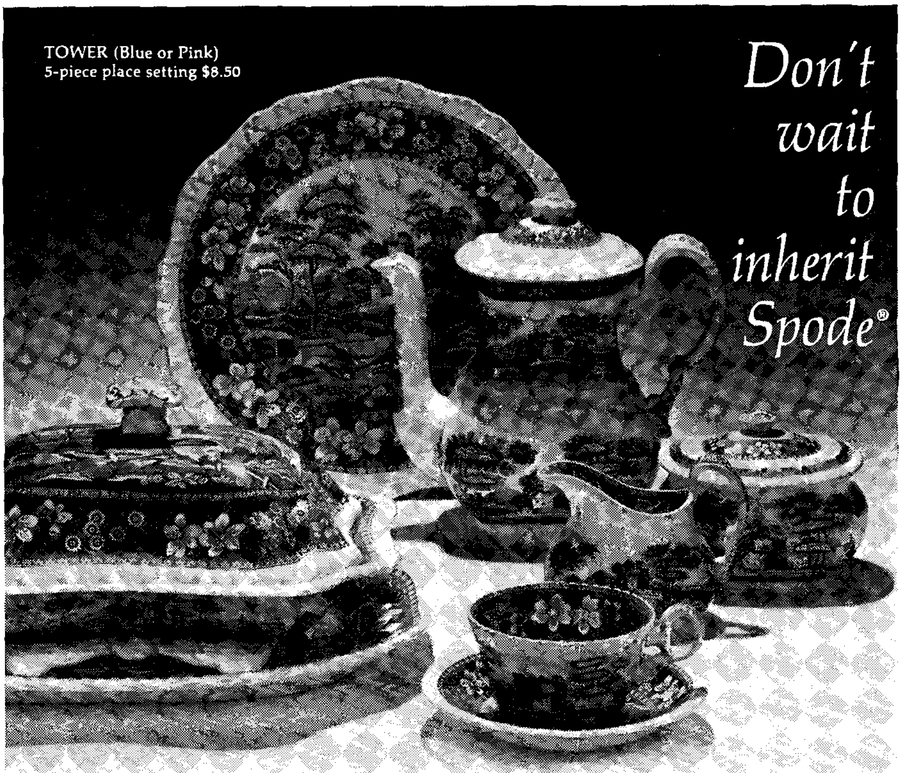
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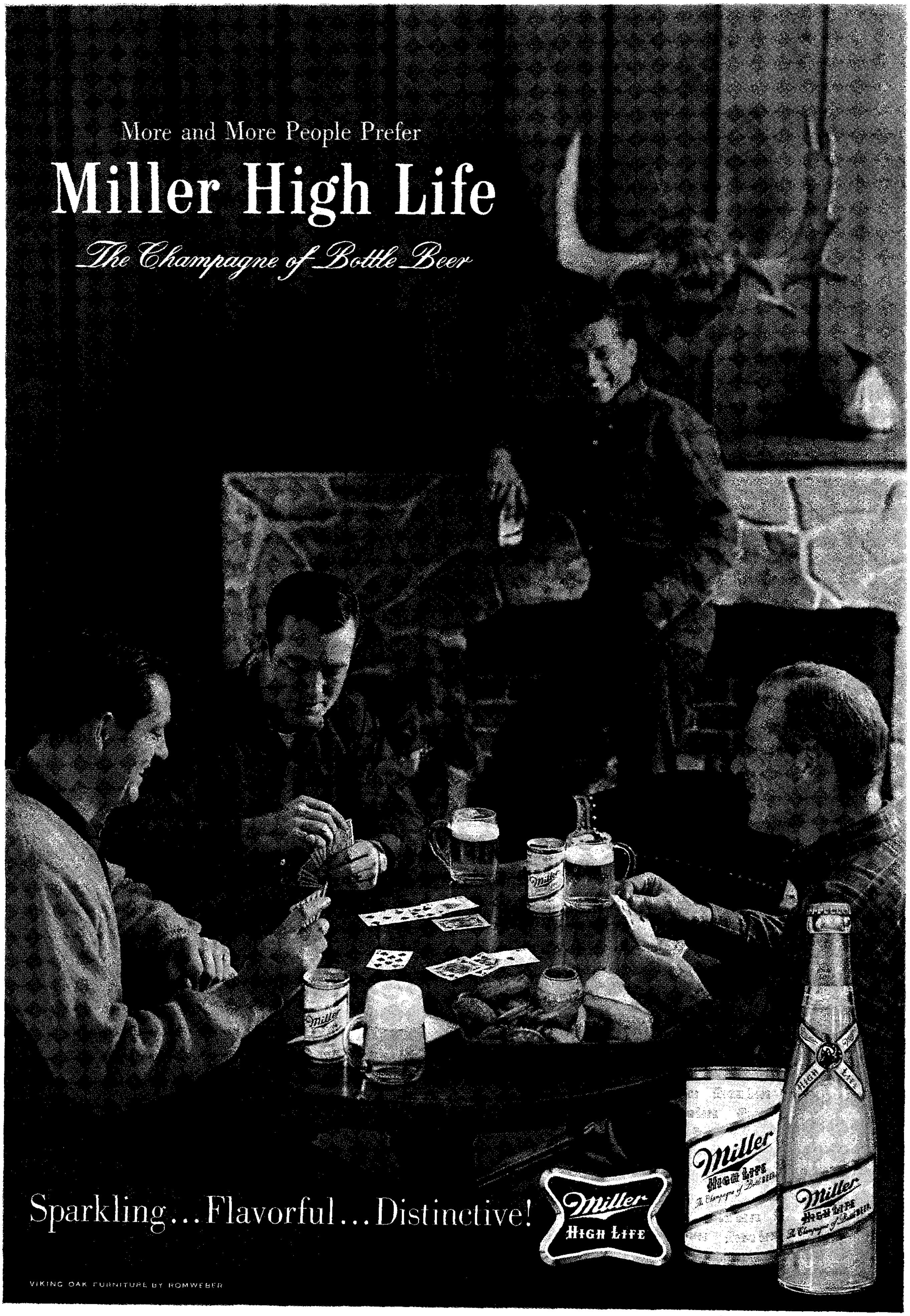
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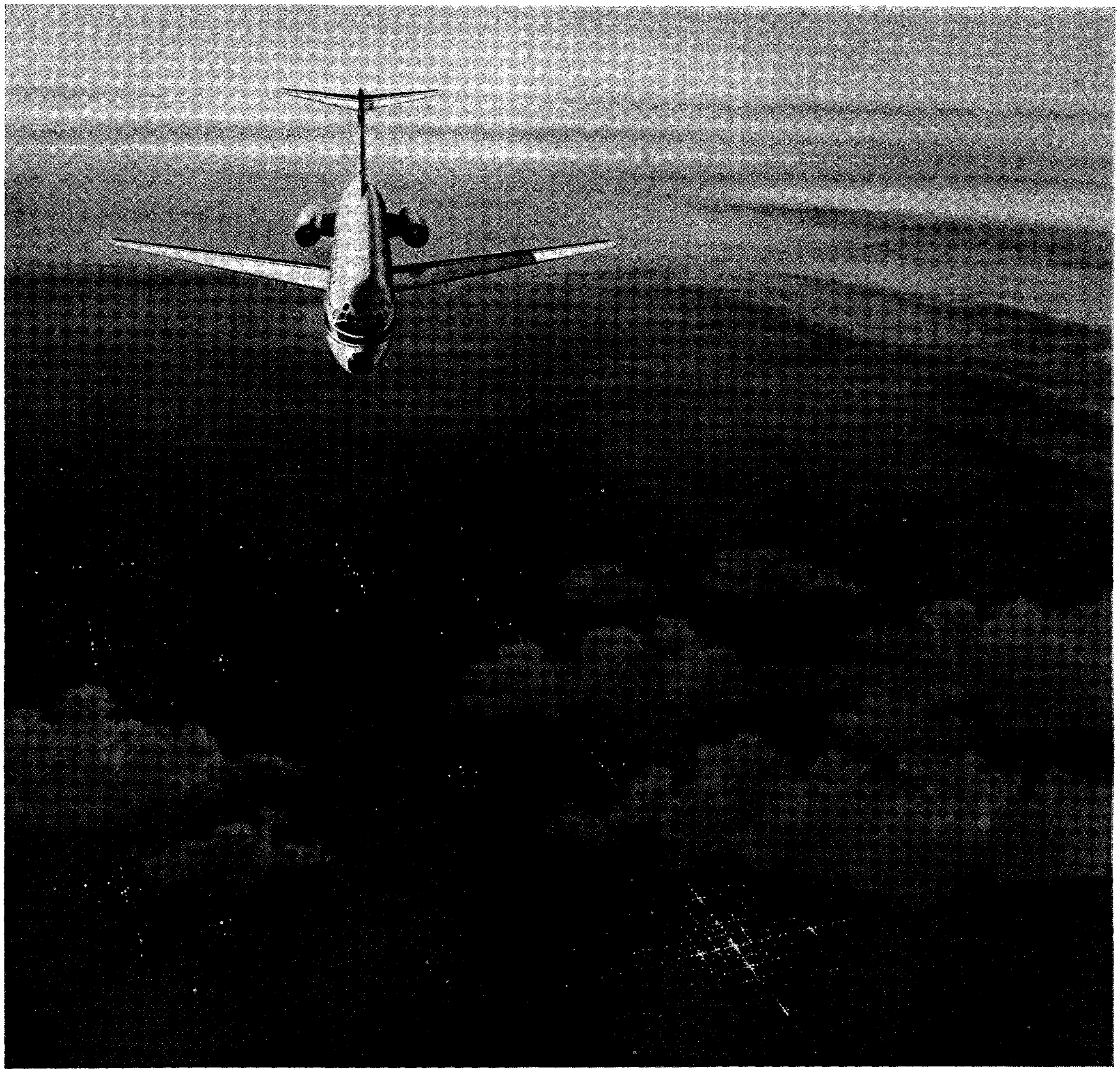

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legs in air. It held on to the fish. No date.

Mrs. L. H. Toussaint. States that in one morning a pet sand-hill crane captured and consumed 148 grasshoppers, 2 moths, a roach, a lizard, 2 grubs, and 11 spiders. No date.

Mr. Isador S. Trostler. Says woodcocks often play in very droll manner, run round and round each other in small circles, with wings lifted and bills pointed nearly to the zenith.

Mr. E. O. Grant. While kneeling on ground imitating squeal of spruce-grouse chick, had mother grouse fly directly at his head. No damage. No date.

Mr. W. L. Bishop. Found ruffed grouse submerged in brook, except for head, to escape goshawk. No date.

Mr. Charles Hayward. Examined crop of a ruffed grouse. Found 140 apple buds, 134 pieces of laurel leaves, 28 wintergreen leaves, 69 birch buds, 205 blueberry buds, 201 cherry buds, and 109 blueberry stems. Splendid appetite. No date.

Mrs. Eliza Cabot. Saw heath hen in her youth, another after her marriage. Late eighteenth century, early nineteenth century.

Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson. Lady of his acquaintance, while sitting alone in her room, was startled when beef bone fell out onto hearth. Went outside, discovered turkey buzzard peering down chimney. Carelessness on part of bird. No date.

Mr. William Brewster, of Concord. Was standing by corner of one of his barns. Phoebe pursued by sharp-shinned hawk used Brewster's body as shield in eluding hawk. No date.

Dr. P. L. Hatch. While riding across Minnesota prairie during winter gale, temperature 46° below zero, saw sharp-shinned hawk seize snow bunting at high speed. No date.

Mr. H. H. Waterman, of Auburn, Maine. Saw Cooper's hawk plunge flicker in roadside ditch containing one foot of water, hold it under for three minutes. May 15, 1921.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam. Attacked by enraged goshawk for defending hen. Hen hid under catnip plant during melee, remained there for five hours following encounter. October 3, 1882.

Mr. M. Semper, of Mapes P.O., British Columbia. Was at neighbor's house sharpening a mower sickle, saw golden eagle seize neighbor's little girl, Ellen Gibbs, by arm. Mr. Semper kicked eagle with no effect. Girl's mother appeared, decapitated eagle with good effect. No date.

Mrs. Elizabeth Caswell. Saw bald eagle fly directly at her house. Before

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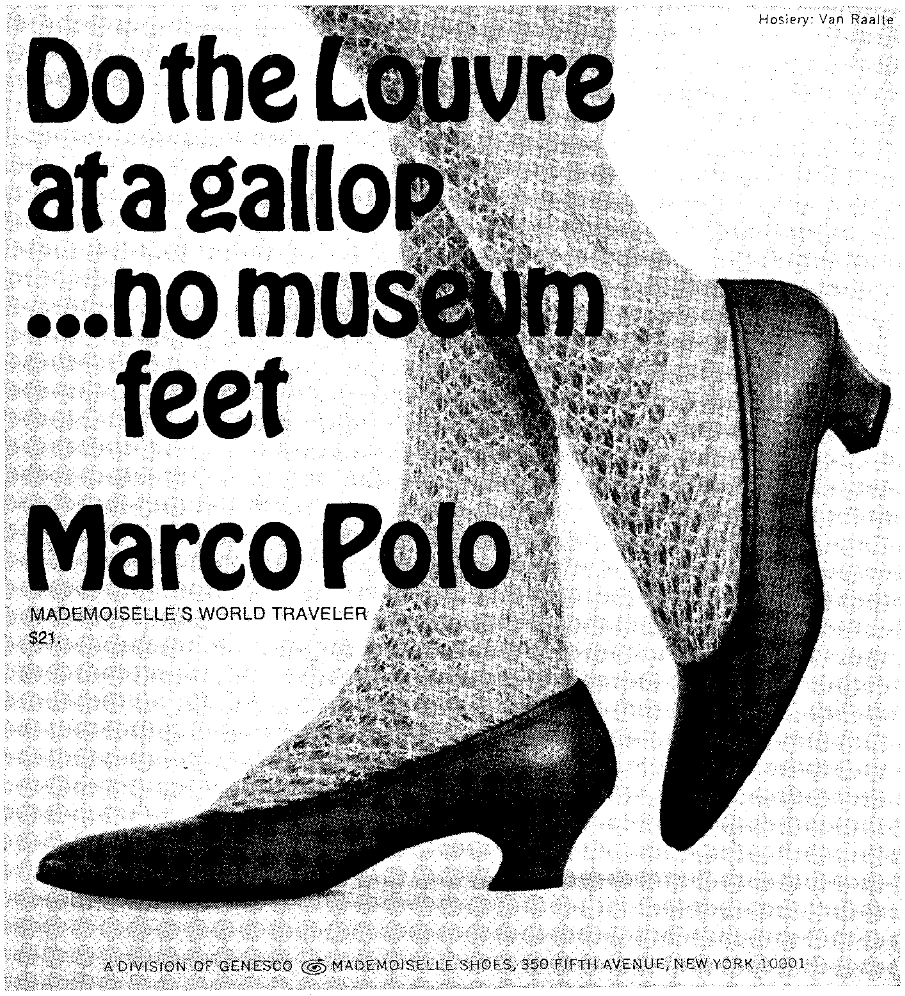
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reaching house, eagle swooped down, picked up what seemed to be large rat. Mrs. Caswell surprised at this. No date.

Mr. Eugene P. Bicknell. Saw duck hawk capture monarch butterfly on the wing. Hawk appeared to release prey in disgust. November 12, 1922.

Mr. William Brewster again. Saw sparrow hawk amusing himself at expense of two flickers. No malice involved. September 12, 1888.

Mr. Aretas A. Saunders. Heard sparrow hawk, while hovering, squeal like mouse. Hawk possibly trying to entice mouse from concealment. No date.

Friend of Mr. Forbush's, no name. Bought farm in Touisset, found osprey's nest atop chimney. Ospreys in charge of premises. Owner removed nest. Birds immediately began rebuilding, using sticks, clods, and stones. Owner, now desperate, shot female. Male went off, returned a few hours later with another mate. Pair went on with rebuilding operations. Filled chimney from bottom to top with sticks, stones, and rubbish. Owner accepted challenge, shot both birds. Large section of chimney had to be removed on one side, for removal of material choking flue. Perseverance. No date.

Mr. Sidney Chase, of Nantucket. Watched short-eared owl kill field mouse, break its backbone along whole length, place corpse under tuft of grass for safekeeping. No date.

Dr. Anne E. Perkins, in letter from Helmuth, New York. Picked up pellets of barred owl, found they contained pig bristles and a piece of broken bone. March 23, 1925.

Mr. Joseph B. Underhill. Caught and confined male great horned owl. In return, was struck and injured by female owl. Much blood spilled. 1885.

Dr. E. H. Perkins, of Unity, Maine. Heard sudden noise outside house. Next morning picked up dead great horned owl. Bird believed to have been confused by lighted window, dashed self against house, met death. No date.

Miss Florence Pease. Reported large owl with steel trap on one leg alighted on factory in Connecticut. Incident caused so much excitement among workers, plant was shut down for the day. 1919.

Mr. Zenas Langford, of Plymouth. Told Mr. J. A. Farley he witnessed struggle between great horned owl and blacksnake. Owl caught snake, snake twisted self around owl so latter unable to fly, fell to ground with prey. Owl held snake six inches below head, snake threw turn around owl's neck. Owl nearly exhausted but retained grip. Mr.

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Langford killed snake (four feet), wrapped owl in blanket, took it home, kept it a week, let it go. No date.

Mr. R. J. Gregory, of Princeton. Saw snowy owl perch in tree, devour a bird—a meadowlark. After the meal, owl dropped to ground, washed face in snow, pushing its head through the snow "in a manner similar to the way cats have been known to act." (Author's note: Dachshunds have also been known to act this way, using broadloom carpet instead of snow.)

Mr. F. H. Mosher ("a competent observer"). Watched yellow-billed cuckoo eat 41 gypsy caterpillars in fifteen minutes. Later saw another cuckoo eat 47 forest tent caterpillars in six minutes.

Mr. J. L. Davison, of Lockport, New York. Found a black-billed cuckoo and a mourning dove sitting together in a robin's nest. Nest contained two eggs of cuckoo, two of dove, one of robin. Bad management. June 17, 1882.

Mrs. Mary Treat. Watched kingfisher that commonly fished near her windows, observed that when water was too rough for fishing, bird visited sour-gum tree (*Nyssa aquatica*) and greedily devoured berries, afterward regurgitated pellets of seeds in same manner it ejected scales and bones of fish. No date.

Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter. Examined food remains in nest of kingfisher, found one-tenth of them to be nearly equally divided between berry seeds and the hard parts of grasshoppers. Exacting work but easier than writing. No date.

Mr. B. M. Everhart. Found kingfisher lying on bank of stream, unable to fly. Large fresh-water mussel was clasping bird's bill. No date.

Mrs. W. F. Eldredge, of Rockport. Reported downy woodpecker had chiselled nest hole through cement filling of hollow limb. Spring of 1919.

Mrs. Arthur Caswell, of Athol. Saw three downy woodpeckers busy tapping maple trees near her windows. Suet was fastened to tree trunks. Woodpeckers would fill up on suet, then chase it with deep draughts of sap. No date.

Mr. Charles E. Bailey, assistant to Mr. Forbush. Observed downy woodpecker climb over and inspect 181 woodland trees between 9:40 A.M. and 12:15 P.M. and make 26 excavations for food. (At this point, Mr. Bailey presumably began thinking about food himself.) March 28, 1899.

Mr. Harry E. Woods, of Huntington. Watched pair of yellow-bellied sapsuckers feeding their young on insects. Each insect was taken by the bird to a tree in which was a hole the size of

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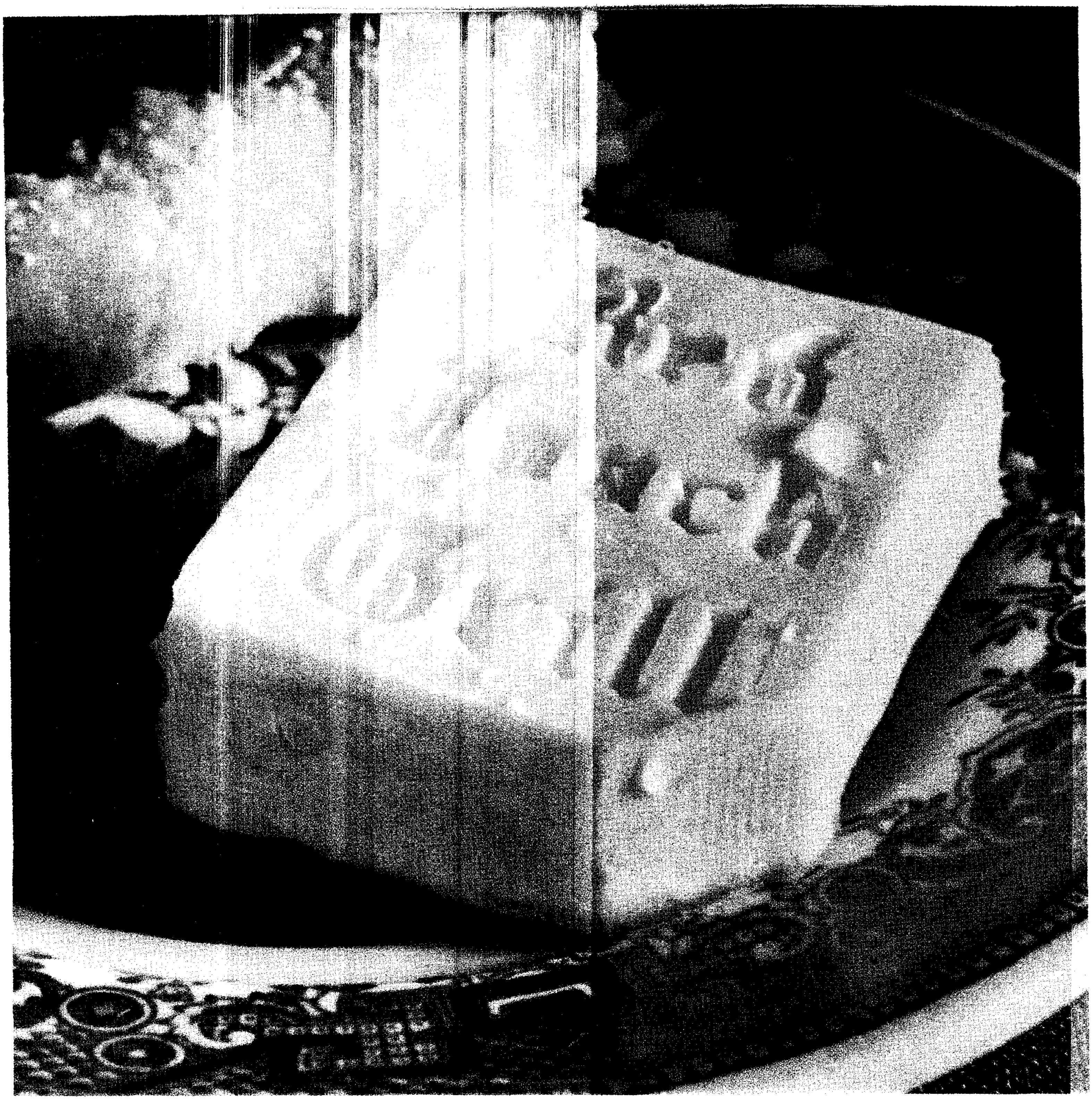

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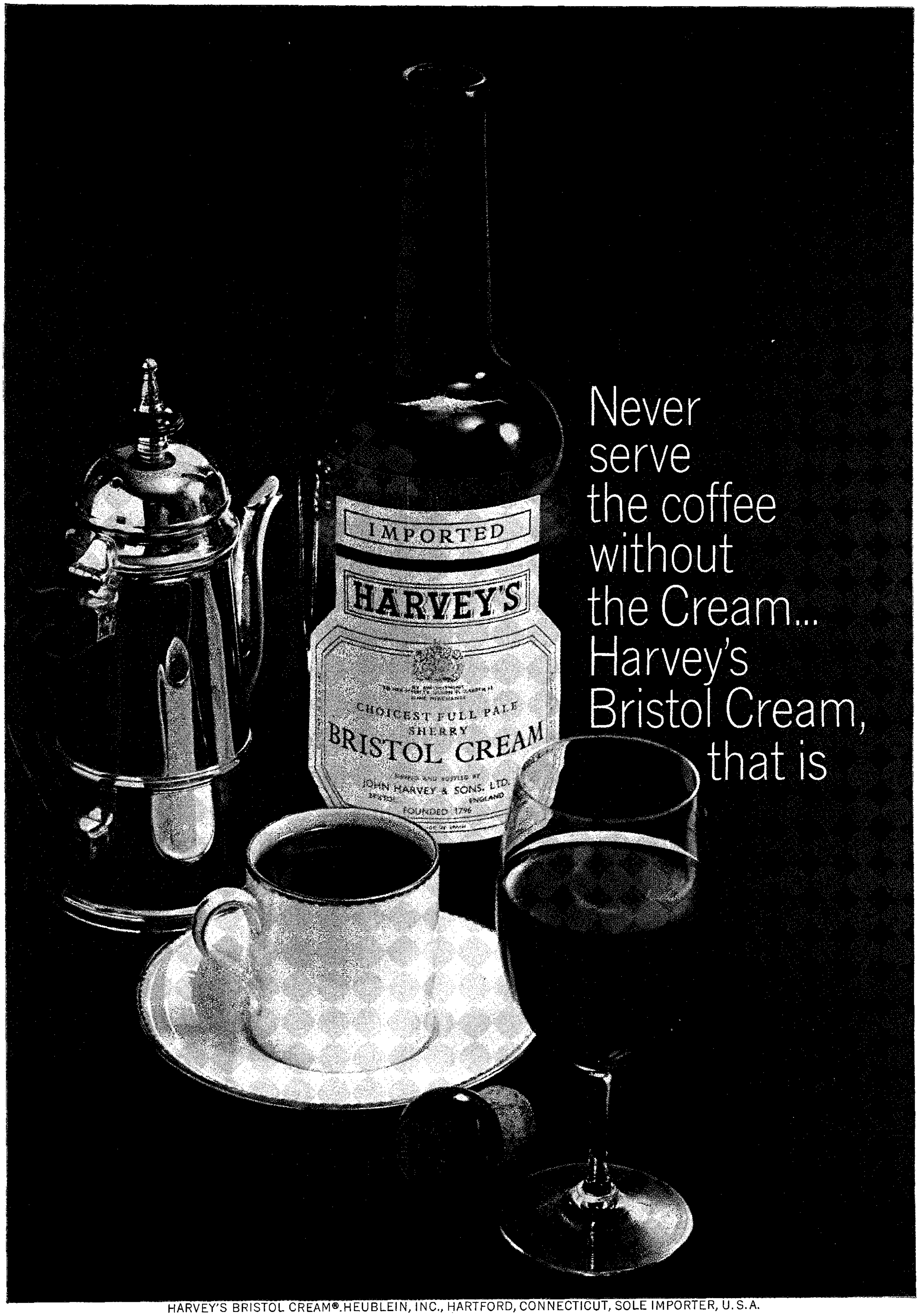
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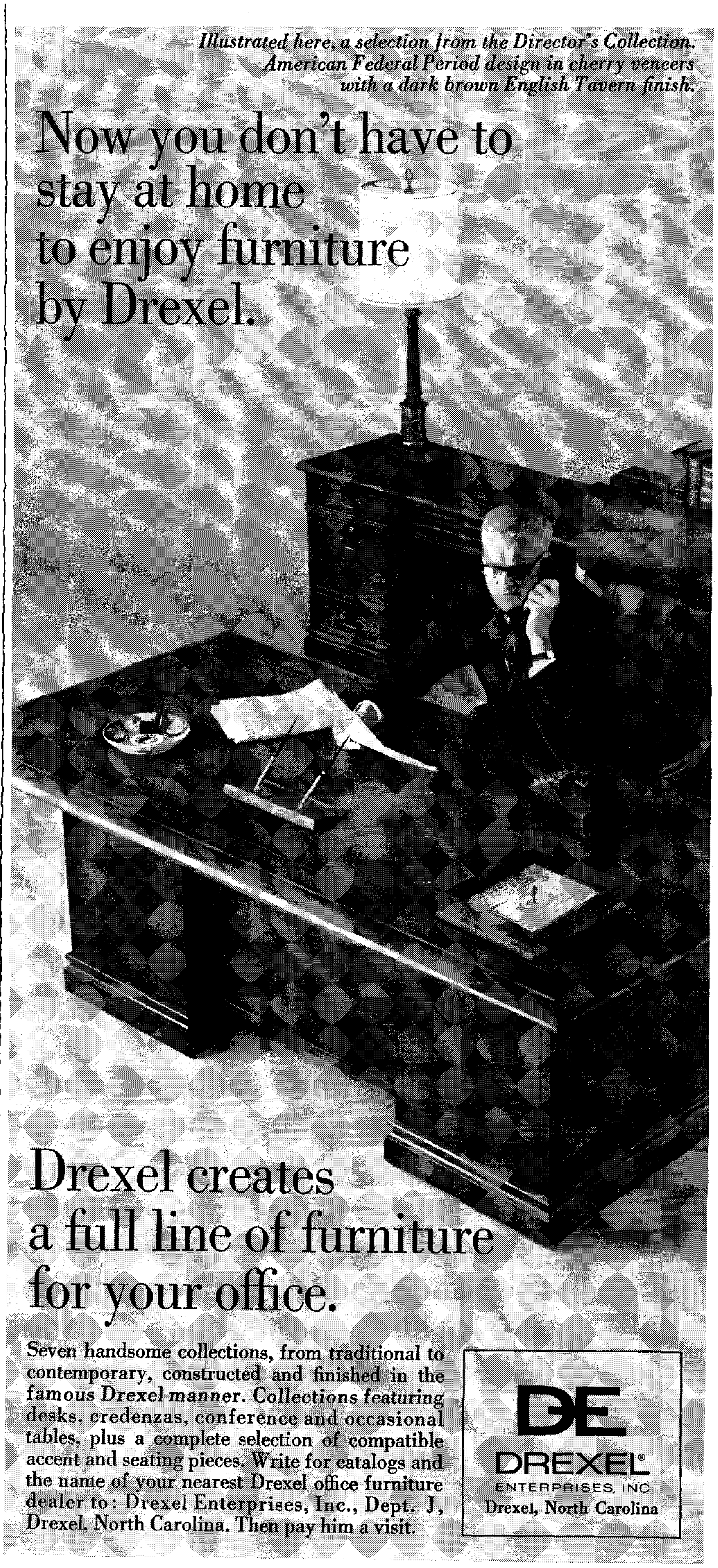
a quarter; insect was soaked in sap, then fed to young. Principle of the cocktail-hour dip. No date.

Major Charles Bendire. Witnessed tryst of whippoorwills. "I happened to be in a little outbuilding, some 20 feet in the rear of the house at which we were stopping, early on the evening of the 24th, about half an hour after sundown, when I heard a peculiar, low, clucking noise outside, which was directly followed by the familiar call of 'whip-poor-will.' . . . Directly alongside of the small outbuilding previously referred to, a barrel of sand and lime had been spilled, and from the numerous tracks of these birds, made by them nightly afterwards, it was evident that this spot was visited regularly, and was the trysting place of at least one pair. Looking through a small aperture, I saw one of the birds waddling about in a very excited manner over the sand-covered space, which was perhaps 2 by 3 feet square, and it was so much interested in its own performance that it did not notice me, although I made some noise trying to fight off a swarm of mosquitoes which assailed me from all sides. Its head appeared to be all mouth, and its notes were uttered so rapidly that, close as I was to the bird, they sounded like one long, continuous roll. A few seconds after his first effort (it was the male) he was joined by his mate, and she at once commenced to respond with a peculiar, low, buzzing or grunting note, like 'gaw-gaw-gaw,' undoubtedly a note of approval or endearment. This evidently cost her considerable effort; her head almost touched the ground while uttering it, her plumage was relaxed, and her whole body seemed to be in a violent tremble. The male in the meantime had sidled up to her and touched her bill with his, which made her move slightly to one side, but so slowly that he easily kept close alongside of her. These sidling movements were kept up for a minute or more each time; first one would move away, followed by the other, and then it would be reversed; both were about equally bold and coy at the same time. Their entire love-making looked exceedingly human, and the female acted as timid and bashful as many young maidens would when receiving the first declarations of their would-be lovers, while the lowering of her head might easily be interpreted as being done to hide her blushes. Just about the time I thought this courtship would reach its climax, a dog ran out of the house and caused both to take flight." 1895.

Miss Caroline E. Hamilton. Watched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familiar pendulum dance of male hummingbird, reported that when he alighted his ruby throat seemed fairly ablaze but gradually grew dimmer until it seemed its ordinary red. (Mr. Forbush cautions the reader that this seeming change in intensity of the gorget may have been caused by a change in the position of the bird.)

Mr. Manly Hardy. Camped on island off Maine coast. The discarded red shells of cooked lobsters were all about. Ruby-throated hummingbird suddenly appeared out of fog, went from shell to shell under impression they were flowers. 1895.

Miss Inez A. Howe. Observed courtship of pileated woodpeckers. Birds met in treetop, spread wings to full width, danced, balanced before each other, bowed to each other, kissed, then repeated performance. Miss Howe greatly impressed by this pretty sight. April 23, 1921, in the morning.

Mr. William B. Olney, of Seekonk. Was summoned by phoebes to open door of old building where they wished to nest. (Author's note: Mr. Robert M. Coates, of Old Chatham, New York, recently reported to this writer similar incident involving barn swallows. Coates carelessly shut barn door, barring birds from access to nests inside. Swallows circled him, buzzed him, until he saw his error, opened door.)

Mr. Franklin P. Cook, of Lawrenceville, New Jersey. Found phoebe's nest inside field-telephone box on rifle range. Firing of long-range rifles did not disturb birds in the least. No date.

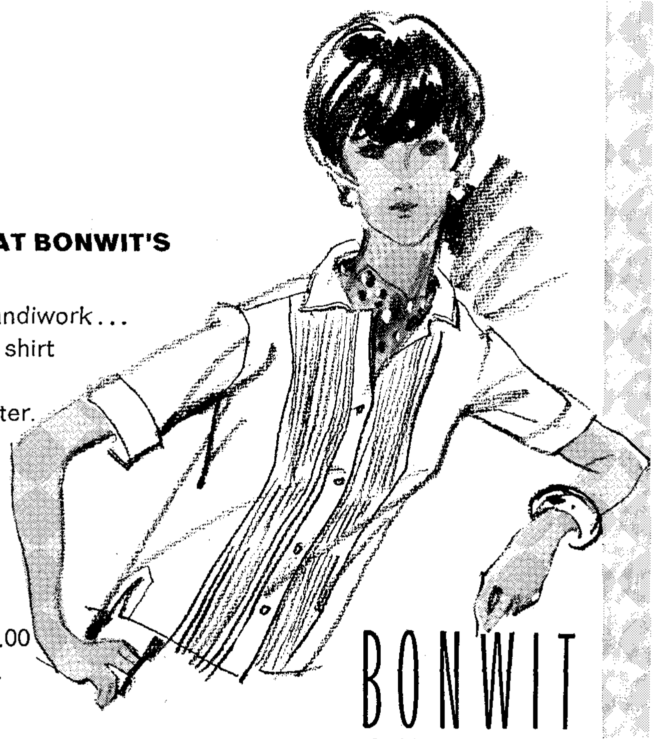
Mr. A. A. Cross. Watched nest-building of least flycatcher. "It so chanced that in June, 1916, following a shower which had thoroughly dampened vegetation, I stepped from a clump of small pines facing an alder run. My eyes almost instantly focused upon the nest of a least flycatcher." Bird had used inner bark from stems of last year's goldenrod.

Mr. Frithof Kumlien. Tells of an old, worn, partly blind blue jay that was fed, tended, and guarded by his companions, who never deserted him. They regularly guided him to a spring, where he bathed.

Mr. J. N. Baskett. Saw blue jay lift wing, rub walnut leaves into feathers underneath. No date.

Miss Grace Ellicott, of Newcastle, Indiana. Saw blue jay pick ants from anthill, tuck them under wing for safekeeping. 1908.

Mrs. Arthur Caswell, of Athol, again. Three crows came to large oak



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[illegible] DIVERSITY—POPULARITY...ALL THIS AND COLOR, TOO tree near her home. First one, then another held its head down to have its feathers dressed by the others. Afterward, they presented one another with little sticks, and touched beaks together. No date.

Mr. Adelbert Temple, of Hopkinton. Pet crow went ice fishing with Temple's son. Crow sprang the tilts, one after another; laughed after each episode. No date.

Mr. Perry S. Knowlton, of Essex. Saw small flock of starlings attack five young pheasants, kill two. No date.

Mr. Frank E. Peck, of Wareham. As child, was playing with silver shoe buckle tied to ribbon. Male Baltimore oriole spied ribbon, swooped down, seized it. Later, ribbon and buckle were seen to be woven into nest, giving nest bright appearance. No date.

Mr. E. O. Grant again. Saw farmer near Patten, Maine, sitting on a snowdrift about fifteen feet high, surrounded by a hundred redpolls. Birds perched on farmer's head and shoulders. One sat on knee. Farmer told Grant he had enjoyed the previous half hour more than any other period in his life. March 23, 1926.

Mr. William Holden, of Leominster, and neighbor Mr. E. R. Davis. These two men had fed birds, including pine siskins. Because Mr. Davis was late riser, siskins entered his bedroom, pulled his hair, tweaked his ears, to induce him to uncover seed dish. One morning, Mr. Davis, in an experimental mood, covered his head, leaving only small hole through which to observe birds. One bird discovered peephole, reached in, tapped Mr. Davis on forehead. March, 1926.

Mr. B. H. Newell, of City Point, Maine. Female house sparrow removed eggs from thirty-five cliff swallows' nests at his place. Sparrow drove bill into egg after egg, dropped eggs to ground. No date.

Mr. H. C. Denslow. Timed the chirps of a Henslow's sparrow, which sings in its sleep. Found they came eight to the minute.

Miss Viola E. Crittenden, of North Adams. Chipping sparrow had nest not far from robin's nest under construction. Chippy very kindly brought straws, dropped them into unfinished structure for convenience of robin. This occurrence considered unique by Mr. Forbush. No date.

Mrs. E. S. Fowler, of Danvers. Saw chipping sparrow hang by feet from telephone wire. No date.

Mr. Henry Hales, of Ridgewood, New Jersey. Male scarlet tanager so anxious to become father that he start-

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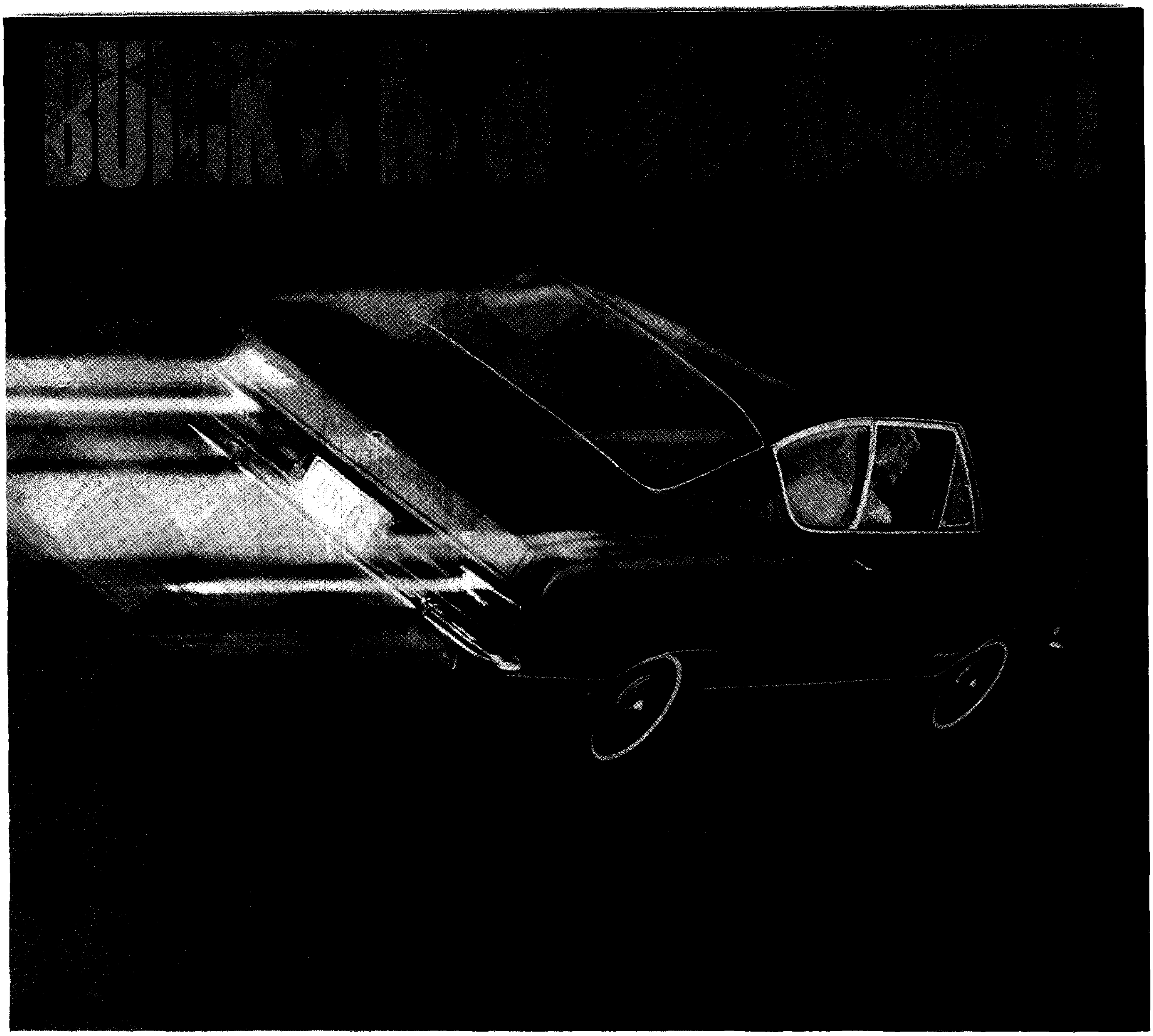

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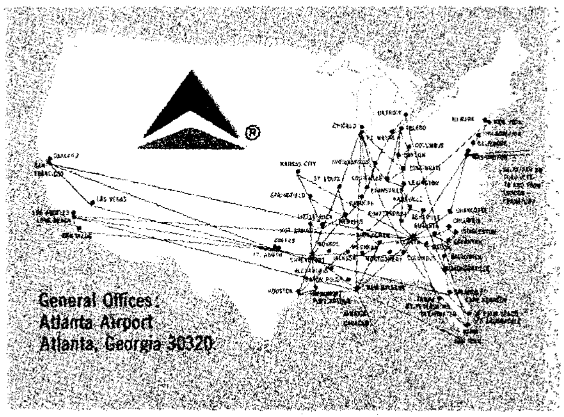

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ed tending young chipping sparrows nearby, who hatched before his own brood.

Miss Clara E. Reed. Tells of cliff-swallow nest that fell, carrying young birds along with it. Birds were put in strawberry basket, which was then hung where nest had been. Parent birds accepted situation, lined basket with mud, raised young. Liked basket-nest well enough to return to it next year. No date.

Mrs. Chester Bancroft, of Tyngsborough. Reported to Thornton Burgess she saw large bullfrog with barn swallow in mouth. Mr. Burgess relayed information to Mr. Forbush. Summer of 1927.

Miss Dorothy A. Baldwin, of Hardwick. Observed inconstancy in female tree swallow. Entertained young male when husband off somewhere. Happened again and again. One day, female left with interloper. Mate mourned for day, then disappeared, leaving eggs cold in deserted nest. Broken home. No date.

Mr. Charles J. Anderson, of Springfield. His wife, Mrs. A., heard cedar waxwings calling for help, went out, discovered one bird entangled in fine twine, swinging by neck from trellis. Cut bird down. June 12, 1922.

Mr. John Willison. In woods behind Mayflower Inn, at Manomet Point, came upon gay crowd of cedar waxwings swigging ripe chokecherry juice. All birds had had one too many, were falling-down drunk. (Social drinking a common failing of waxwings.) No date.

Mr. William C. Wheeler. Whistled song of robin as he approached northern shrike. (There are all kinds of bird people and they are up to all kinds of stunts.) Shrike mimicked song, repeated it three times. No date.

Mr. Neil F. Posson. Credits yellow warbler with 3,240 songs a day, or 22,680 a week. 1892.

Dr. H. F. Perkins. Found yellow warbler's nest six stories high with a cowbird's egg on every floor. The warblers, each time they discovered a stranger's egg in the nest, built on top of it, thus burying the egg. No date.

Miss Agnes M. Learned. Observed myrtle warbler taking bath in wet grass "each blade of which was edged with shining drops—a pretty sight." Late September.

Miss Fannie A. Stebbins. Young pine warbler was detained for three days in schoolroom in Springfield. Parents flew in at the window during school sessions, fed bird. No date.

Mr. Arthur T. Wayne. Wore out

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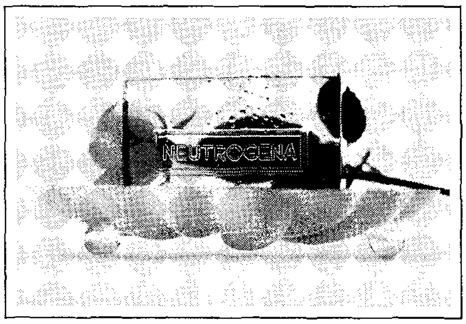

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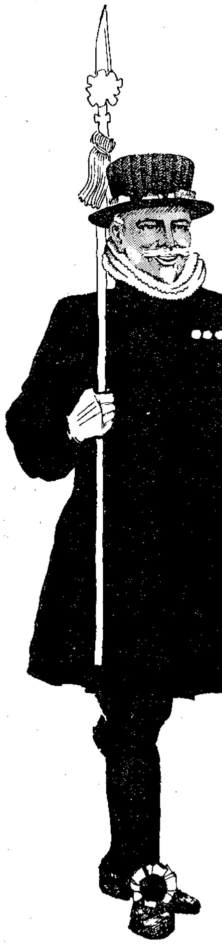

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suit of clothes pursuing Louisiana water thrush through dense swamp in South Carolina during one entire week. Failed to get bird. No date.

Mr. Arthur W. Brockway. Female Maryland yellowthroat found shoe left out on underpinning of house. Bird built nest in shoe, laid five eggs, began to incubate, was attacked by dog. 1899.

Mr. Leander F. Keyser. Male hooded warbler courted his society, followed him about for a time. 1894.

Mr. Aretas A. Saunders again. Was attacked by male hooded warbler. Saunders dodged, but not in time; bird's wing brushed face. No date.

Mrs. George H. McGregor, of Fall River. While sitting on front porch one evening, heard catbird sound "Taps." Believes bird picked it up from hearing it played at burial services in nearby cemetery. No date.

Mrs. Jean E. Carth. Heard brown thrasher imitate frog. No date.

Owner of a barn in Fairhaven (no name given). Had pair of Carolina wrens build nest in basket containing sticks of dynamite. No untoward results. No date.

Mrs. Daisy Dill Norton. Found female house wren nesting in bluebird nest box, with no mate. Little wren busy and happy with domestic chores, allowed no other bird near, male or female; whiled away time by laying eggs. Laid, it turned out later, twelve. No date.

Miss Elizabeth Dickens. While on Block Island saw brown creeper climbing cow's tail. No date.

Mrs. Sibbel Turnbull. Saw white-breasted nuthatch snatch mouthful of nesting material from beak of a robin. No date.

Miss Mabel T. Tilton, of Vineyard Haven. Became friendly with red-breasted nuthatch. Bird made use of her hand to warm its feet, took many liberties with her fingernails. No date.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. Reported case of female tufted titmouse stealing hair from gentleman in Ohio for use in nest building. Bird lit on gentleman's head, seized a beakful, braced itself, jerked lock out, flew away, came back for more. Gentleman a bird lover, consented to give hair again. No date.

Reverend William R. Lord. Talked to robin in low, confidential tone. Bird liked this, followed Lord. No date.

Mrs. Elizabeth L. Burbank, of Sandwich. Observed male robin act in peculiar manner. While female incubated eggs on nest, male crouched on lawn, imitated her—fluffing out feathers, rising up, pretending to turn eggs. No date.

Reverend George E. Allen, of Plainfield. Reported case of bigamy among robins. No date.

Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Vietor, of Orford, New Hampshire. More bigamy among robins. Both females attempted to cover eggs at same time. At first, one sat on other's back. Later, the two sat side by side. 1923.

Mr. Fred G. Knaub, of New Haven. Male bluebird neglected own family in order to tend young house wrens in nest box nearby. Fought wren parents to a fare-thee-well. No date.

Dr. Mary F. Hobart, of Needham. Male bluebird became infatuated with caged canary. Began flirtation on May 16th, continued it while own mate was busy incubating eggs. Frequently alighted on canary's cage, offered worms, caterpillars. July 1st, saw error of ways or tired of color yellow, returned to mate, resumed parental duties. No date.

OF all Mr. Forbush's tipsters, the only one I am jealous of is Fred G. Floyd, of Hingham. Mr. Floyd beat me to a very fine niche in "Birds of Massachusetts"—he beat me by some thirty years. There is just one record of a Harris's sparrow in "Birds," and Mr. Floyd, along with his wife, gets the credit for it. The bird was seen in Hingham in April, 1929, shortly after Mr. Forbush's death but still in time to get into the unfinished Volume III. Five or six years ago, I, too, was visited by a Harris's sparrow; one showed up at my home in Maine and hung around the feeding station for three days—a beautifully turned-out bird, reddish-brown, with a black face and throat and a white waistcoat. At first I didn't know what I was looking at, but I soon found out. The bird is almost unknown in New England, and this one was at least a thousand miles from where he belonged. We had had a gale not long before, and he must have ridden it all the way from Nebraska or Kansas.

I have never seen a loon rinse its mouth, but once I liberated a hummingbird from a spider's web. Mr. Forbush, I think, would have wanted to hear about that. I have never watched a merganser commit suicide, but once, in Florida, I saw two flickers dancing at one end of a tin rain gutter to music supplied by a red-bellied woodpecker, who was drumming on the gutter at the other end. Mr. Forbush came instantly to mind. I have never seen a bullfrog with a swallow in its mouth,

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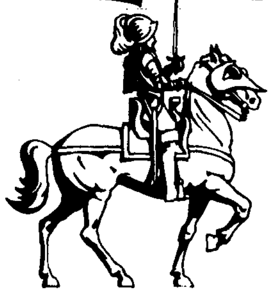

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but the first cast I ever made with a spinning reel (it was a practice shot on a lawn) was taken by a mockingbird, who swept down out of a bush and grabbed the bob. These are my eccentric bird experiences. Alas, they are too late. (And I should add that I know a man who, while hunting in the woods, leaned over to pick up a glove and was bit on the nose by a bittern. He is Mr. Ward F. Snow, of Blue Hill, Maine. November, 1965.)

If Edward Howe Forbush's prose is occasionally overblown, this results from a genuine ecstasy in the man, rather than from lack of discipline. Reading the essays, one shares his ecstasy. I have nothing in my bookshelves that I turn to more often or with greater satisfaction than his "Birds." He is a man for all seasons, and, like a flight of geese, he carries his reader along into seasons yet to come. On a winter's evening, it is a pure pleasure to read, "When the spring rains and mounting sun begin to tint the meadow grass, when the alewives run up the streams, when the blackbirds and the spring frogs sing their full chorus, then the Snipe arrives at night on the south wind." —E. B. WHITE

•

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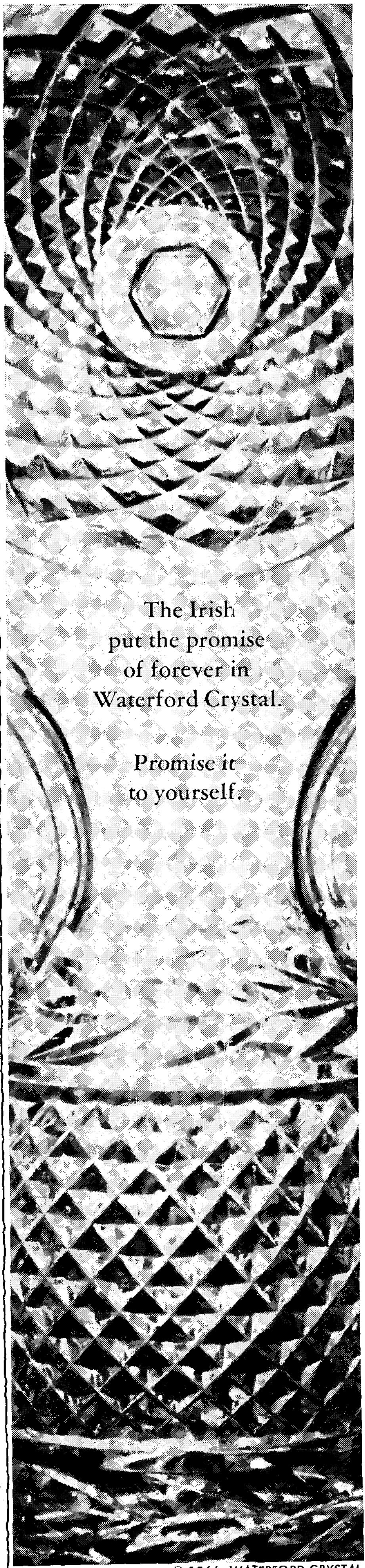

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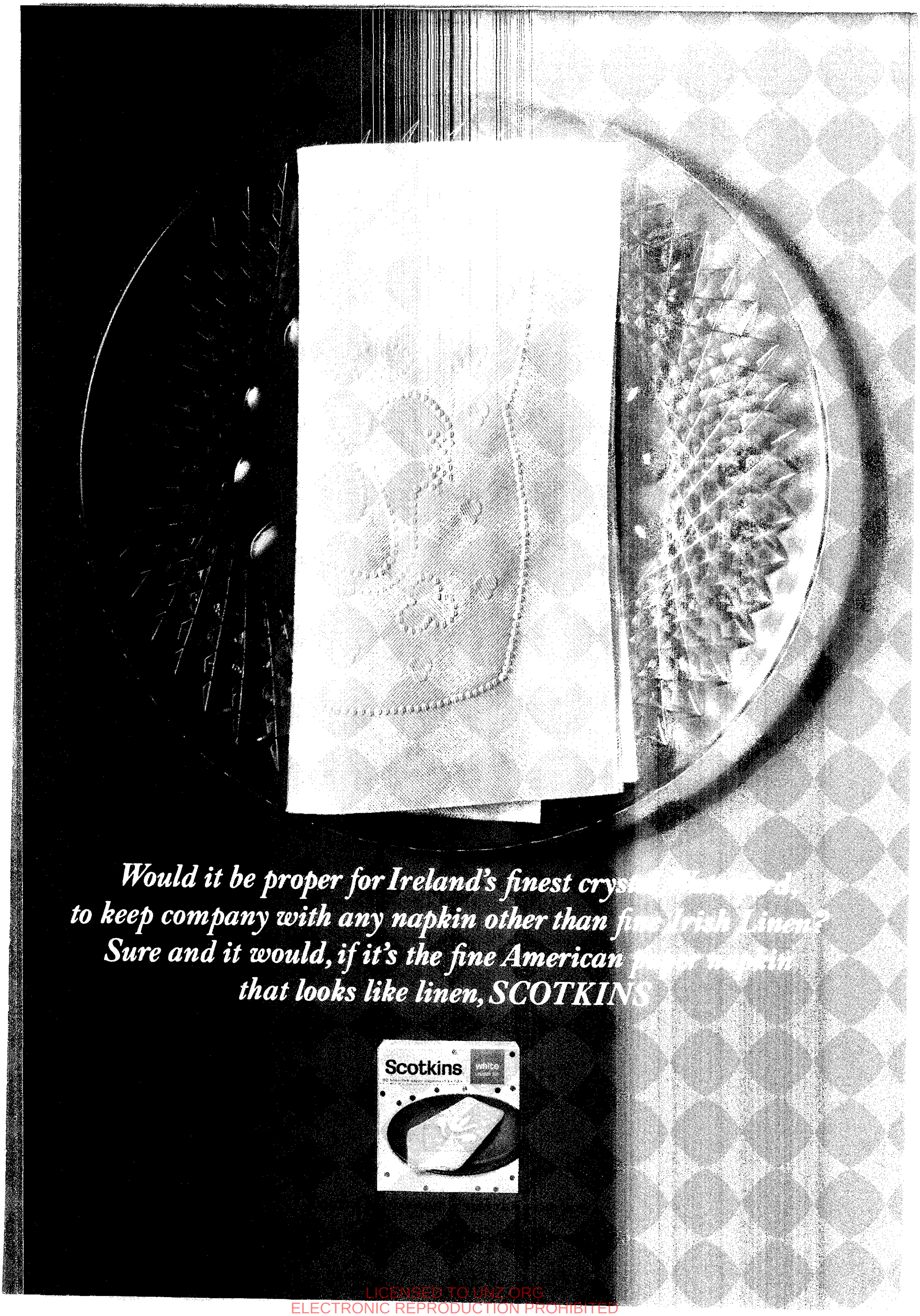
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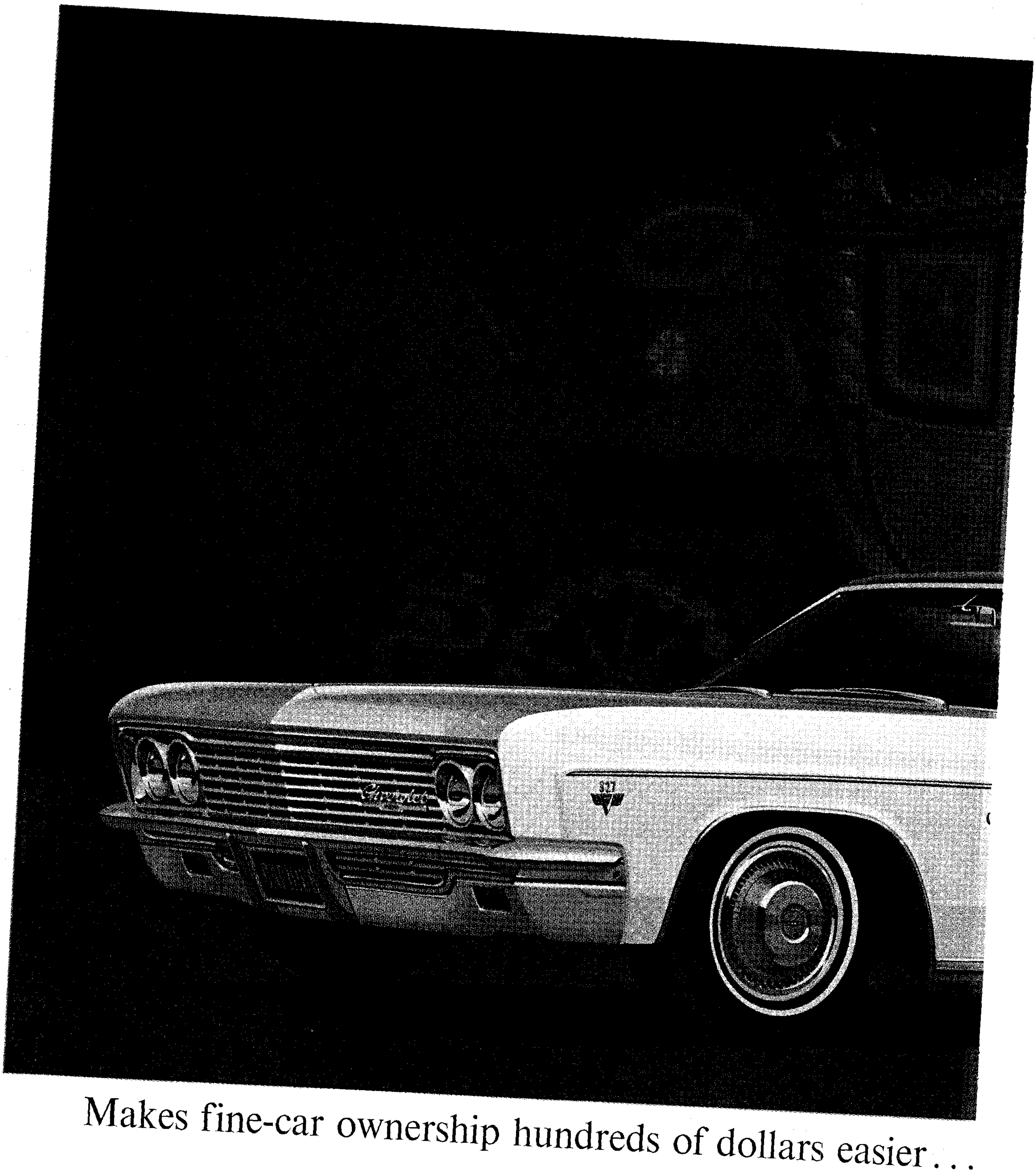

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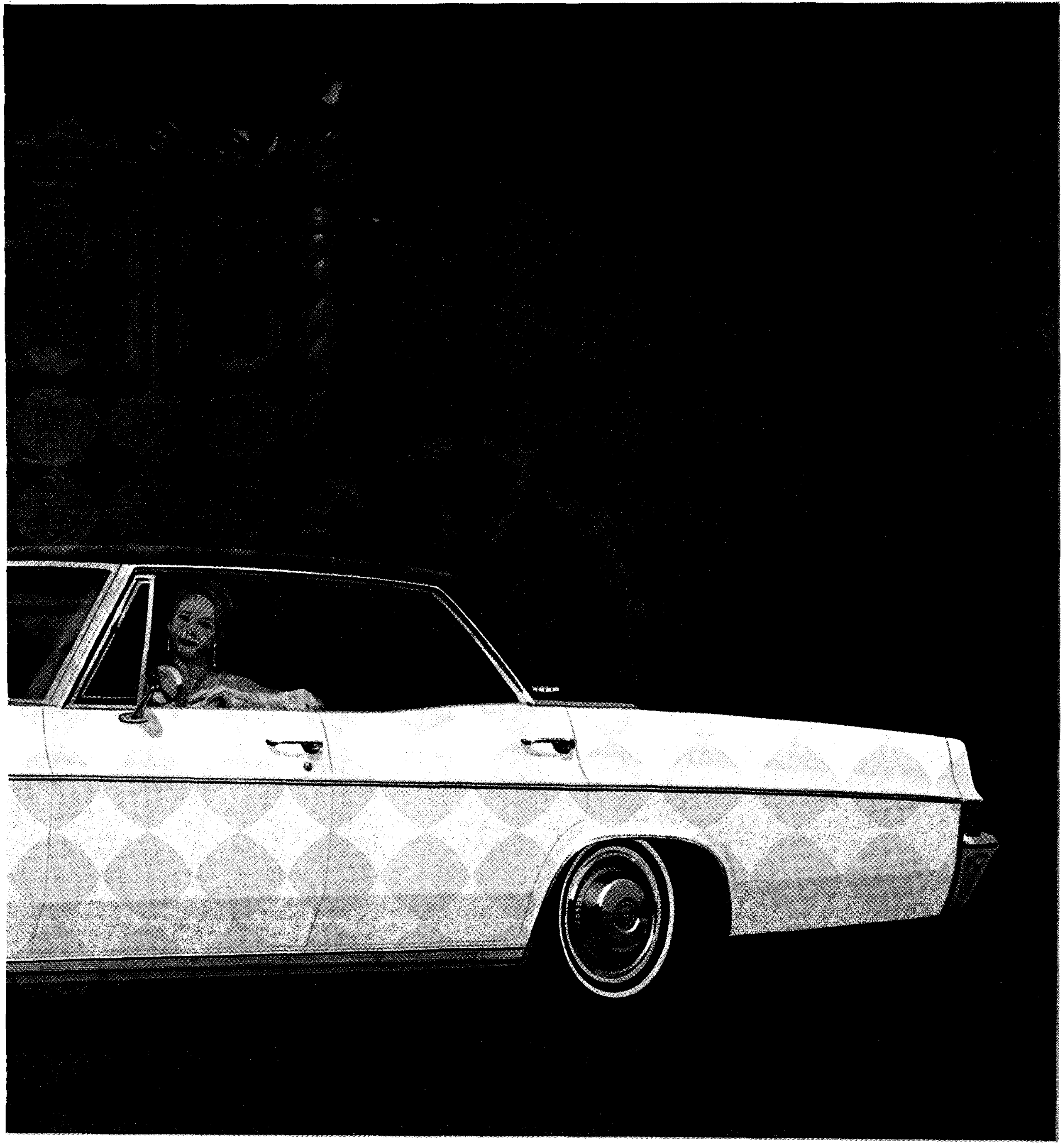

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VIGIL IN BALLYBEG

“Philadelphia, Here I Come!,” at the Helen Hayes, is an importation from Ireland that, in the dimness of the current theatrical season, burns at least part of the time with an almost gemlike flame, and although its author, Brian Friel, can hardly be hailed as a new-day O’Casey just yet, he has some of the Master’s ability to draw three-dimensional characters with warmth, wit, and sympathy. In his present endeavor, he is concerned with the dilemma of a romantic young resident of an Irish town called Ballybeg who, after deciding to leave his bleak native heath for what he imagines to be the excitements of Philadelphia, is afflicted on the night before his departure with urgent doubts as to whether he is making a sensible move. While this might seem to boil down to nothing more important than the problem outlined by Jimmy Durante when he sang “Did you ever have that feeling that you wanted to go, and yet that you wanted to stay?” Mr. Friel presents the question with a nice appreciation of the quandary of a young man well aware of the frustrations of his parochial existence but also reluctantly conscious of the fact that Philadelphia may not prove the Shangri-La of his reckless daydreams.

To portray his young hero as he appears to those around him and as he appears to himself in the privacy of his thoughts, Mr. Friel employs the device of having the role played by two actors. Patrick Bedford, as the hero’s public self, is considerate, sensitive, and self-effacing; Donal Donnelly, as his private self, is rebellious, wisecracking, and arrogant. There is, miraculously, nothing awkward about this business, and before “Philadelphia, Here I Come!” has run its course, Mr. Bedford and Mr. Donnelly blend inseparably. Mr. Bedford’s part of this schizoid entity is often in the clutch of sad reflections about his life in Ballybeg. Over the years, he has only once had some sort of emotional communication with his dour widowed father, and he has lost all chance of marrying his sweetheart because he became tongue-tied when he had an opportunity to claim her. But though he is oppressed by the monotony of Ballybeg—the irksome labor in his father’s store, the empty chatter about imagined sexual conquests by his loutish friends, the dreary colloquies between his father and the local canon over a checkerboard, the disintegration before his eyes of a schoolteacher he respected—he is nevertheless not without affection for the place, and not without fear for his welfare in Philadelphia, where he will have to live under the roof of a frowsty, bibulous aunt. Mr. Bedford is ingenious in making this public figure a character always appealing and never oppressive, and when he goes into Walter Mittyish fantasies about being the greatest football player in the world or an orchestra leader of unheard-of skill, he is funny and deft. His alter ego, in the person of Mr. Donnelly, is, however, the most commanding presence in the play. In his dialogues with Mr. Bedford, he makes acerb comments about the public self and his environment, gives outlandish imitations of American dialect as he has heard it interpreted by the movies and television, and bounces about as if he were going to levitate at any moment. These two make a fine team, and there is nothing to complain of, either, in the work of Eamon Kelly, as the glum father; Mairin D. O’Sullivan, as an old retainer in the hero’s household; Lanna Saunders, as the hero’s beloved; or any of the others in the cast. Perhaps “Philadelphia, Here I Come!” isn’t as well fleshed out dramatically as it might be, and I doubt if you will find it suspenseful, but it will introduce you to people who are able to command a tear or a smile, and there is all too little of that faculty around. The set, depicting the family’s living quarters, was designed by Lloyd Burlingame (sometimes you can feel the damp seeping through it), and the performers, under Hilton Edwards’ direction, all seem at home in Ballybeg.

Geoffrey Lumsden has a fine time depicting a stuffy English military type in “Hostile Witness,” at the Music Box, but the drama—a courtroom item by Jack Roffey—isn’t very interesting. It seems that an eminent barrister has been indicted for murdering a judge after being informed that the judge was responsible for the death of the barrister’s daughter in an automobile accident. Although the barrister has had a brief history of mental illness, it quickly becomes evident that he has never been crazy enough to indulge in vengeful homicide. The problem then boils down to who did it, if he didn’t. Mr. Roffey is in no hurry to enlighten us, and although his courtroom is occasionally lively, I don’t think “Hostile Witness” has enough substance to engage your attention for very long. However, it does have the advantage of Mr. Lumsden’s performance, and of the performances of Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs. As the protagonist, Ray Milland, although he rolls his eyes a lot, is so aloof that he might occasionally be mistaken for a mere onlooker at the proceedings.

—John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

Sodden Romp

The American Place Theatre, based in St. Clement’s Church, is a group whose purpose is to encourage good playwriting, and who presented last season’s splendid production of Robert Lowell’s “The Old Glory” and this season’s splendid production of William Alfred’s “Hogan’s Goat.” Now it has put on Paul Goodman’s “Jonah.” “Jonah,” it is my sad duty to report, is a slovenly bore. It is an attempt to dramatize the Biblical tale, using songs and dances of a sort, gags and pranks, vaudeville routines, dialogue—both serious and kidding—choral speech, verse, and one dim, maladroit puppet show, whose connection with the mainstream of the action,

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or whatever you'd call it, barely rates as tangential. It is hard to believe that an enterprise that uses so many resources of the theatre could turn out to be so untheatrical. Nothing registers. Jonah is a fat little old man, much given to cries of "Oy" and other cozy ethnic signals, who slips in and out of a Yiddish accent as the occasion requires. The play opens with a scene of Mr. and Mrs. J. in bed and closes with a scene in which the Angel of the Lord announces that God has decided to spare the Ninevites. The show raises a question that has been raised before: Why is it that a work that aims at solemnity and misses can be hilarious, whereas a soggy comedy—and they don't come any soggier than "Jonah"—can be only depressing? "God *is* commitment, boy," the Angel proclaims, making the one funny moment of the evening.

I see no reason to go on and on about the play. Audience aside, its principal victims are Sorrell Booke, who meets the sticky, ingratiating requirements of the title role; Earle Hyman, as the Angel; and a pair of admirable singers named Stephanie Turash and Richard Frisch. Admission to the American Place Theatre is by subscription only, which costs fifteen dollars a year and entitles bearer to four productions. A subscription this year would entitle bearer to "Hogan's Goat" as well as to "Jonah" and two others to come. Admission to "Hogan's Goat" alone, at the East 74th Street Theatre, costs from three dollars to five and a half dollars.

"THE DEADLY GAME," the play that James Yaffe adapted from a novel by Friedrich Dürrenmatt and that had a short run on Broadway a few years ago, has now been revived at the Provincetown. Roger De Koven, Rudolf Weiss, Albert M. Ottenheimer, and Lance Cunard do well enough as the two retired Swiss lawyers, the retired judge, and the retired hangman, respectively, and so does Chet London as their hapless American victim. The characters don't amount to much, and Dürrenmatt's steamy speculations on the conscience and on such matters as conscious and unconscious guilt get rather trying, but they don't really interfere with the excitement of the show, which has the air of a creditable summer-stock production.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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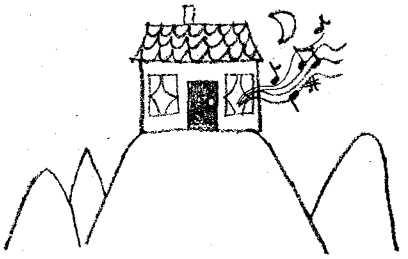

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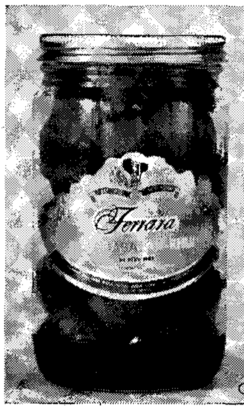

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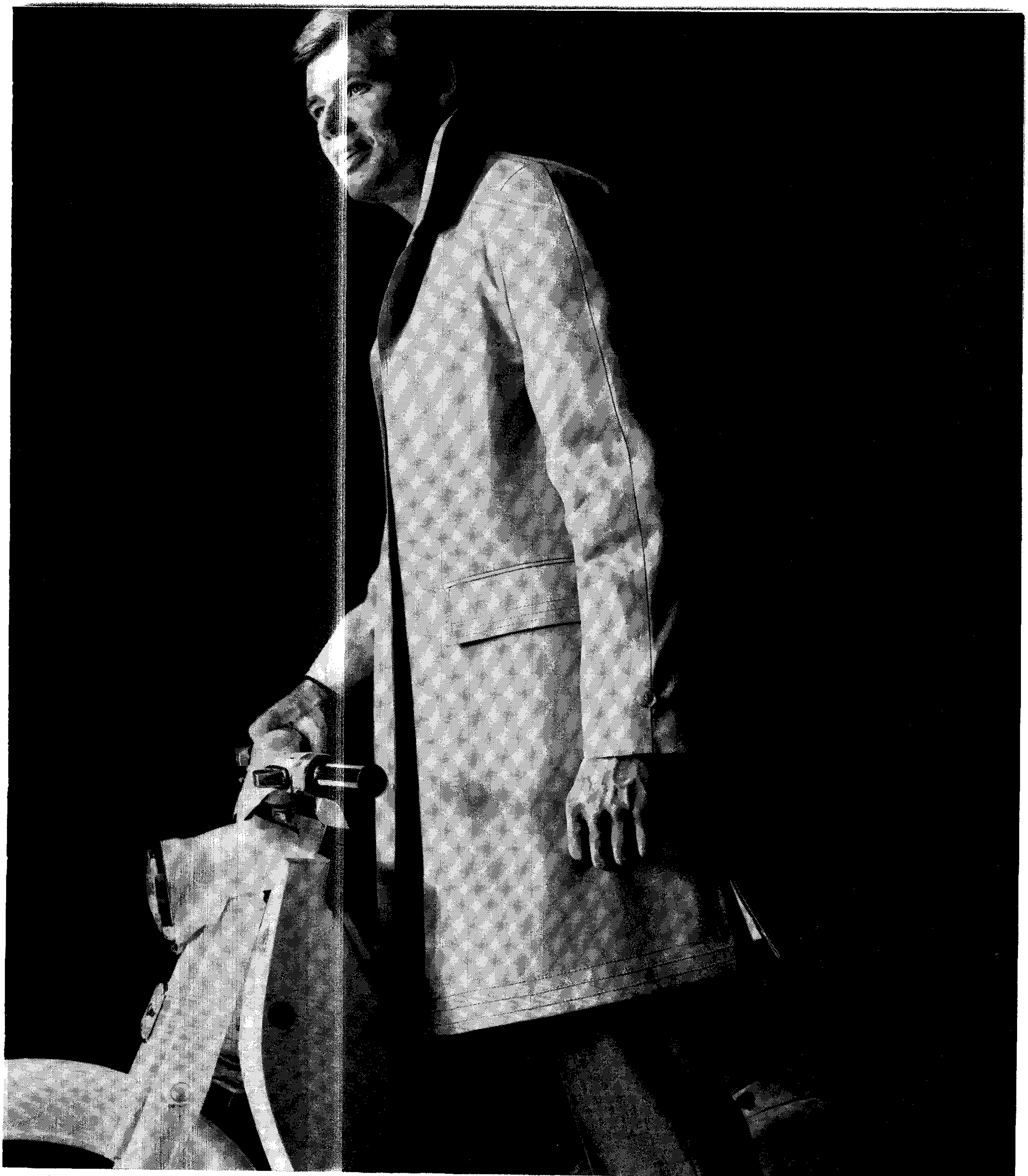

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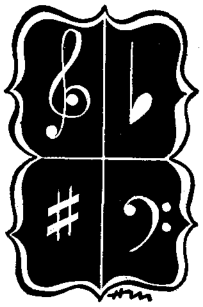
MUSICAL EVENTS

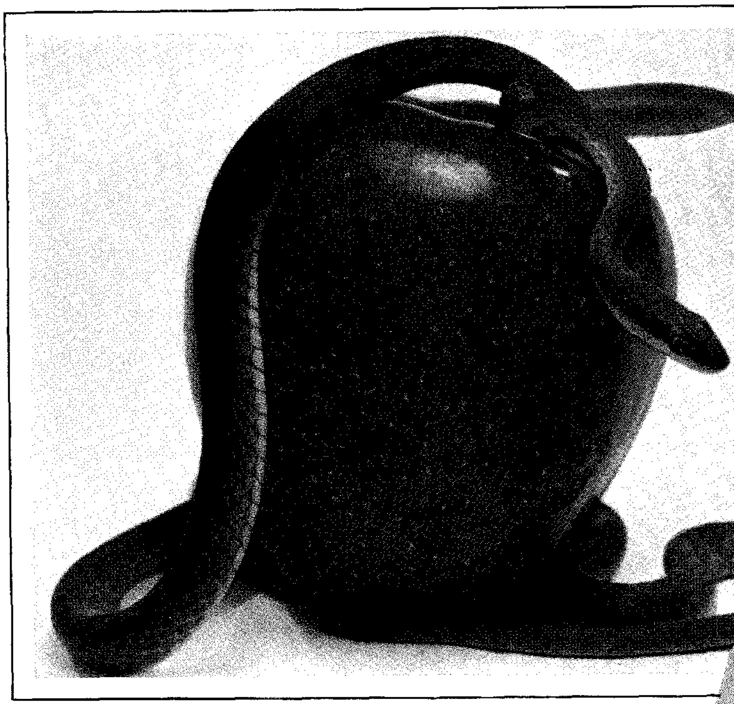
Coming Up the River



THE New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra came to town last Thursday to present a concert in Carnegie Hall under the baton of its young Berlin-born conductor, Werner Torkanowsky, and the event reminded me again of the existence of yet another full-fledged symphony orchestra. (We seem to have an incredible supply.) New Orleans, it appears, has had this organization for the past thirty years, and for the last few of them it has had Mr. Torkanowsky, who seems to be the right kind of conductor to bring it to national prominence. There still remains work to be done. The orchestra is not yet ready to cross swords with, say, the Boston Symphony, nor should it be expected to be. It is a bit overcrowded with strings (I think I counted twelve cellos, which is a little out of line when they are combined with eight double-bass players), and the intonation of these strings has not reached the point of unanimity that makes for exquisite clarity. Some of its woodwinds are also occasionally slightly off pitch, though the first-desk men appear to be excellent. The horns, which have a big sound, might have a bit more delicacy. But I am making these criticisms with Boston Symphony standards in mind. The orchestra plays with disarming vigor and enthusiasm, and what it does under Mr. Torkanowsky's leadership is well worth listening to.

As to Mr. Torkanowsky himself, he is a man with an engagingly homely baton-brandishing technique—a conductor of the type who seems to draw his effects from an orchestra by *force majeure.* Someday he may adopt more economy of movement, and his orchestra may learn to respond to that economy. As it was the other night, he was evidently urging full steam ahead to all ships of his fleet, and the objective seemed to be to take New York by storm rather than by subtle maneuvering. I must say that his program asked no quarter. It contained Dvořák's Symphony No. 6, in D Major, Opus 60; Ravel's G-Major Piano Concerto, with David Bar-Illan as soloist; Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration;" and the first New York performance of Luigi Nono's "Memento (Epitaph No. 3—for García Lorca)," a work that demanded the presence of the Tulane-Newcomb *a-cappella* Choir as well as a narrator, one Maria Varela. This last piece turned out to have considerable emotional power, though its completely atonal idiom occasionally passed over the boundary between music and noise. It is a work full of vengeful spirit, and the brass-throated song-speech declamation of Miss Varela was appropriately bloodcurdling. Elsewhere, the orchestra demonstrated its many good points. The Dvořák symphony was done straightforwardly and emerged with all the simple, unaffected beauty that the score contains. I have never been very fond of the Ravel concerto, but Mr. Bar-Illan set forth its complicated fingerwork with precision and grace, and the orchestra and Mr. Torkanowsky showed an ability to cope with the problems of impressionist color. "Death and Transfiguration" wound things up with a celestial bang.

IN Town Hall, on Tuesday evening of last week, the Marlboro Music Festival put on a chamber-music concert entitled "Music from Marlboro." I confess that I approached it with a certain snobbery. Music from Marlboro means Rudolf Serkin and Pablo Casals, plus a considerable number of other famous artists, does it not? Who were these young people listed on the program who had the arrogance to appropriate the title? Well, I was wrong. Marlboro is not an assemblage of world-famous artists, except when world-famous artists take pleasure in appearing there. Marlboro is basically a mystique, and the mystique involves a special spirit of relaxation—the playing of music in salonlike surroundings just for the joy of it, and not for the sake of climbing some particular peak of accomplishment in the furiously competitive world often referred to among professionals (in some ways quite appropriately) as "the music racket." A sober, studious audience, reminiscent of that which once attended the concerts of the New Friends of Music, was present, and for it some gifted young artists played a delightful program of more or less unfamiliar but worthwhile music. The experience was so entirely pleasant that I had an uneasy feeling that as a critic I was out of place; the performances were not being given in order



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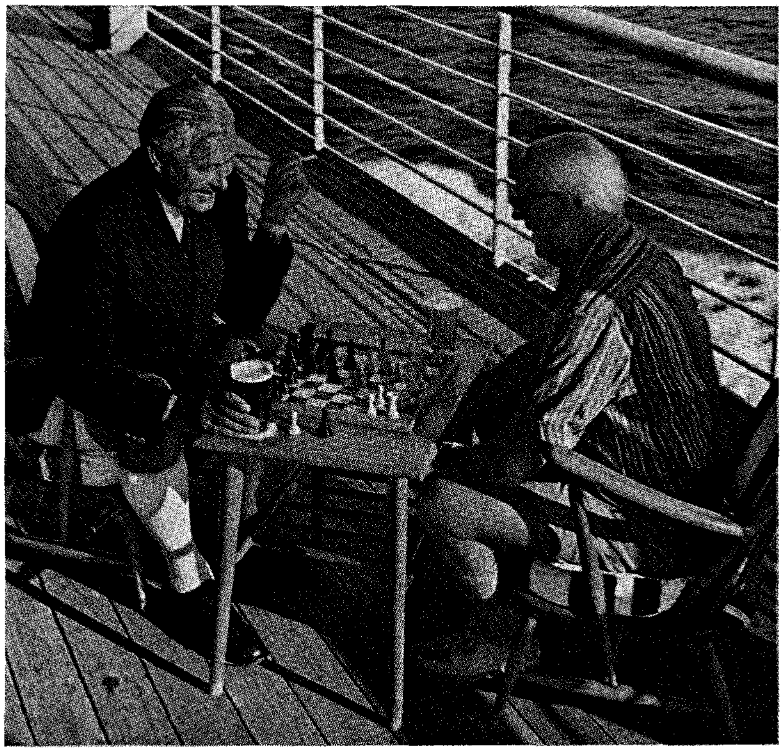

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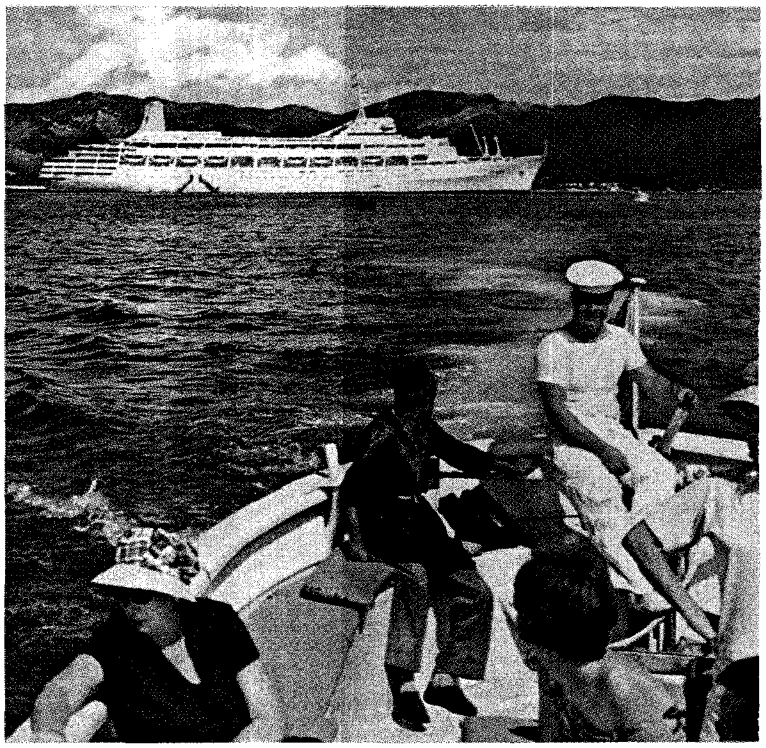

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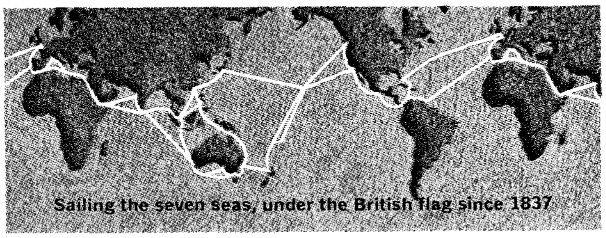

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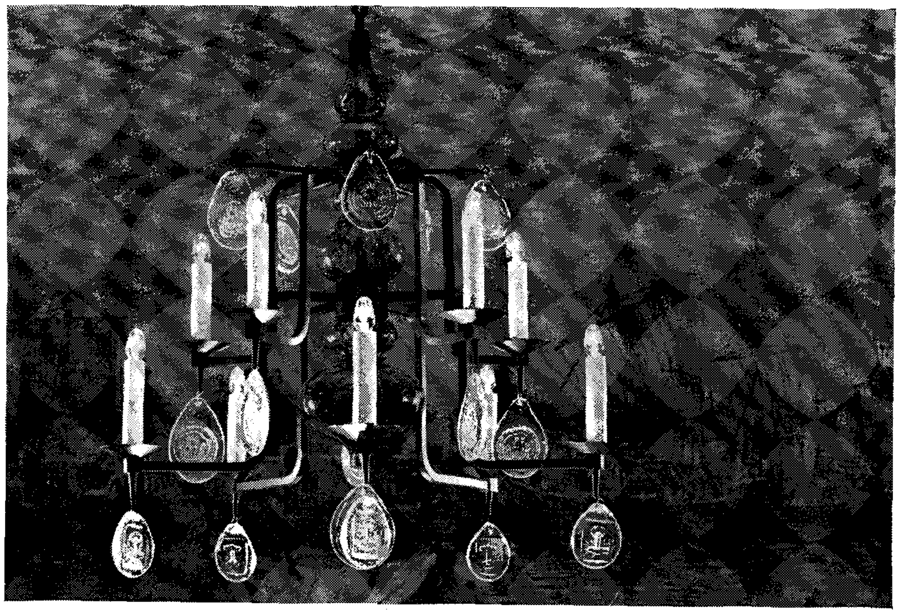
to be judged but in order to bring about a rare kind of musical enjoyment. This is not to say that the performers were in the least unprofessional—they were all experts, and at least one (the pianist Richard Goode) was exceptionally accomplished. It was just that the aim differed from that of the average concert, and I must say that I was grateful for the change of pace.

The list of performers included Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; Mr. Goode; the violinist Felix Galimir (the only gray-haired person present); Ernestine Briesmeister, violinist; Samuel Rhodes and Bernard Zaslav, violists; and Toby Saks and Jay Humeston, cellists. One almost never hears lieder in the form of duets nowadays, and the six Schumann lieder for two voices on this program—beautifully sung by Miss Burgess and Mr. Humphrey—were a treat to hear. There was Mendelssohn's Opus 1—a quartet for piano and strings that I had not heard since childhood, and a lovely if slightly innocent work showing genius in the making. There were also some vocal duets by Dvořák, and the original version—for chamber group—of Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht." The whole evening suggested one of those informal gatherings of skilled musicians playing for their own enjoyment that are now practically extinct but that flourished in the prephonographic era nearly everywhere, and particularly in Vienna.

THE Metropolitan Opera got itself a new tenor last Wednesday evening. His name is Alfredo Kraus, and he is a Spaniard—a native of the Canary Islands. Appearing as the Duke in "Rigoletto," he cut a handsome figure on the stage. As a singer, he proved to be a trifle explosive and over-emphatic—or perhaps he was merely striving for a grand effect at his début. At any rate he combined a good deal of shouting with his singing. He is not a subtle artist, but he is a tenor who has a gift for the Italian style and a dramatic voice of bright quality. There was another début that night—that of the Czech mezzo-soprano Ruza Pospinov as Maddalena, a role that is too brief for much comment, except to say that she has a rich, sonorous vocal projection and is very pretty. The big attraction of the evening was the Rigoletto of Cornell MacNeil, which has grown both in power and in emotional range since I last heard it. I could imagine a few further improvements—a more convincing portrait of deformity on the stage (a real hunch



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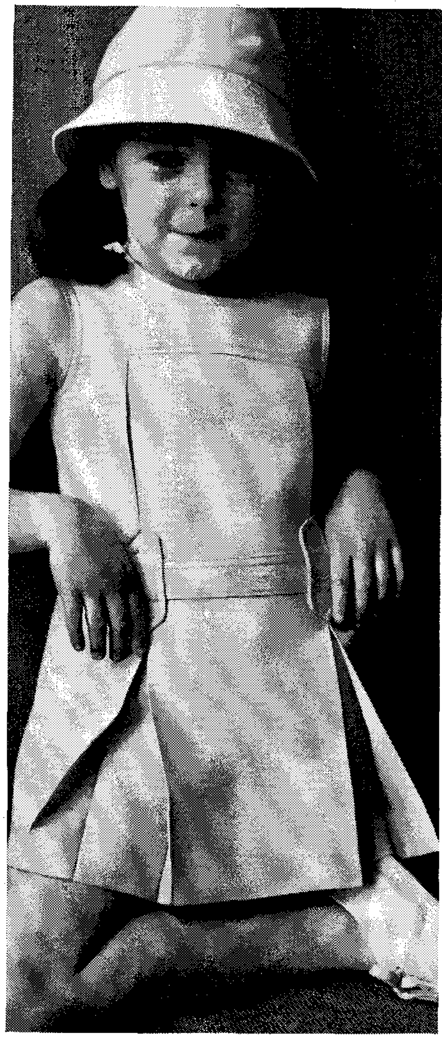

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to the back, for instance), and just a shade more tenderness in places like "Piangi, piangi." But Mr. MacNeil is already one of the truly great Rigolettos, with a voice of immense size and a fine grasp of character; my complaints are minor indeed. Aside from a single squeaky note (which perhaps should not have been attempted) at the end of "Caro Nome," Roberta Peters was an eloquent Gilda, and the Monterone of Raymond Michalski and the Sparafucile of John Macurdy were beautifully sung. At the helm was that admirable conductor Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, and the importance of his contribution was obvious throughout the evening. Choruses were better sung, the orchestra performed better than it usually does in an Italian repertory item of this sort, and the singers were allowed tasteful liberties here and there but were otherwise held to a firm, coherent pattern of drama and music.

PETER SERKIN, the young pianist, made quite a sensation at his appearance with the Cleveland Orchestra, under George Szell, in Carnegie Hall on Monday evening of last week in Mozart's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, K. 453. More sure of himself than he was last year, he gave the work a superb performance in which virtuosity was completely subordinated to delicacy of nuance and the conveyance of musical beauty. It was interesting to notice in his playing a greater freedom of rubato than has been characteristic of the generation before him. He is, I suspect, one of the foremost pianists of the immediate future. The most important piece on the rest of the program was that still slightly baffling—or, at least, highly eccentric—symphony, the Fourth of Sibelius. Mr. Szell brought a welcome clarity and a very necessary atmosphere of repose to his interpretation of it. Still, to my mind, it requires a conductor of more romantic tendencies to realize all its inherent drama.

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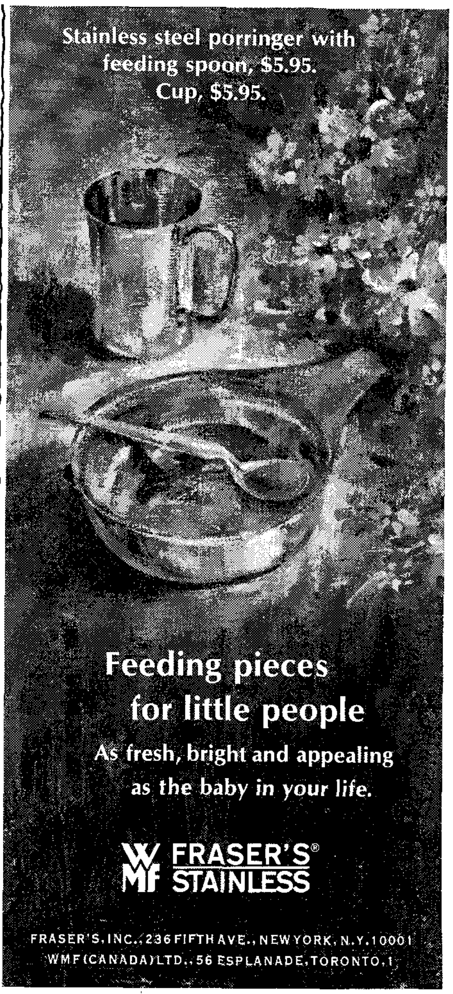

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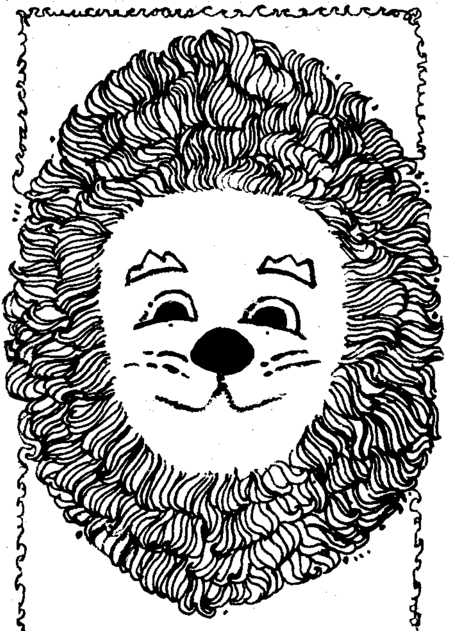

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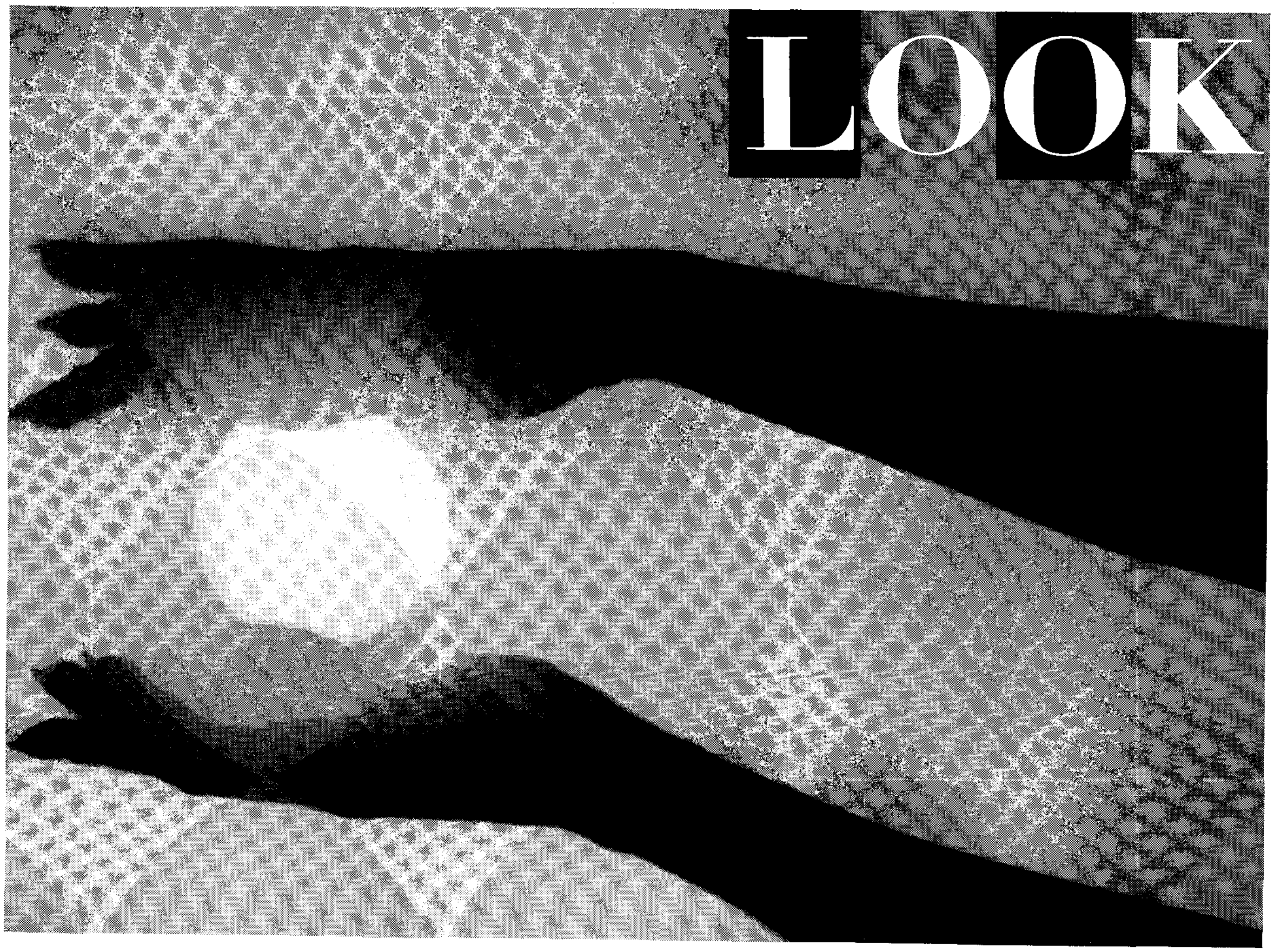

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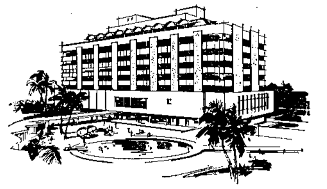
dancing audience transforms what it hears into flowing, three-dimensional motions. A soloist watching his notes being translated into a great Lindy Hop or a great Swim is apt to feel elation, which breeds inspiration. The result, in those dancing days, was an invaluable musician-audience continuum, in which each vitalized the other. The big dance bands and their audiences have long since dwindled, leaving a vacuum that is beginning to be filled by a new species—the big display band. Stan Kenton and Boyd Raeburn led the first display bands, and they were followed, in the fifties, by Gil Evans and Gerry Mulligan, and are followed now by Gary McFarland. These groups, when they work at all, are generally pickup affairs that play at concerts and in night clubs and make recordings. They tend to be showcases for their arrangers, who are often their leaders. Their music, accordingly, is frequently more elaborate and venturesome than that of their functional predecessors. It is, in the absence of the pressures of one-night stands and such, better thought out and better played. But since it lacks that essential, glowing mirror, the dancer, it is also often windy and pretentious. It studies its navel. Gary McFarland, who possesses the lightest touch of the display-band leader-arrangers, has avoided most of this difficulty, and he did so again at Philharmonic Hall a week or so ago. Indeed, he played a good deal of music that would have been exhilarating if only there had been a dozen galvanizing dancers present.

McFarland does not use his sections as indivisible phalanxes but continually crossbreeds their members, employing such combinations as a tuba, two trombones, and an oboe or a clarinet, a flute, and a muted trumpet. His harmonies are conventional yet rich, and his rhythmic agility is ceaseless: breaks, tempo changes, and ad-lib passages abound, as do waltz and *bossa-nova* rhythms. His rare use of four-four time gives it a signal freshness. Best of all, he arranges for his soloists rather than in spite of them. McFarland brought a nineteen-piece band with him the other night, and its good and plentiful soloists included Clark Terry, Joe Newman, Bill Berry, and Bob Brookmeyer (brass), Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, and Zoot Sims (part of a reed section that doubled on piccolo, flute, oboe, clarinet, and soprano saxophone), and the guitarists Gabor Szabo and Sam Brown and the bassist Richard Davis. The first half of the evening was taken up by seven McFarland pieces, and except for occasional McFarland crossbreed-



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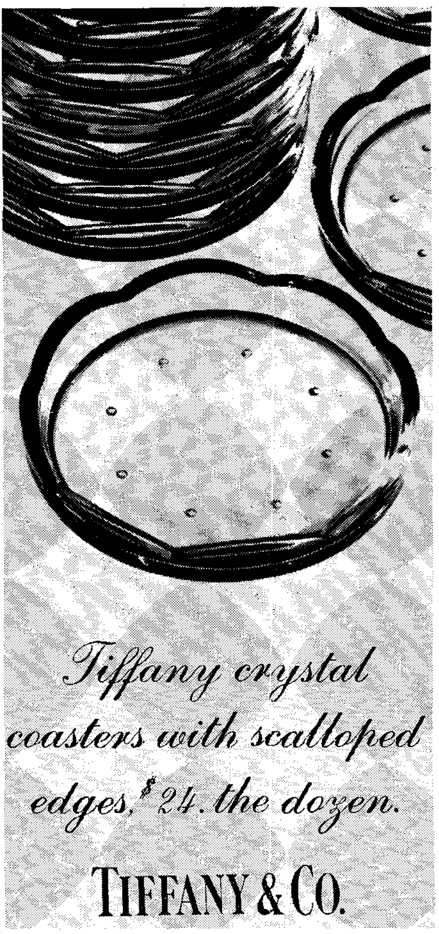
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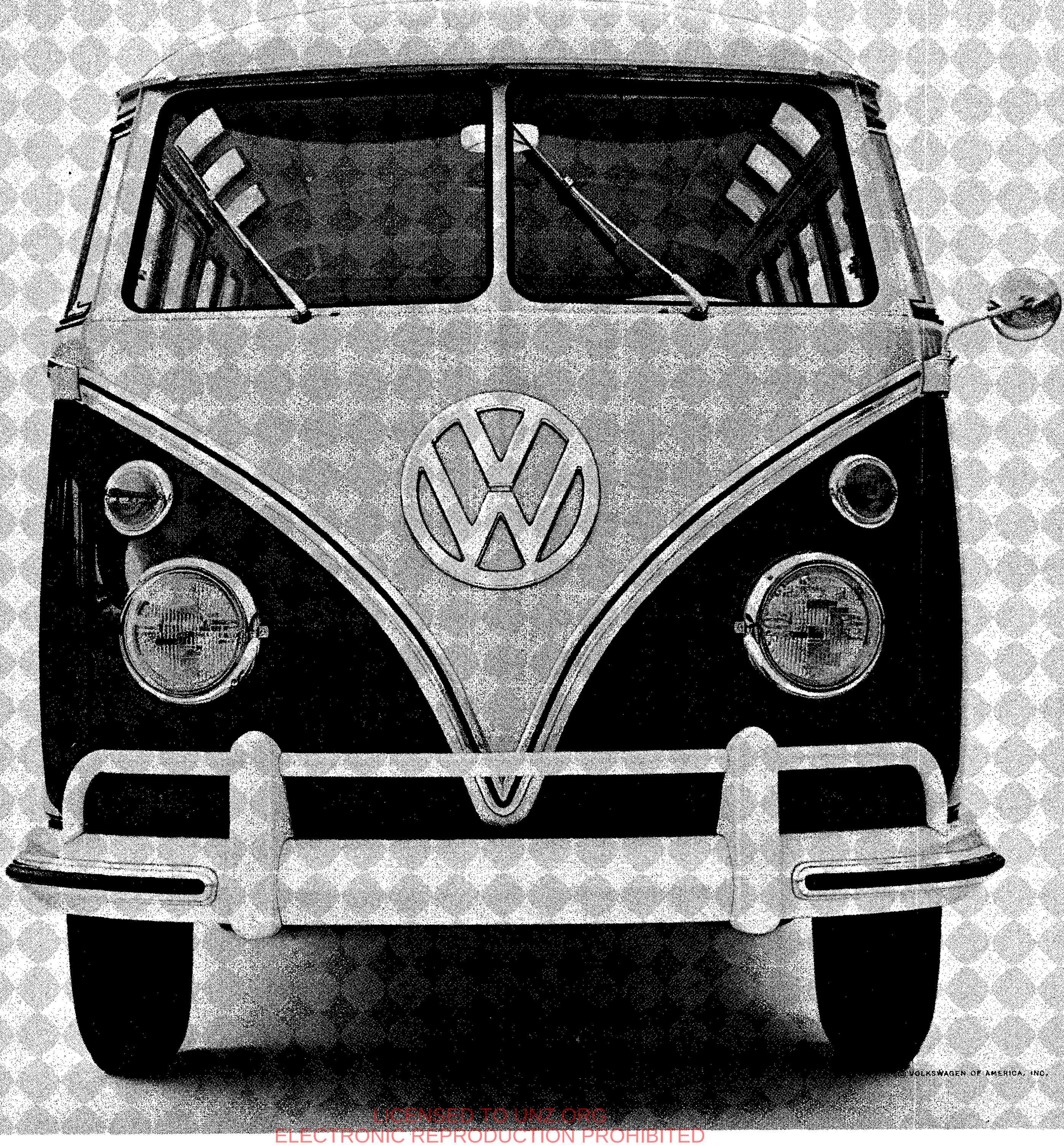

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ing it was mainly a display time. But the final five numbers, all McFarland's except one (Thelonious Monk's "Straight, No Chaser"), got down to business. The closing chorus of Monk's tune was ingenious—McFarland's variations on the theme condensed into irregularly spaced stop-time notes sounded by various combinations of instruments. It resembled a man humming a melody alternately out loud and in his head. "Flash of Chagall," a fine, light *bossa-nova* piece, was followed by a blues for the late trombonist Willie Dennis, which had a simple, sorrowing melody and an adept solo by Sims. "Bygones and Boogie" was, aside from a long, mood-shattering Davis solo, a graceful salute to boogie-woogie that rested on a two-guitar ostinato bass, excellent solos by Terry and Brookmeyer, and suitably heavy ensemble passages. The final number, a fast *bossa nova*, revealed McFarland at his best. Its climax began with a piccolo solo by Richardson, who was joined by Berry, a singular trumpeter. Richardson then dropped out and Berry and Newman soloed together. They were joined by the remaining two trumpeters, and all four went through a chorus of flickering two-bar exchanges. McFarland, in powder-blue suit and yellow turtleneck shirt and affecting a graying Stokowski mane, was both conductor and appreciator. He nodded and smiled continually at his musicians, made concise, compelling hand movements, and, all the while, carried on a fruitful solo dance.

THE following night, still another display band—this one eighteen strong and led by the cornettist Thad Jones and the drummer Mel Lewis—began a run of Monday-evening ap-

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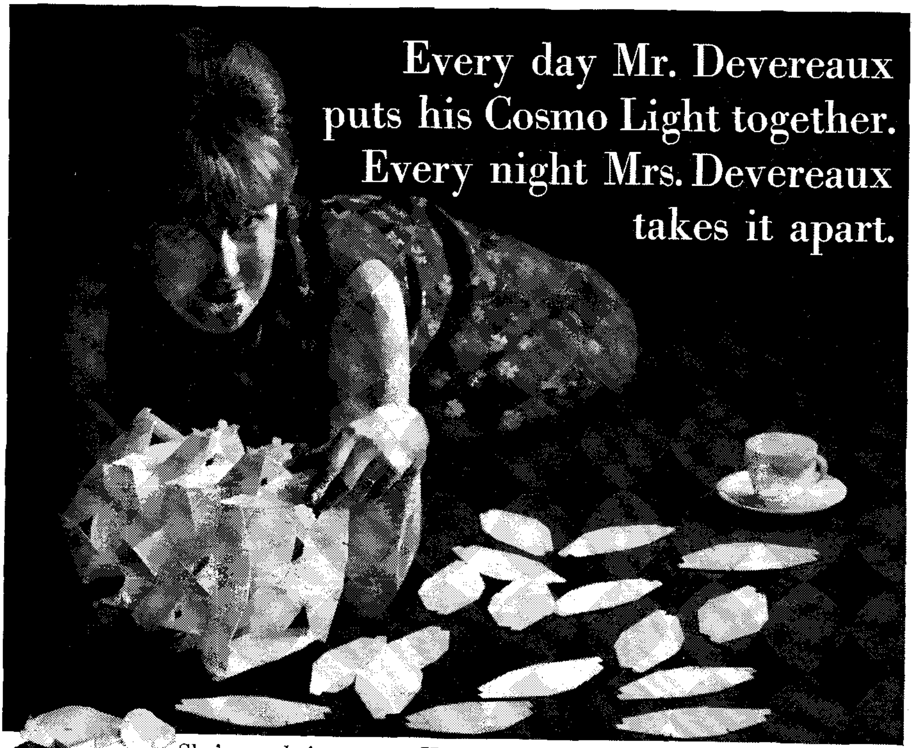

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pearances at the Village Vanguard. I heard the band its second time around. It has much in common with McFarland's. It is a pickup group, made up largely of studio musicians; its personnel is practically the same (on hand were Brookmeyer, Davis, Terry, Berry, Jerry Dodgion, and Richardson); and its arrangements, by Jones and Brookmeyer, resemble McFarland's. But it differs in one important way—its members have come together principally for their own satisfaction. The results, as in all people's movements, are mixed. The band bursts with pleasure; its members laugh, jabber together, applaud one another, and halloo at the audience. Its music is equally enthusiastic. In fact, it was so enthusiastic the other night that it defeated its own purposes. Solos were frequently drowned out by the accompaniment, and the ensembles reached the decibel level of a blue norther. Sound pushed to such levels loses all shape and meaning. The arrangements were blast-men-blast. The principal exception was Brookmeyer's "Backbone," a blues full of atonal passages and multiple soloing. The best soloists were Thad Jones (who, in "Willow Weep for Me," got off a unique descending figure somewhere between a glissando and an arpeggio), his brother, Hank Jones, and Eddie Daniels, a "new-thing" alto saxophonist. Perhaps the Jones-Lewis ensemble should heed the advice King Oliver gave his musicians: Always play softly enough to hear the dancers' feet. But then Oliver had dancers.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

The FBI, along with Metropol, is conducting a week-long course in sex criminology at the East Point Auditorium. McLaughlin is its chief lecturer.

"It's the people living in the communities themselves that do these things," he told a reporter Monday. "Not some mysterious stranger who drifts into town. Don't look for the mysterious stranger.

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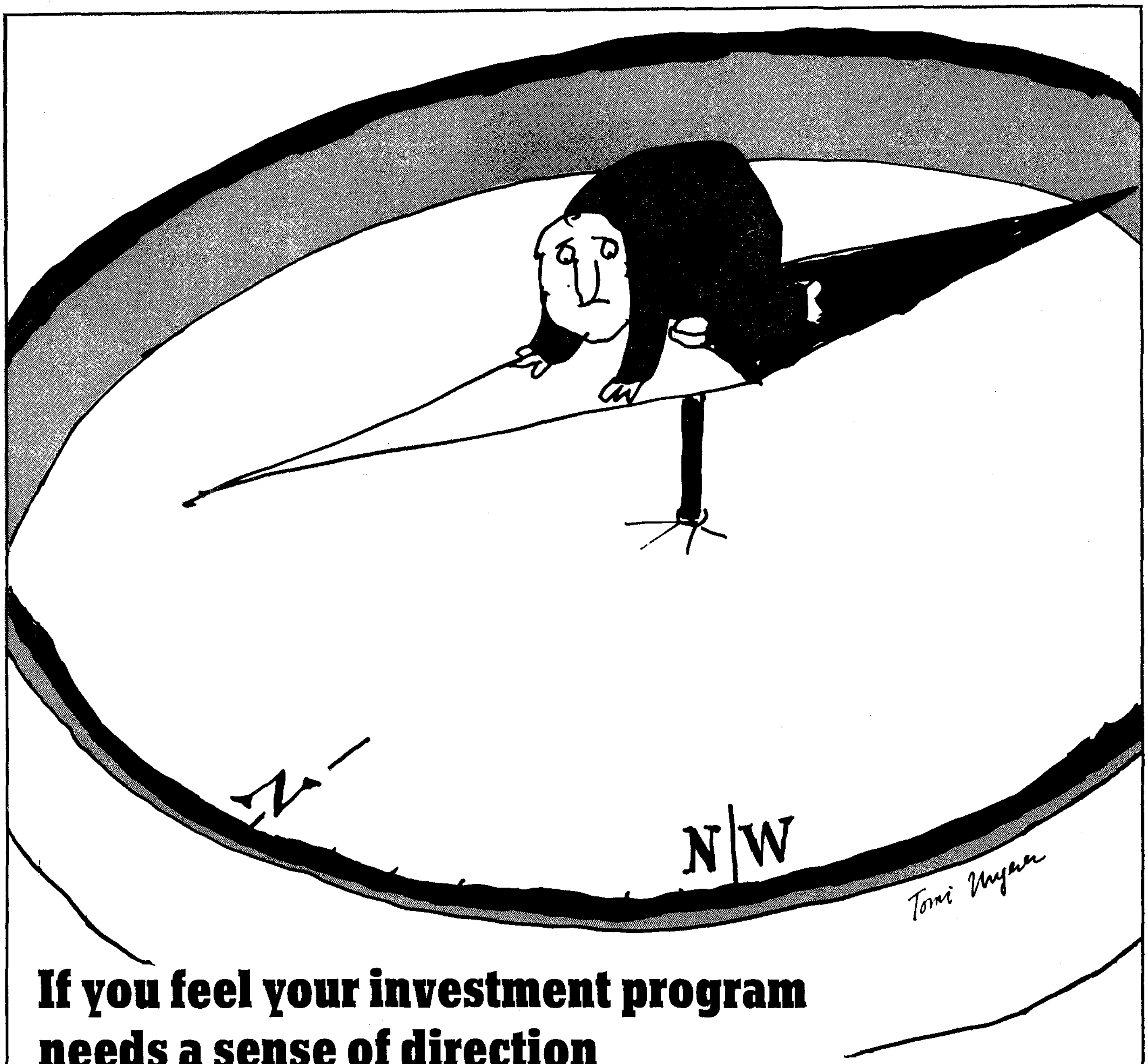

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A LOOK AT THE SPRING SUITS

A WOMAN in Valparaiso, Indiana, recently sued President Johnson for having drafted her son into the Army. Since then, news has come from England that one of Prime Minister Wilson's constituents has hung a judgment on him for libel. Wisconsin is suing the National League for trying to move the Braves to Atlanta. And right here in the city the publicity man for the Off Broadway one-act plays "Bugs" and "Veronica" sued the T.W.U. for $53,000 dollars, partially for loss of income attributable to the transit strike. Clearly, the Age of Total Litigiousness is upon us, and if this soreheaded trend continues I predict we will soon be reading some even more surprising news items:

DULUTH—Anthony McCool, 57, today brought suit in District Court, asking $750,000 damages from the Bang-Up Bubble Gum Company, its owners, stockholders, and board of directors, for alleged injury to his career from chewing their bubble gum. McCool claims that as a child he suffered severe lesions to his psyche when he was reprimanded in a crowded classroom for chewing the defendants' product during school hours and was then made to march to a wastebasket and deposit the wad, in full view of his schoolmates. The suit alleges that the Bang-Up Bubble Gum Company negligently failed to label its product as possibly harmful to the unformed personality. The damages represent loss of income to the plaintiff over the last forty-one years. McCool maintains that after the classroom incident he lost all confidence in himself and has never been able to rise above his present job as assistant ohm-watcher at Duluth Power Plant No. 27.

MIAMI—It was a doubly bad break for multimillionaire sportsman Jocko Witherspoon when his horse Home Free ran a poor last in a claiming race at Hialeah three weeks ago. Witherspoon is being sued by Sam Faucet, 38, a false-eyelash salesman, for damages amounting to $100,018. Faucet claims Witherspoon owes him that amount for failing to train Home Free properly before entering the three-year-old colt in the race. "I'd been watching that beast in workouts," said Faucet, "and he had some sizzling drills. He could have won breezing if he'd been brought up to the race right. I don't think they let him get enough sleep for a young

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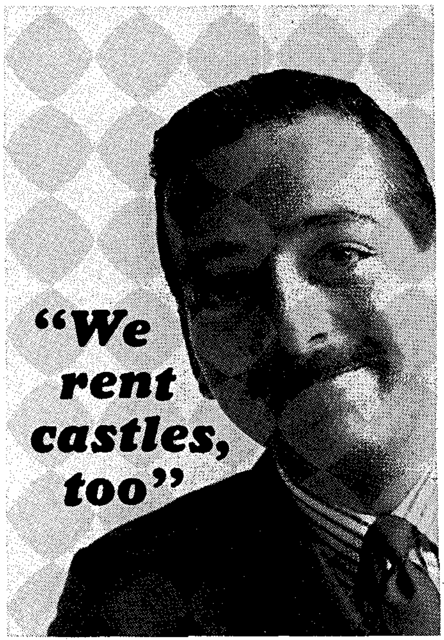

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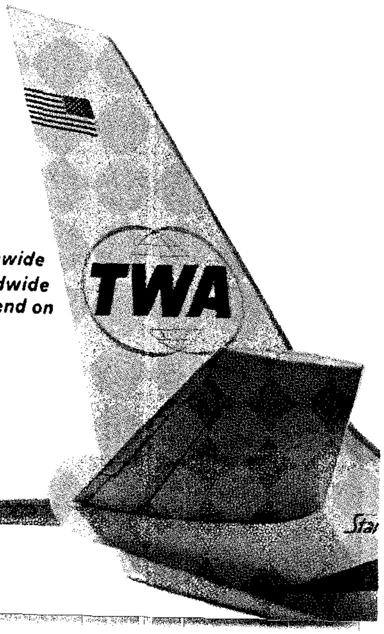

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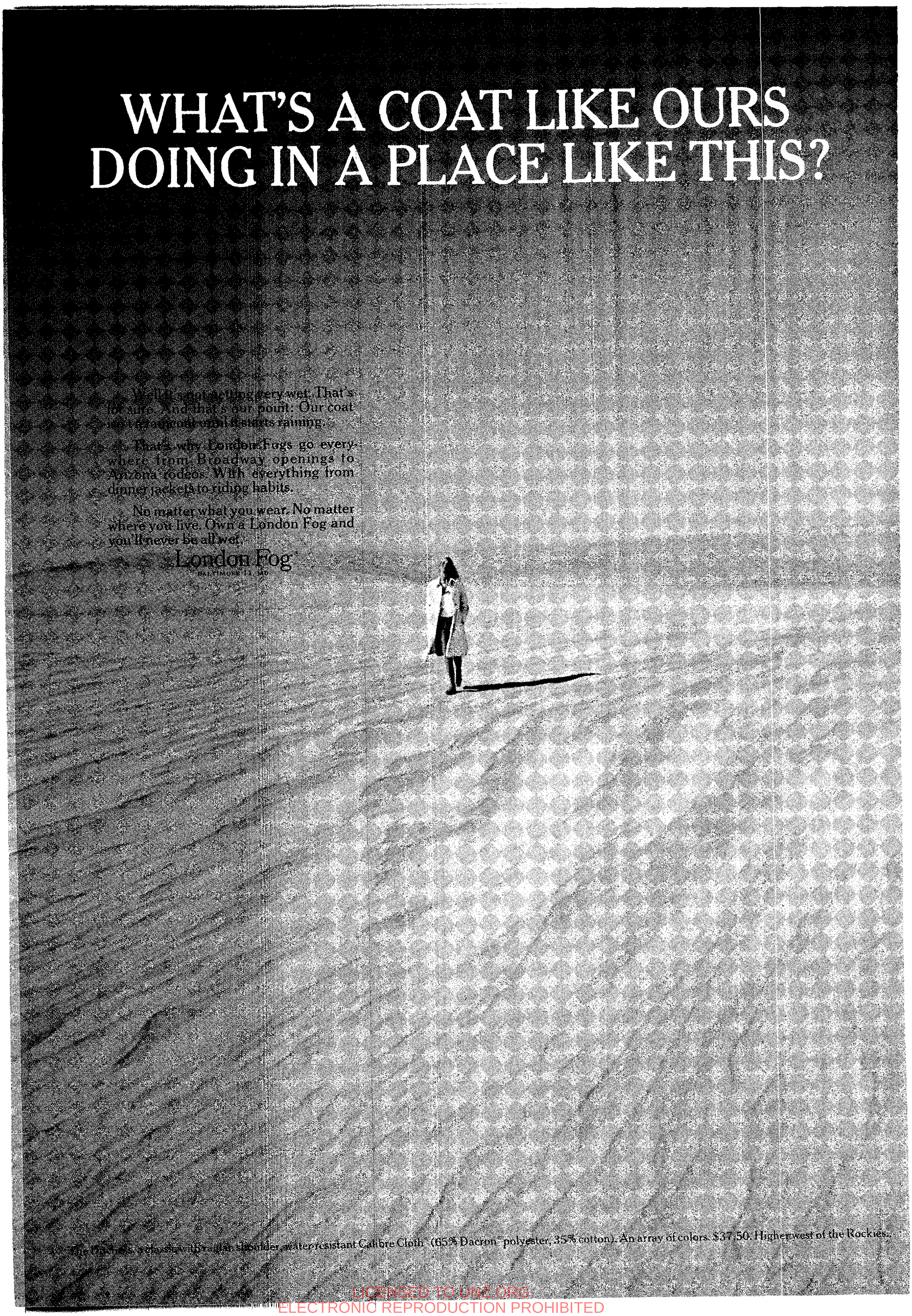

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horse, for one thing. Anyway, I had two combinations on him and three deuces on the nose, which put me out eighteen skins. The other hundred thou is for mental suffering and for me losing a nine-horse parlay I had lined up if Home Free had of won. I'm letting Witherspoon off cheap, if you ask me. It's about time us two-dollar bettors fought back."

St. Louis—Emmett R. Proby, 67, a retired box-spring repairman, is suing the President of the United States, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and the World Health Organization for criminal negligence in allowing him to be born. In a $1,250,000 suit filed here today in U.S. District Court, Proby alleges that proper dissemination of birth-control information to his parents could have prevented his birth. The suit is based on a frequently overlooked footnote to the Napoleonic Code known as *ab ovo obligatus*, which in effect means that the state has responsibility for the individual even before birth. Interviewed in his modest three-room apartment, which overlooks a muddy parking lot, Proby said, "It's just a vale of tears here below, and we all know it. You're lucky if you even break even. I figure the government owes me something for making me go through all this." Then Proby stood up, went over to his record-player, and, for the fifth time that morning, put on a scratchy 78-r.p.m. of Jerome Kern's "Why Was I Born?," recorded by Ted Weems, with Elmo Tanner whistling the second chorus. When asked what he would do with the money should he win his case, Proby replied in his soft, defeated tone, "Well, first I'd like to buy a new recording of 'Why Was I Born?' Also there's a book by an Englishman called 'De Profundis' that I hear is real great, and I'd be able to afford a copy. But I figure I'm really doing this to help other people. When you think about it, you know darn well that even when things are going good it can't last. My suit will help warn folks not to start at all."

Baton Rouge—Mrs. Polly Spoon filed suit today against the New Orleans Shrimps football team, the Commissioner of Professional Football, and Secretary of Labor Wirtz. Mrs. Spoon claims that she applied for the position of right corner linebacker with the Shrimps last spring but was turned down because of her sex—a clear violation, her attorneys state, of the 1965 Civil Rights Act. Mrs. Spoon further contends that she is in excellent condition and could easily make the weight

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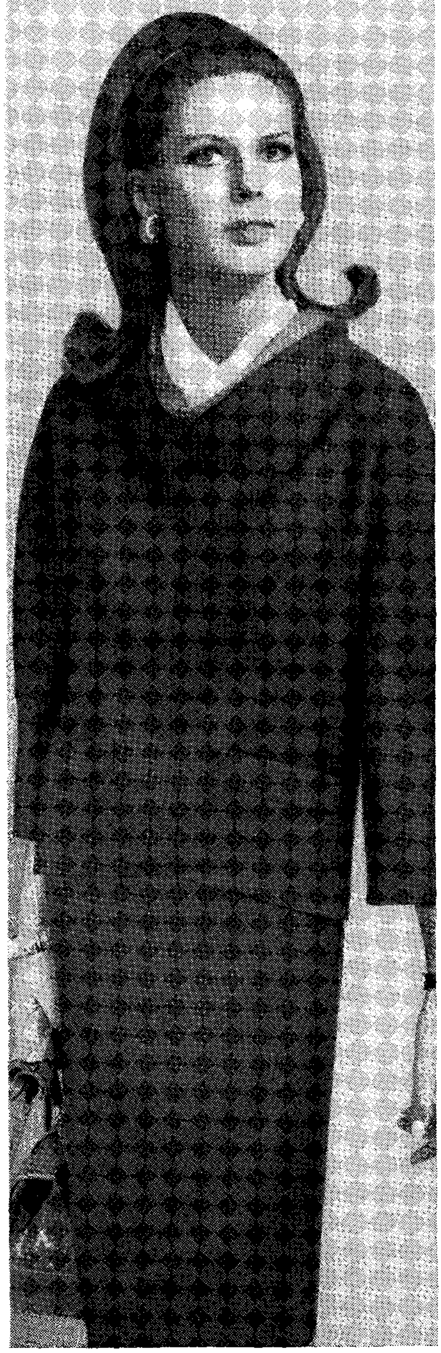

requirement for a corner linebacker (at least 210 pounds). Though her only gridiron experience has been family choose-up touch games (two hands below the belt) played in the street, the solidly built housewife states that by being excluded from intercollegiate athletics she was denied the opportunity to learn tackle football and that the Shrimps are therefore obligated to train her. If Mrs. Spoon wins her case and is upheld in higher courts, most lawyers feel that all future professional football teams will have to be half male and half female. "Beans" Mellinger, the peppery coach of the Shrimps, was outraged when informed that his team may have to be bisexual. "I can just see what it's going to be like," he said bitterly. "Separate dressing rooms, no bad words in the huddle, and a subpoena every time the quarterback opens his mouth. I got enough trouble already with this club, believe me. My tight end is suing the fullback for not speaking to him in the shower room one afternoon, my old offensive left tackle is suing that bonus rookie from L.S.U. for taking his job away, and my wife is suing the Shrimps Fan Club for making me go off my goddam diet at all those Kickoff Brunches and Victory Hootenannys. Then just yesterday I got hit with a suit by my very own son—my son the doctor. That's gratitude, after I paid his way all through med school. He's suing me for a hundred grand because I didn't make him into a lawyer instead."

—F. P. Tullius

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THE LITERARY LIFE

(CANADIAN FRINGE)

[*From the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

Eight city poets have rented quarters over the Hamburger Joint, 51 Avenue Rd., where they read their own and the works of others Friday, Saturday and Sunday evening from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Besides reading from the classics they also plan to read the powerful contemporary poets and hope as well to bring leading U.S. poets to read from time to time. The public is invited to pick up coffee at the restaurant downstairs and then come on up and listen. The price of admission: 50 cents.

•

Torrance Police Sgt. Donnie Cook said he saw the $50,000 tower fall as he patrolled the area around 190th Street and Hawthorne Boulevard.

"I shot into the air, flew over a 15-foot high equipment building and landed 50 feet away, twisted like a snake," Cook said.—*Los Angeles Herald Examiner.*

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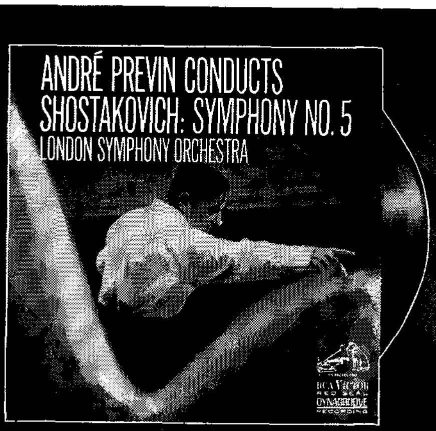
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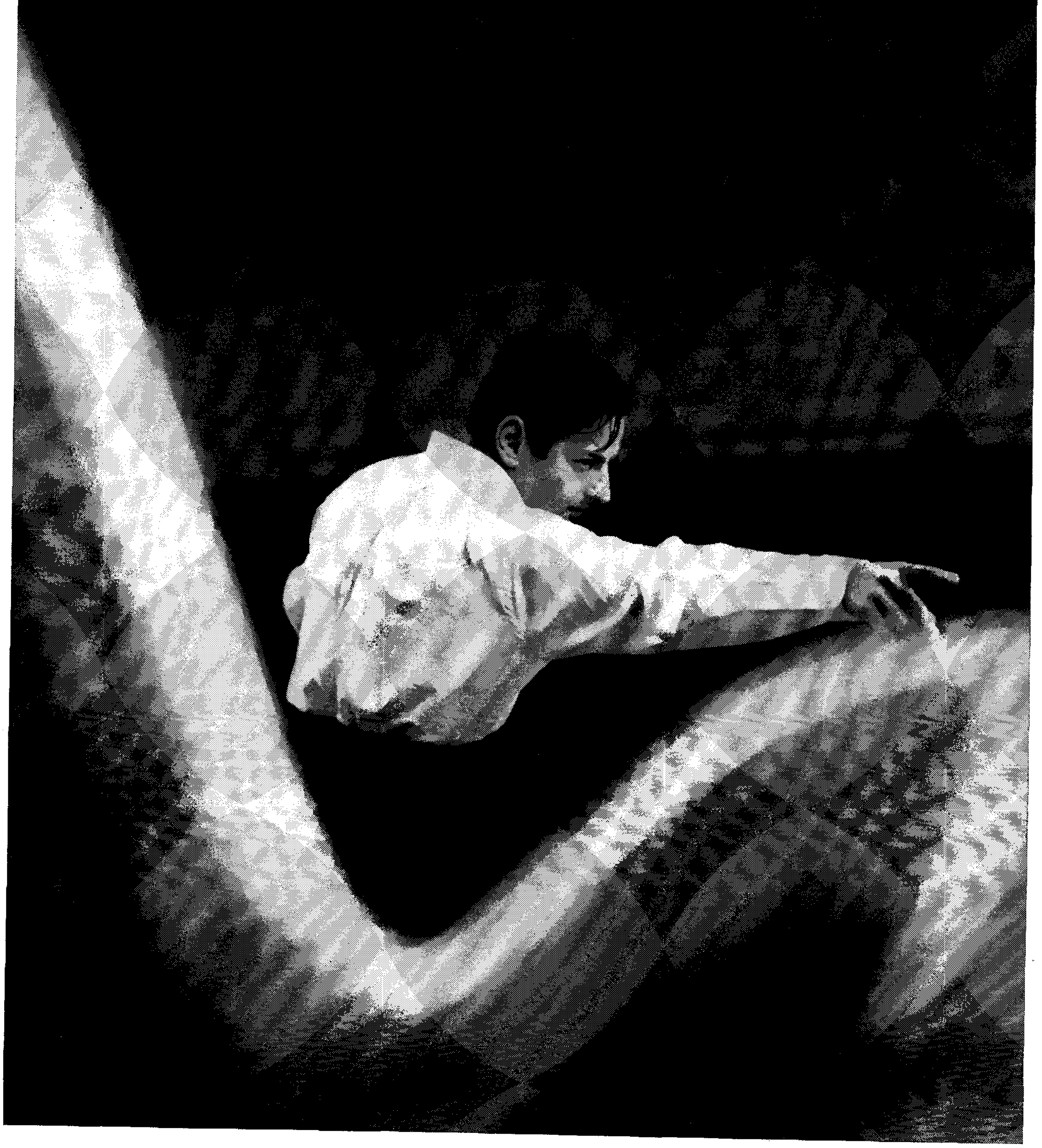
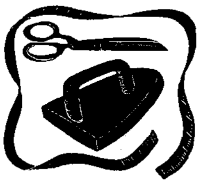


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

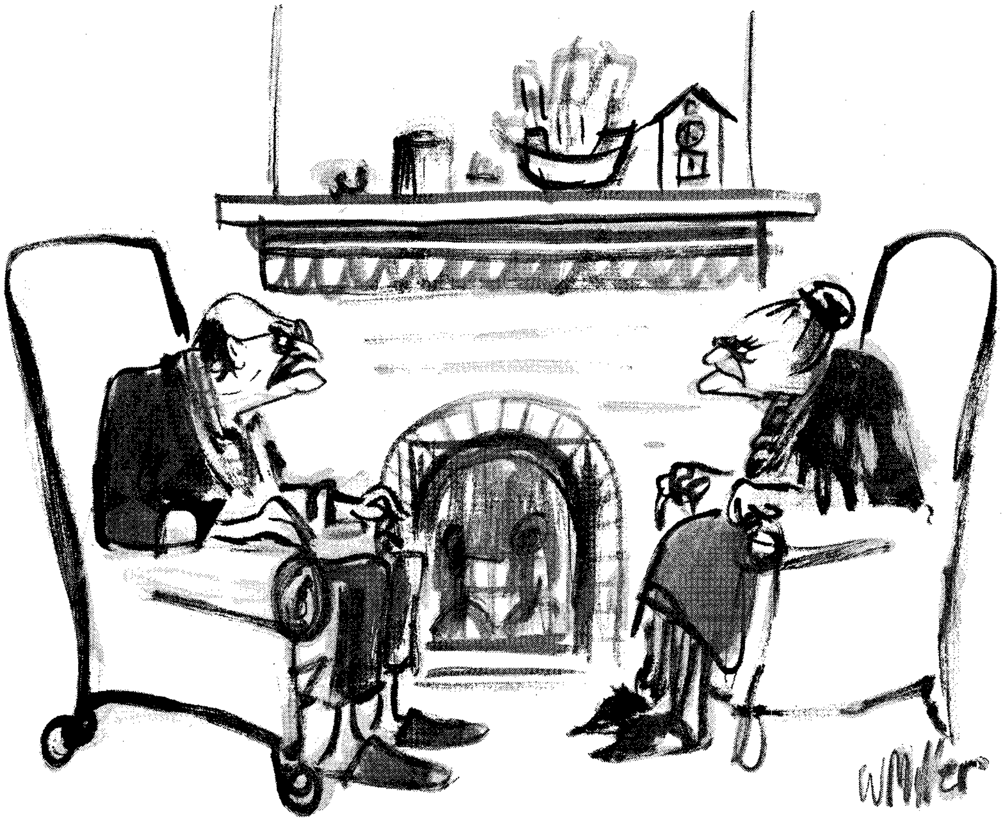
FEMININE FASHIONS



WHEN I was a lily-of-the-field schoolgirl, majoring in romanticism, the copybook maxim I liked best said that the heart ruled the head. It was not until I got out into the world of actuality that the fact of the matter became apparent to me—that it is the hairdresser and the custom milliner, turn and turn about, who do the ruling up there on top. This is a matter that has called for comment from me again and again through the years, and it calls for comment once more and right now, for the current poll proves that the head is being ruled by the coiffeur—at least when gala nights are involved. The custom milliners have bowed, with what may be deceptive meekness, to the big-charity-ball idea—the coiffure piled high with bogus hairpieces and indoctrinated with bits of your own emerald or diamond necklaces weaving through it and often interspersed with flashes of earrings and pins that bear other precious jewels. The hairdo men—the Messrs. Kenneth and Michel and Marc and the rest—have had a ball of their own, and not a charity one, either, as far as the milliners are concerned. Mind you, the milliners are now rallying, with schemes for drop-over-*any*-coiffure devices, and a certain universal E.S.P. has been established among them, leading to exaggerated snoods—kind of flat across the top of the head, frequently with a bow at the center and always with a cascade dipping as far as the shoulders and looping, in back, usually down to the shoulder blades. The result is a super-Sphinx look in front, or sometimes a reminder of Bert Lahr's getup as the Cowardly Lion in "The Wizard of Oz." Mr. John works this sort of thing out in a mass of petals in gray-green China silk, or in circular tiers of organza, or in white or black loops of very narrow straw braid. Lilly Daché turns the trick consummately with a "swan" snood that is all greeny-white petals that descend in the rear below the nape, as well as with a snood of black organdie that has been shirred and puckered and stitched. Sally Victor's snoods are entirely of trailing pink flowers with green stems and leaves or—and this I admired the most—entirely of black patent leather, leaves and stems included. Adolfo's snoods involve lilacs of varying hues, and they are quite wide and high at the sides, Oriental fashion. Matching bunches of his flowers top off parasols that he has at the ready.

Flowers for spring, you can see, are eternal, even though a number of milliners shrug them off by saying, "Well, that's what the customer *wants*." So we come to a rather new touch—big Rembrandt silk tulips in dark purples, dark red-browns, and yellow-streaked-with-red. Vincent & Harmik, which recently bounced back into the custom-millinery league, by way of a neat hideaway on the fifth floor of 14 East 52nd Street, is profuse with these tulips. They peek out of the folds, in one case, on a deep turban of swathed green net with a tilted side bow of chartreuse taffeta fore and aft, as well as on a turban that began life in the Caribbees (the tulips are around the edge here). Vincent & Harmik is not unaware of the revival of giant field flowers, either; these are printed on a beautiful and extremely curvy picture hat of Boussac cotton (that's French)—emphatic daisies, poppies, and so on on a royal background, the whole stitched to make the thing look substantial. Plenty of frivolity this season, all right, but eminently fitted for daytime, and built of transparencies of minimum weight, like organdie and organza and silk gauze, many of them eminently packable, too, and hats of net only now and then shaded by a flower. There will be dappled faces this year when the sun shines.

But it is in the simple, tailored inventions that millinery with a capital M always shows its true calibre, without feathers or frills to obscure masterly lines. In this category belong the upgraded children's hats that Sally Victor has brought forward from a distant past. In general, these wear a deep, round crown that clears the hairline in front, with a hint of a lift, such as a fold, above the brows and an inclination to come down on the ears and frequently in front of them. (It helps if you have the startled round eyes and the round young face of the model Victor uses, but that is not absolutely necessary.) One bit of perfection is shown in a pale-beige shantung with a band of picot-edged tan ribbon along the verge of the brim and another slightly higher up, not to mention a bow low on the nape and streamers



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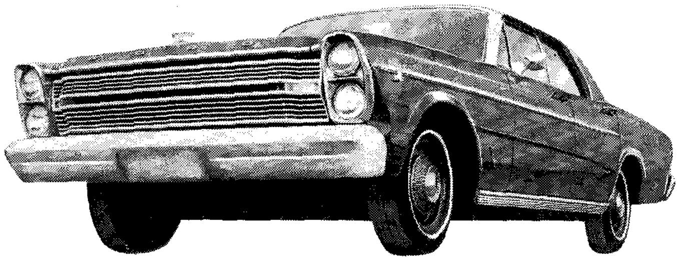

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down the back. A Renoir version, untrimmed, is shown in pale-blue belting with seams spraying upward against the back of the head. Adolfo, as always, is taking thoroughly masculine shapes and slapping them on the heads of his most feminine customers; femininity, let it be said, is often enhanced this way. Consider his Aussie and Anzac hats from Down Under, one of them in white bali, turned sharply back on one side and given a wavy downturned brim on the other. It's even got a chin strap. Or consider his planters' hats, one of them in beige baku—a crown with a fedora crease, a small brim that curls up to port or starboard, and a wide, striped headband—and a fancier one, in the same baku, with white chiffon swathing the crown and shooting through the brim to be draped at will around the neck. Daché has done a completely different kind of sharp, tailored thing in diamond shapes, to be worn well back on the head. An outsize sample is of pale-blue paribuntl (looks like ballibuntl but isn't). One of its points rises high in front; the others go out at the sides and down in back. Mr. John, a devotee of allover stitching (which means that a brim can be diverted any which way and will stay there), uses stitching so fine that it looks like the grain of cloth on the deep-beige linen (a) for a hat with a low crown and a medium, irregularly waving brim to be worn down in front and up at the sides, and (b) for a cloche with a turned-down brim, and (c) for cloches that have deep crowns and brims that curl back above one eye before dipping fairly far down astern. He exhibits these with a matching shift of plain linen—sleeveless, two buttons on each shoulder—plus his inevitable long scarf in a brilliant silk, which is tied in a bow at the throat and then tossed (the ends, that is) over the shoulders. It's quite a Look for summer anywhere in the world. Emme's prize contribution is in bali (or, naturally, any straw or fabric a girl could want)—a summery deal with a low crown and a brim that is creased sharply up at the sides, is cut out in a big V to the rear, and imparts a soft tricorne look in front; from above, the hat is heart-shaped. Halston, too young to really remember the for-ever-felt days of the twenties and the Green Hat, employs brilliantly colored felts for headpieces with plain, contrasting bands. My favorite in this lot is in a bright canary with a band of black grosgrain, its medium brim dipped in Dietrich style over one eye. And he makes fat little berets of felt, looking like mushroom caps, that stride straight

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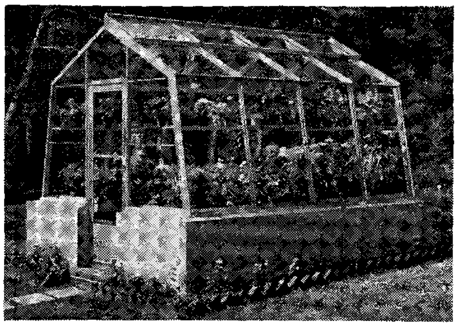

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Saturdays, March 5, 12, 19, 26
(12:30-1 PM)

Of Heaven and Earth
Antiquities, paintings and sculptures in the new Israel Museum, Jerusalem.
Sunday, March 6 (10-11 AM)

Big Three Golf
Special matches with Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer and Gary Player.
Sundays, March 6, 20 (4-5 PM)

The Twentieth Century
Nehru: Man of Two Worlds; Synanon in Prison; Woman Doctor in Vietnam; Man of the Month.
Sundays, March 6, 13, 20, 27
(6-6:30 PM)

Stuart Little
E. B. White's fantasy of a mouse born into a New York City family.
Sunday, March 6 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Thin Blue Line
The inner workings and problems of police departments across the nation.
Monday, March 7 (10-11 PM)

Operation Sea War: Vietnam
The Navy's role in a land-water war against an enemy with no navy.
Thursday, March 10 (10-11 PM)

Ballet for Skeptics
Roland Petit, Zizi Jeanmaire and European dancers prove ballet can be fun. Friday, March 11
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The Reformation
The spiritual conflicts, focusing on Luther, Calvin and Ignatius of Loyola. Sunday, March 20
(6:30-7:30 PM)

Carol + 2
Comedy-variety starring Carol Burnett with guests Lucille Ball and Zero Mostel.
Tuesday, March 22
(8:30-9:30 PM)

Beethoven
The life and music of the great composer; with Erich Leinsdorf conducting.
Wednesday, March 23
(10-11 PM)

Alice in Wonderland or What's a Nice Kid Like You Doing in a Place Like This.
Animated version of the Carroll classic. Wednesday, March 30 (8-9 PM)

Color Me Barbra
La Streisand at Philadelphia's Museum of Art and a circus.
Wednesday, March 30
(9-10 PM)

The South
Robert Preston offers a camera tour of Southern states.
Thursday, March 31
(9-10 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday
Today/
Captain Kangaroo/
Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays
CBS Reports

Saturdays
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/The First Look/Exploring/Wonderful World of Golf/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope

Sundays
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Directions '66/Frontiers of Faith/Sports Spectacular/American Sportsman/Sports in Action/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney

Note: Times (EST), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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across the tops of their anchoring grosgrain bands and push forward a trifle in front.

And that, I guess, is enough of generalities. We will accordingly proceed to a door-to-door campaign among our custom salons.

SALLY VICTOR has been given to prowling museums that are devoted to Old Masters and—as she surely would never put it—finding the common denominator between now and then. I have spoken of her updated children's hats, and now I shall go on to say that there is something of Bellows' "Lady Jean" in her arched band of shiny white straw that is surmounted by a pixie hat of dark-blue silk, and that the past is relived again in a deep turban of white l'organza with demure doings, involving small white gardenias and small black leaves, up one side. The student caps of another time again come to pass in caps with deeply bloused beret tops, such as a Dutch one with a wavy brim, an inch and a half across, of white piqué and a bloused top of the piqué crossbarred in black lines. Next, a Holbein beret, low and wide, of white piqué, its small visor of black patent leather tapering off to a trim brim in back, and a Holbein whose visor is curled up at both sides. Despite their derivation, they look pert and up-to-date. The students of today brought about the name, Drop-Out, of her turbans with big holes to the rear; through these, locks that swing free and clear at night can, by day, be tucked so that they emerge only as sedate ponytails. One Drop-Out is of puffy organza, white on one side and black on the other, with a black-and-white bow in back, below the opening; another is of red-white-and-black plaid surah, firm and round and fully draped. For women who cannot tie a scarf properly (and how few American women can), Mrs. V. has dreamed up a tiny neckband that ends in a *prepared* crisp bow with a loop, through which the scarf can be drawn and thus anchored. She has not forgotten about her vast all-flower wigs—one entirely of red poppies, and others that arch plumply behind the hairline, such as a great outburst of asters in the pinks, blues, and purples of nature. And the top of a large, curving sailor with a facing of green straw is paved with pale lettuce leaves among which organza bows of the same hue are distributed.

MR. JOHN is a scarf man from way back—long, colorful, trailing silk things wrapping around the neck and

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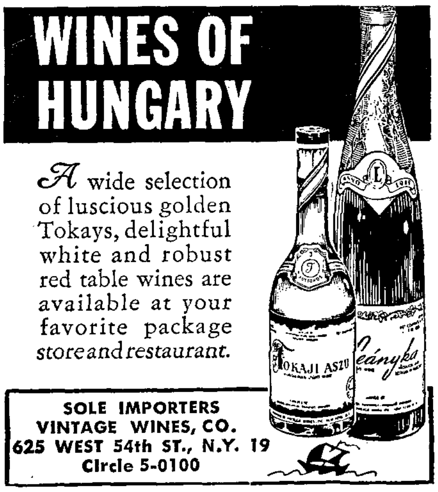
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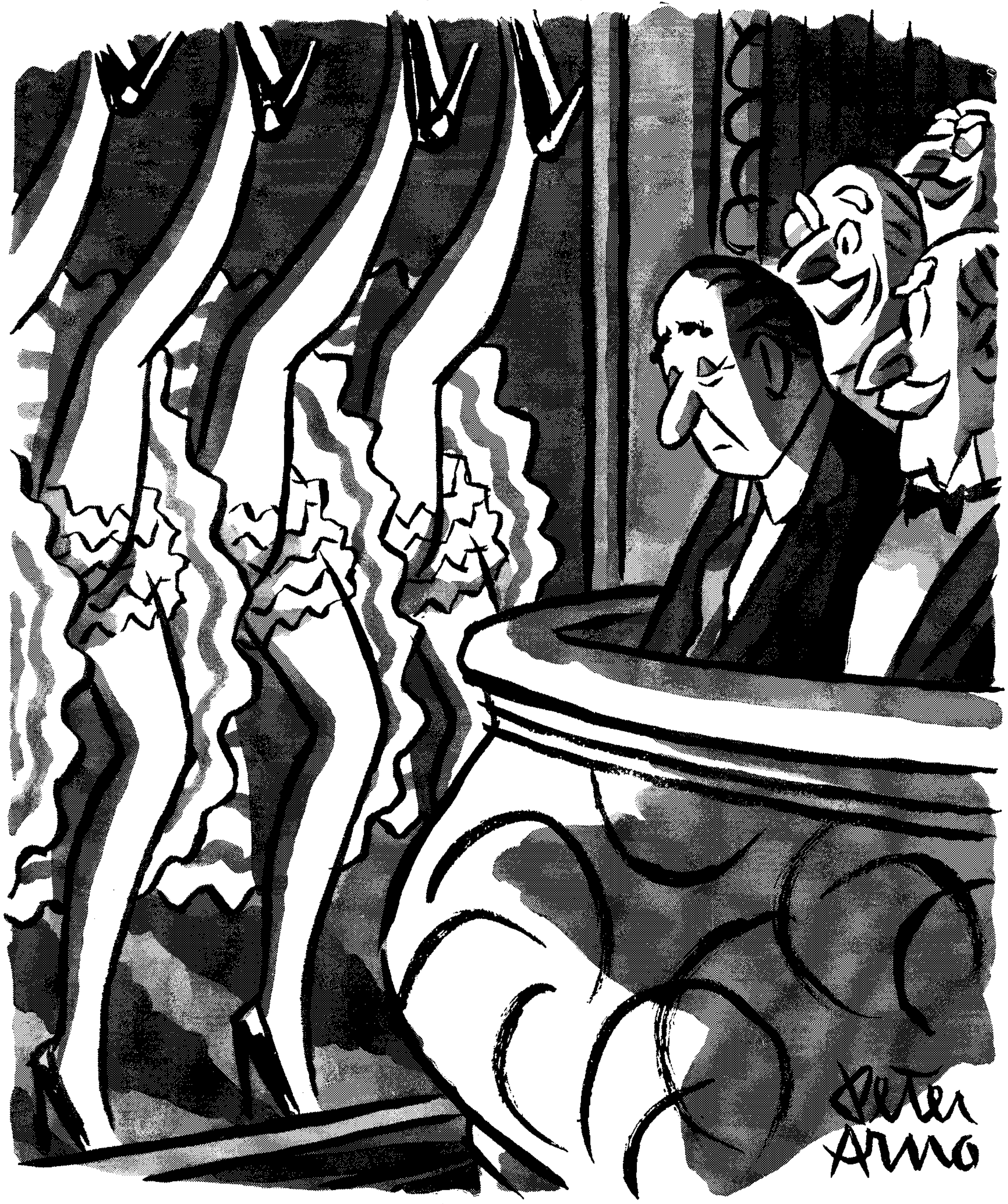

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dangling behind. One accompanies a bonnet of red-and-yellow print silk that is flat-topped but shoots up and out at the sides. Another scarf, of the same silk, does a solo flight over the head, with a hole just big enough to frame the face and a long point that drops far down in back. It can, though, be the foundation for a jaunty Johnny cap, bloused to an extent on top and bearing a small, curved visor in front. This appears in white straw or in natural stitched burlap. More Mr. J. stitching is assigned to a huge Breton of natural burlap faced with stitched cotton in a red-and-white print, and stitching is the way of life for a hat with a curled-up brim at one side and for an enormous tilted Breton. Shantung is the basis of both of these. Utter and muted simplicity is another Mr. John characteristic; this year it is manifest in a tilted plate of the profile type, done in pale-beige straw, with a shallow crown and a thick rolled edge. The straw reminds me of Milan, but it isn't; real Italian Milan seems almost extinct, and I don't know why. There are fluffy moments, too, hereabouts, which reveal themselves in an addiction to petals of silk massed to resemble ostrich feathers arrayed in boa form—in pale colors, often to match swathed headbands that are piled with the selfsame petals.

IN this season of featherheadedness and transparency, Lilly Daché is even higher in the clouds than most of her compeers. One of her frequent bids for transparency is a straw that looks like fine caning; another is beige straw that is all openwork, in strips, suggesting Madeira drawnwork. There is also, for this purpose, straw in an eyelet design (one of the things this makes is a flyaway roller, narrow, very high, and bright yellow), and hairlace straw that resembles miniature metal fretwork (a big sombrero is one result), and black straw veiling of horizontal and vertical stripes to form squares, and curlicues of fine straw mounted on fine net—the likes of that. Even more infinitesimal in weight are her Animal Kingdom chiffons in wildbeast prints. A giraffe pattern makes a medium sailor cloche, with which goes a big, matching, and detachable stole; a tiger pattern makes a wide, low turban, with a voluminous scarf to wrap about the shoulders. A zebra pattern (this on cotton, though) is employed for another turban, all arched folds over one's innocent brows and then coming down over one's ears. Much more fragile, if that is possible, is a turban of the stuff that dreams are

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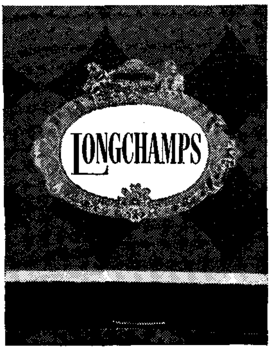

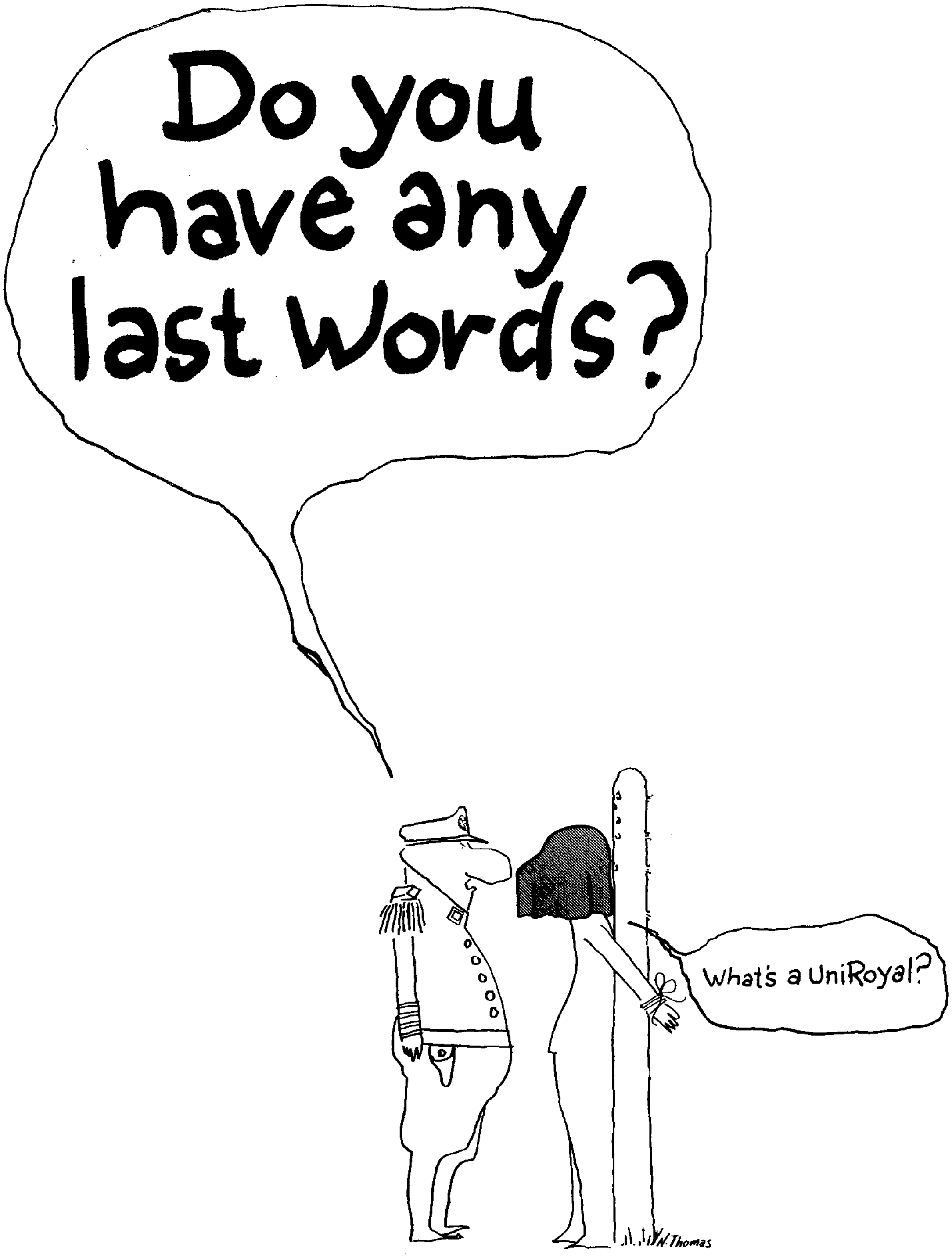
Do you have any last words?
What's a UniRoyal?
W. Thomas

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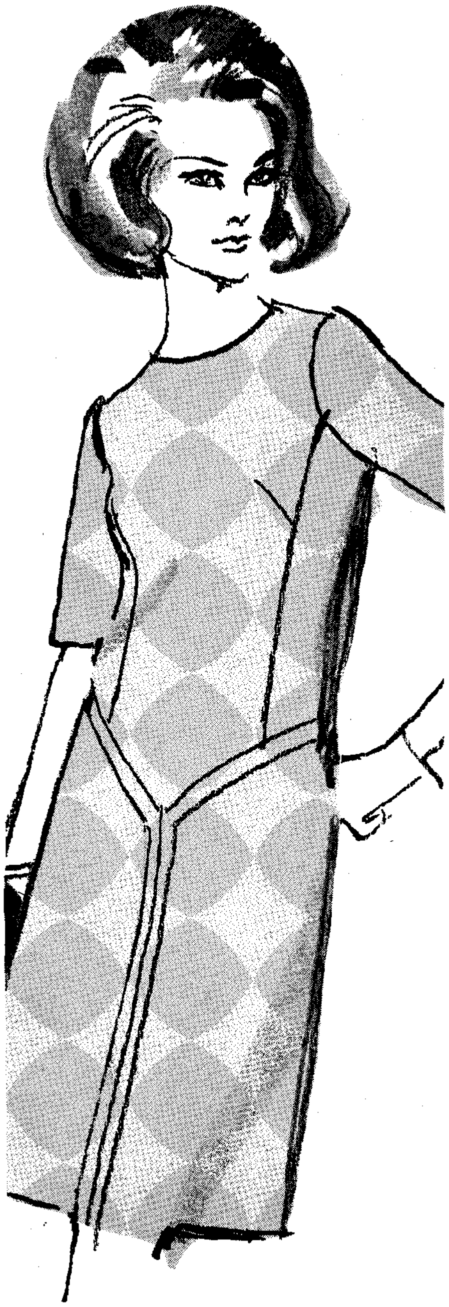

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made on—pale-pink tulle with the most minute confetti (practically dust) scattered about to give a delicate, iridescent look to this fairy-tale confection. Among the many items for travel (Daché knows all about how to be compact en route; on a recent visit abroad she got fifteen hats of hers into a shoebox) are small, collapsible turbans that cross with an upward sweep in front (the effect from there is of a complete turban), leaving a sizable opening behind for hairpieces. Fine black leather, or else ciré chiffon.

Adolfo's ingenuity often veers toward making simplicity scintillating, and he is still at it. One stunt this time around is of white felt in which polka-dot cutouts of variegated sizes have been made to show the shiny black straw beneath. This makes, for one, a tailored hat, faced with the same straw, whose brim is turned back at one side and curves down on the other. Another stunt is a deep cap of green straw covered by more of the felt, and it frequently wears a tiny visor upon which a green-and-white camellia perches at one side. Señor A.'s ingenuity veers likewise toward deep skullcaps or calots, and if this isn't Brenda Frazier and the Duchess of Windsor back in the thirties, what is? One, cut round and very deep, is of beige bali, with a big bow of the straw, or a cocarde of your choosing, behind the right ear. Real living doll is the only way to describe a version made entirely of ripples of white Val lace, with a chin strap of blue satin and pink rosebuds above the right ear. (I've already gone on about the flower-tipped parasols that go with such concoctions.) Another brainstorm (held over from last year—by popular demand, may one presume?) is those big sunglasses whose broad rims are covered with printed cotton that either matches or defies the print of the demure hat above. Citation: Glasses with navy-and-white polka-dot cotton on the rims, and a matching hat with a stitched brim, to be curled up ad-lib, and a band of cotton in a red-and-white print. Or the same polka dots on the glasses, and navy-and-white *Paisley* patterns on hat, headband, and scarf, the effect being hubristic.

At Bergdorf Goodman, Halston is still engrossed in being imaginative about turbans in his pet organdies and organzas. A new smasher, of green organza, is broad and high in front but loops under low in back. In the midst of all this, he goes opaque for a moment by using tie silk for a turban with a

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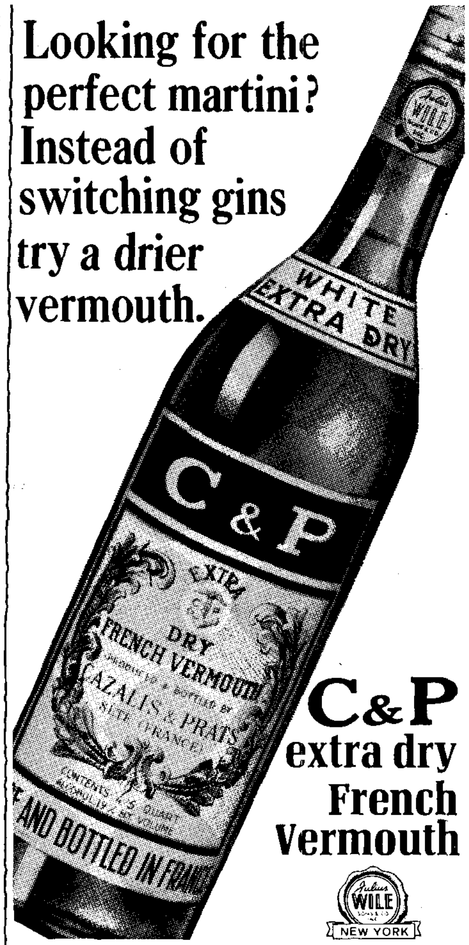

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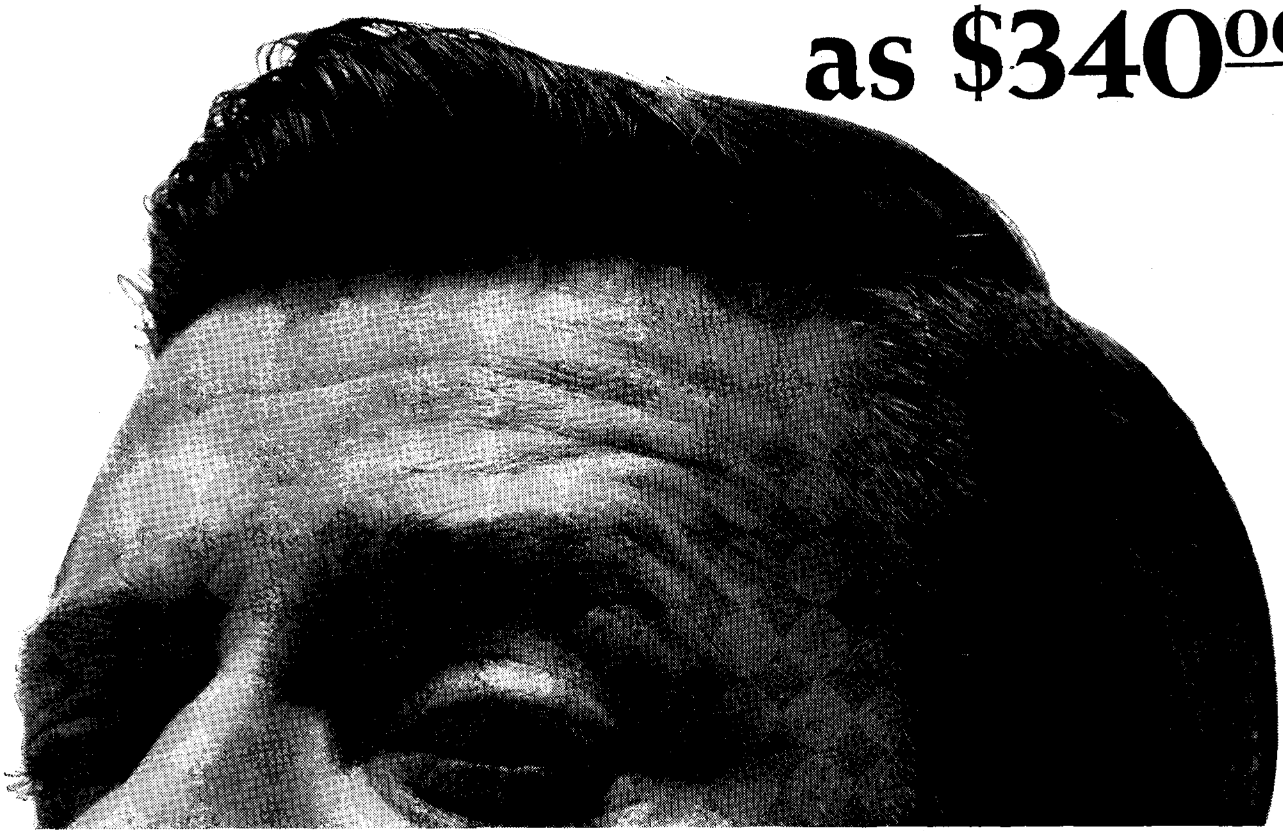

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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

gathered band up the center part in your hair and down in back to wind up in a tab and a tie on the nape, thus making the thing both secure and adjustable. Further transparencies appear in flowered form. Such as a red headband with a big bulb resting on it and red violets tossed all over. A reasonable facsimile, minus flowers, is a band of black patent leather and, up top, a bulge of a new transparent nubbly straw of the same color. Let us now examine a large beret, high in front and low and bloused in back, of stitched white organdie, with a narrow band of black grosgrain at the base. For the let-the-hair-emerge-in-back state of mind, there is a wide band of silk, all horizontal folds, that fastens in back with a single button—open to the skies, but it keeps hair from blowing across your eyes just as you spot another car on a collision course. Continuing his attempt to do battle with the sunglasses upsurge, Halston (poor lad!) uses as his counterattack a new version of his visor in bright-yellow plastic. This he puts, and most effectively, on a deep round cap of white linen with string bows over the ears; the visor slants down from the upper forehead and ends just below the tip of the nose.

EMME is currently devoted to a color she says is copper and I say is cognac. This she uses for tailored hats of almost any fabric—to go with pastel spring suits is the idea. For women who will accept no substitute for navy in their spring raiment, she erects hats (one of them a big Mexican turned-up sombrero of a rough straw) with daisies, poppies, buttercups, cornflowers, and their field-flower friends up one side. A real botanical flurry occurs when she and her co-worker, Anello, get around to their zodiac hats. Their January is a complete mass of big round pink organdie petals and a couple of red-to-white carnations; February is a top-heavy pillbox of violets with a tail in back; March is jonquils. Emme and Anello, it is clear, have never been outside a hothouse. May (and this is at last appropriate to the season) is a kerchief-pillbox of moss-green organza covered with sprigs of lily of the valley. There is more of the calendar year, but I have made my point, I think.

VINCENT & HARMIK's return to custom hats is a happening I am happy to hail. These are flower people, primarily—white bavardia blossoms dotted along hats of pleated and draped white organza, among them a deep Breton, way back on the head, narrow at the

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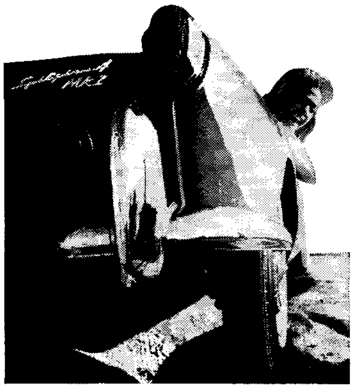

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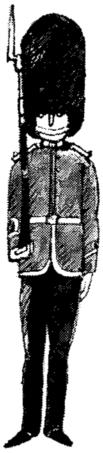
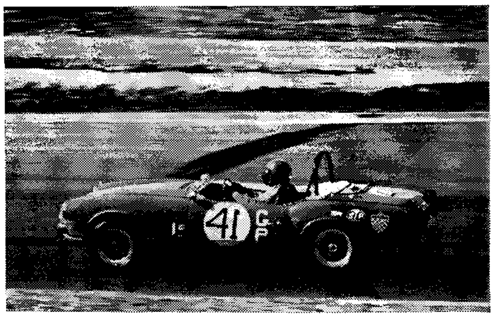


The Spitfire Mk2 is an excellent example of British engineering know-how. Translation: she requires lubrication only once every 6,000 miles.



Like to hear something really racy? At the 1965 Le Mans, Spitfire GT's finished 1-2 in their class.

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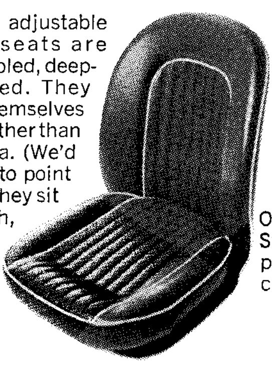
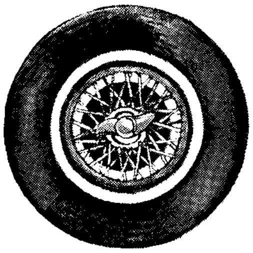


The new adjustable bucket seats are hand—tooled, deep-cushioned. They shape themselves to you; rather than vice-versa. (We'd also like to point out that they sit in a plush, fully-carpeted interior.)



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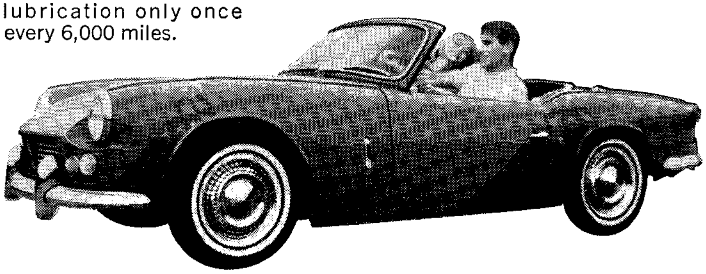
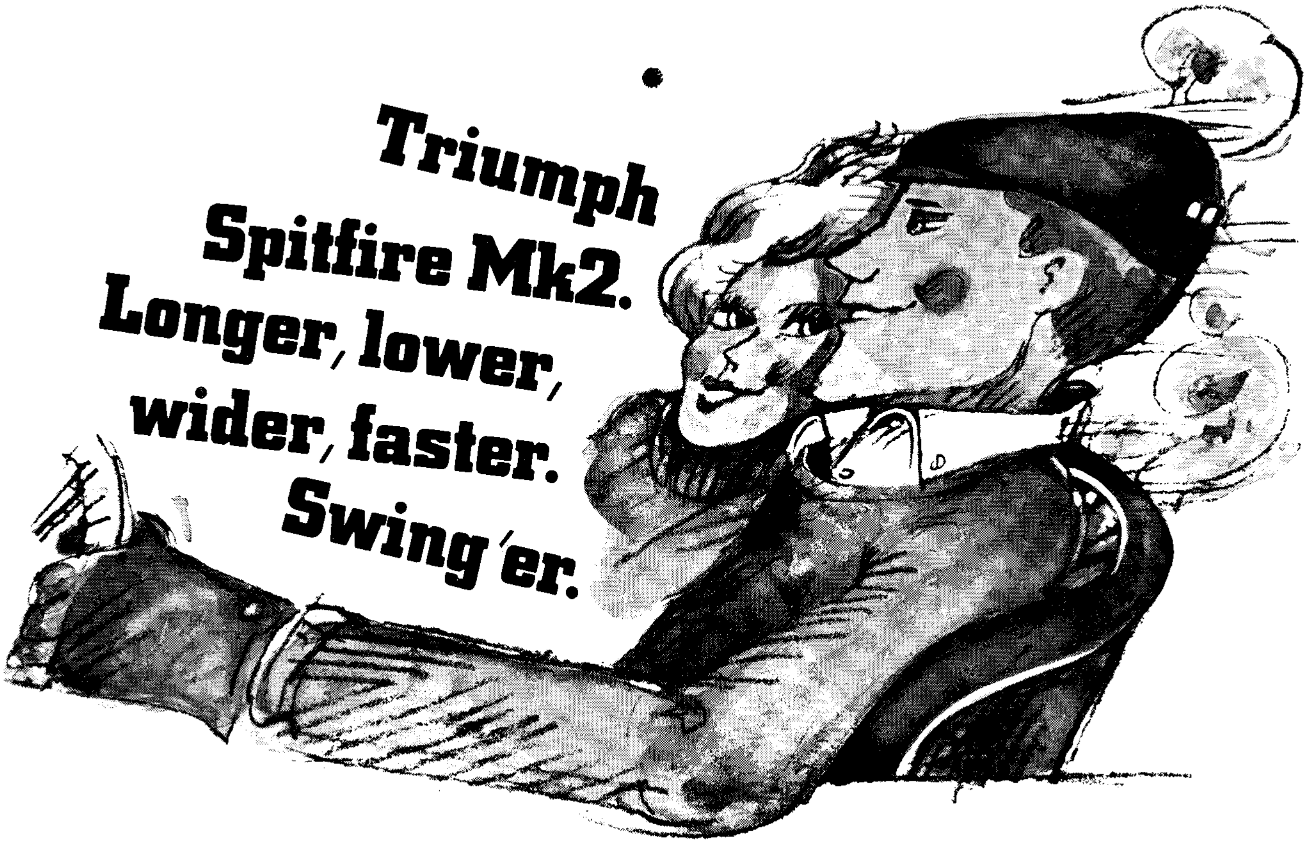


She also features four-speed shift, dependable disc brakes, tight 24-ft. turning circle, roll-up windows, electric windshield wipers, etc., etc., etc. For $2140* that's a lot of etc.'s! *Suggested retail price POE plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in the West. SCCA-approved competition equipment available. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Available in Canada. Overseas delivery also available. Standard-Triumph Motor Company Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022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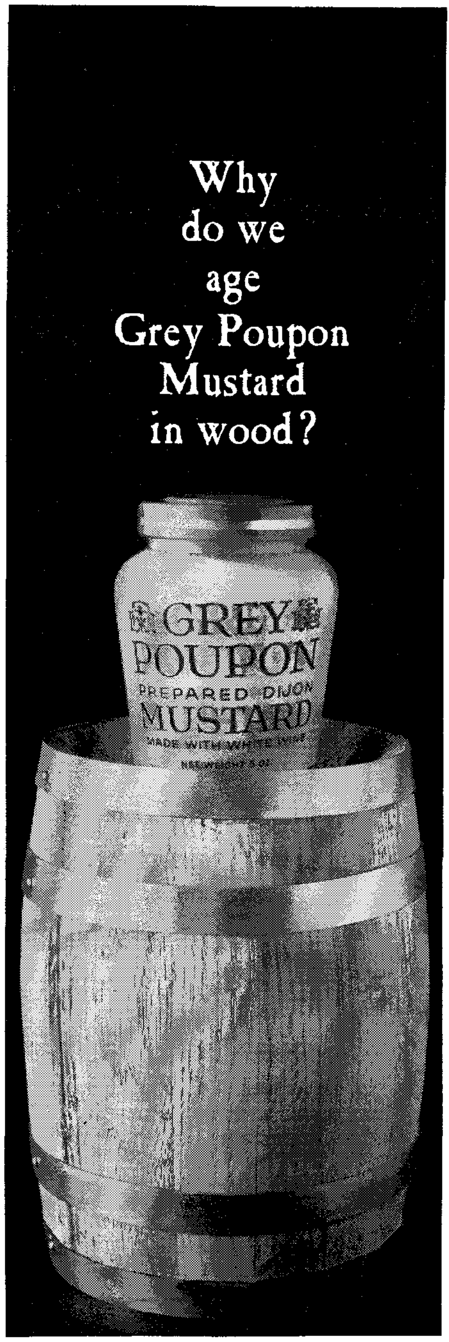

It takes longer, to be sure. And a knowing taste can tell the difference. Aging in wood gives Grey Poupon a character, a flavor all its own. It's bold but not biting. It's a richer, truer mustard with more real mustard flavor. The authentic Dijon recipe also requires mellow white wine. We include that, too. And a dozen or more rich seasonings and spices. Try it just once and you'll never be satisfied with ordinary mustard again. Understandably, Grey Poupon costs a bit more, but it's well worth it.

GREY POUPON
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sides, and down to nothing in back, not to mention a small Renoir boater or a deep-dome turban. White organza finds its way, too, into the area of bridesmaid—a baby bonnet, arched about the face in the traditional baby way, is decorated with pink moss roses, green leaves, and more of the bavardia. Violets, moss roses, and so on ascend one side of tipped-sidewise little fedoras with deep crowns; overlapping hand-sewn silk leaves are the main content. There are tailored things as well, among them hats of real Italian Milan in red, the medium brims dipping low in back, as per fishermen. Checkerboards of interwoven pink grosgrain and white felt produce hats whose brims curl up at one side and whose deeply bloused beret tops tip over on the other one. One of the best big berets I've seen this trip is of felt, high and toppling to the rear from the front, crumpled at the sides, and just begging to be punched into any other old shape. Some of the tailored hats own fat, fat brims; one of caviar straw uses foam rubber for this effect, and so remains as light as anything.

AND that is all there is to be said about the great Be Kind to Millinery Month. Do be a friendly sort, now, and take a hat to dinner.

—Lois Long

•

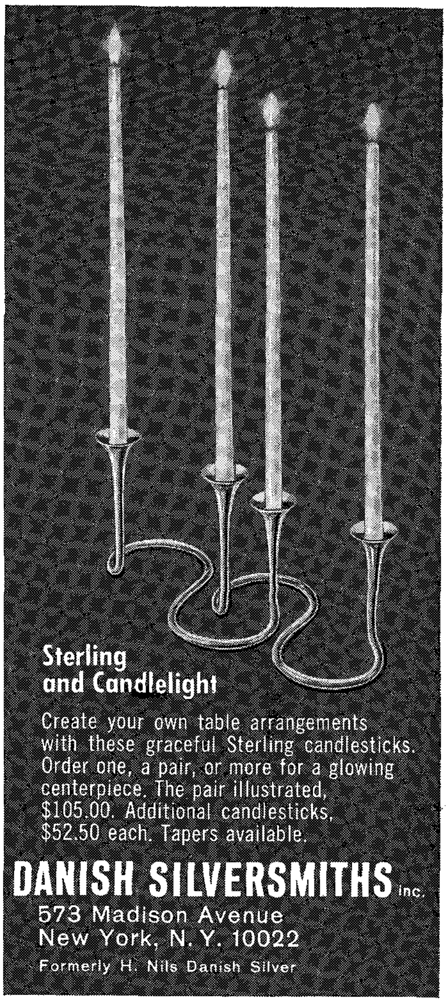
MEMORANDUM

You'll see sometime—half
of the world will fracture,
or you will come out on a cold
ridge, flashed into knowing, and find
how all over our state, better
than we deserved, stories
went on, millions of unbound
sagas the wise were too dumb
to find: the shivering wolves
aflame in their savagery, hedges
that wove God's lost garlands
around abandoned fields.

Maybe a man lived somewhere—
consider—
down in his yard, vicious, in the trash
and low schemes, but all of his life
by his door, unmerited, a fir tree
grew; at the top whole generations
of beautiful birds lived and sang.

All over our state, all over
the world, spiders are weaving,
rodents pause, whole forests
lean at once. And only some of the
things that shine are mean.

—William Stafford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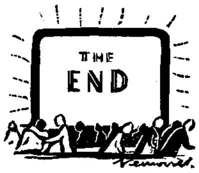
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Samples



TODAY'S seminar on Contemporary Trends in Overground Movie-Making will focus its attention on four very different works, which, for note-taking purposes, may be identified as New American Black Comic, Old American Grandiose, Standard European Cute, and Hollywood Gothic-Revival Corn. These terms are so clear that they need never be mentioned again. The first of them refers to "Lord Love a Duck," a movie written, in part, and directed by George Axelrod and starring Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. I have a weakness for Mr. Axelrod's sort of humor, if not for his sort of titles—I was one of the six people in the continental United States who admitted liking "Paris When It Sizzles," and I was in the van of the much larger number of people who admired "How to Murder Your Wife"—and I'm delighted that in his latest effort Mr. Axelrod has given exceptionally free rein to his dark view of how funny-ghastly, joyous-beastly life can be. His hero is a supernaturally bright boy in a vast, shiny new West Coast seat of learning; having fallen in love with a pretty and ambitious girl (always a dangerous thing to do), he proves his devotion to her by a selfless, genie-like granting of all her wishes. These come to include the acquisition of a husband and then his removal, which is to say his removal from life. The husband turns out to be uncoöperatively indestructible, and the comedy grows blacker and blacker as the hero struggles to do him in, succeeding at last in a scene that mingles fatuous Commencement exercises with multiple deaths of a particularly horrible nature.

In the course of telling this wild tale, Mr. Axelrod casts a cold eye on such current topics for satire as the education of our young, beach parties, psychiatry, churchgoing, karate, and conversation pits, and it is sometimes the case that his eye is not as steady as it is cold. A couple of scenes that concern the suicide of the girl's mother, though they are valiantly acted by Lola Albright, fail to come off, and the climactic scene grows ugly by reason of its length and literalness. (I would love to have been invited to cut the picture by ten minutes.) Still, Mr. McDowall and Miss Weld

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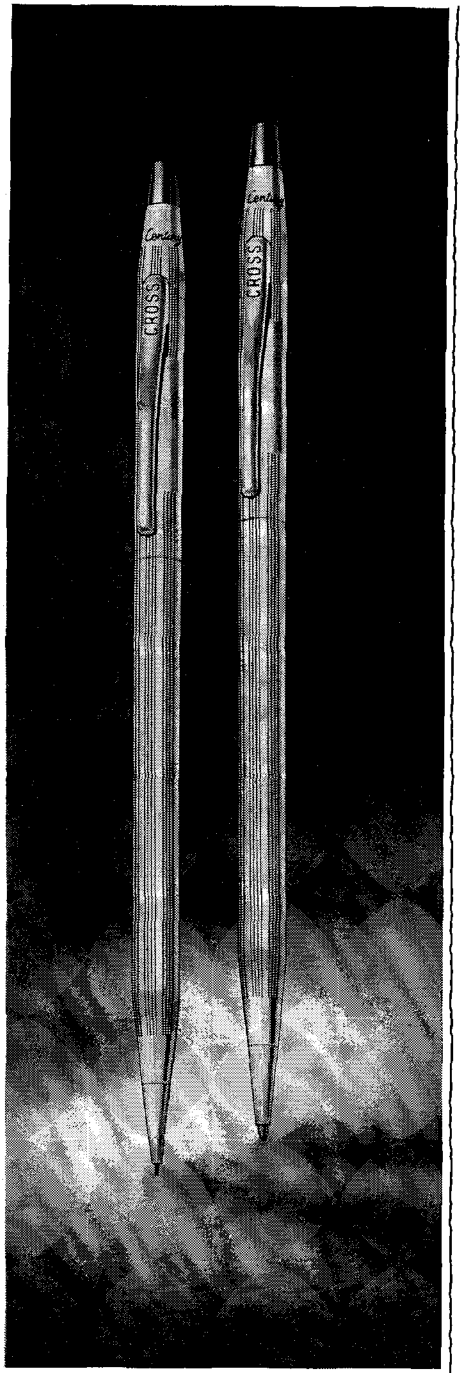

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are very good indeed, and so, in smaller roles, are Martin West, Ruth Gordon, Harvey Korman, and Martin Gabel, as the husband, his mother, the principal of the school, and a producer of shoestring surfing pictures, respectively. The photography, by Daniel L. Fapp, is wonderfully bold in its sunny sharpness, and the music, by Neal Hefti, made me nervous, which I'm sure it was intended to do.

WORK No. 2, "The Chase," is a conventionally opulent melodrama, overproduced by Sam Spiegel, overplotted to the point of incoherence by the author of the screenplay, Lillian Hellman, and overdirected by Arthur Penn. We are supposed to be in a town somewhere in our stifling, terribly rich, terribly poor Southwest, and the hero of the story that unfolds with a relentless humidity of spirit is the local sheriff; he is a virtuous man and, at a critical moment, makes the hard choice of behaving well instead of badly. I can imagine that, modestly carried out, the subject would have proved a satisfactory one (we found enough to satisfy us in the moral and aesthetic simplicities of "High Noon"), but it appears that everybody was encouraged to Think Big on "The Chase," with the predictable result that it thrashes about and, in a climax that has no real connection with anything else in the picture, perishes of its own perverse giganticism. As the sheriff, Marlon Brando works hard; a Sisyphus pitting himself against a stone that refuses to budge in *any* direction. (The waste of Mr. Brando's talents, if continued, will be one of the inexplicable scandals of movie history in times to come.) Also working hard and in vain in "The Chase" are Jane Fonda, Janice Rule, Robert Redford, Angie Dickinson, and Robert Duvall.

WORK No. 3 is called "Impossible on Saturday," and one might begin by asking the teacherish question "What famous movie about a Greek prostitute does this movie borrow its totally false hint of sexual naughtiness from?" A French comedy, shot on location in Israel, it stars Robert Hirsch, of the Comédie-Française, in at least as many roles as Alec Guinness played in "Kind Hearts and Coronets." The ingenuities of the conscientiously preposterous plot have been devised to provide Mr. Hirsch with the widest possible variety of characters to embody—male and female, thin and fat, young and old. We see him as, among

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*Three kinds of Little People described by Kevin Danaher in a recent number.

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other things, an octogenarian orchestra conductor; the octogenarian's dead father, down from Heaven on a visit; and several of the octogenarian's natural sons, who, since conductors travel a lot, are Italian, English, American, and of other national origins. The single joke that holds the movie together goes on too long—I'm apt to lose patience with movies in which dead people come back, invisible to the rest of us, and carry on pawky conversations with Himself up there—but Mr. Hirsch is a pleasant, lively actor, and his gusto nearly always convinces us that we are having a better time than we actually are.

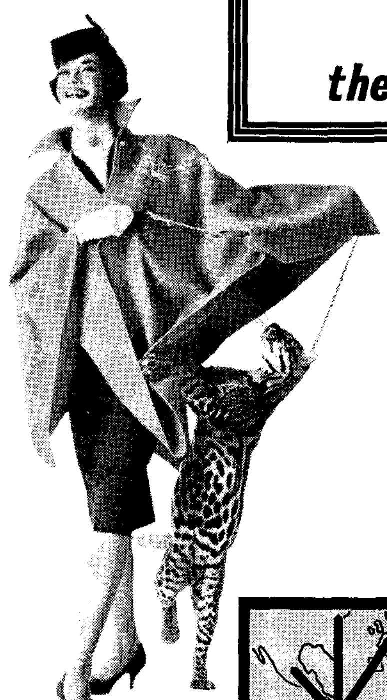
WORK No. 4 is "Inside Daisy Clover," produced by Alan J. Pakula, directed by Robert Mulligan, and starring Natalie Wood and Christopher Plummer. By the Hollywood standards of 1936—the time of the story—the picture would have been pretty bad, and by today's Hollywood standards it is still pretty bad, its weaknesses all the more embarrassing for being inadvertent. The screenplay is by Gavin Lambert, who took it from his own novel; whatever the original may have been, the double crime of the movie's plot and dialogue are on his head. Miss Wood plays the part of a fifteen-year-old spitfire with a golden voice and a mouth full of bubble gum; Mr. Plummer plays the part of a slick and cruel Hollywood producer, who exploits the girl and drives her to the brink of suicide. By then, the girl, being all of seventeen, has been married, has been abandoned by her homosexual husband, has become the producer's mistress, and has suffered the loss of her dotty mother, whom I'm sorry to say she calls "Old Chap." Instead of dying, she decides to blow up her beach house and set forth, barefoot and embittered, to conquer the world. Miss Wood isn't very plausible either as a fifteen-year-old or as a singer, and Mr. Plummer is as simperingly ineffectual here as he was in "The Sound of Music." Others in the cast are Robert Redford, Roddy McDowall, Ruth Gordon, and Katharine Bard. Poor things.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

The many speeches and platitudes in Max Mettowoy's honor were beautifully climaxed by Rabbi Cohen when he presented the scroll-walnut-plaque to Max. His flowing words of praise came richly and easily.—*East Fifty-fifth Street Jewish Center Bulletin.*

Perhaps a little too easily.



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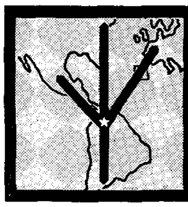

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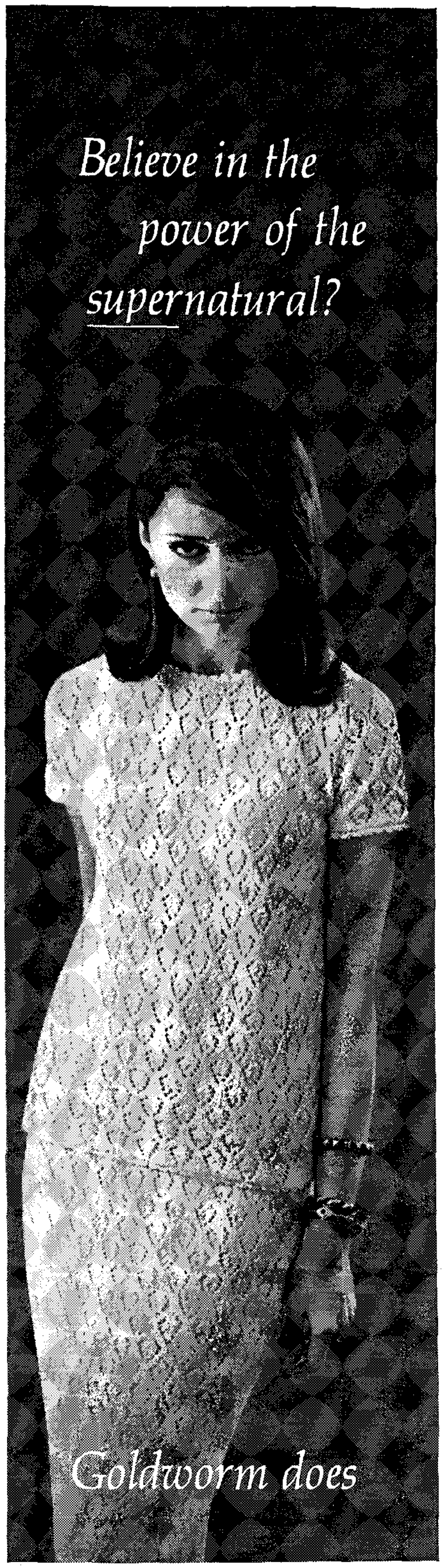

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THE RACE TRACK

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4TH RACE SCRATCHES

IT'S been a long time between winning races for Pia Star, who got home by a nose in the Widener Handicap at Hialeah last Saturday. Not since he beat Roman Brother and Kelso in the Brooklyn at Aqueduct last July had he been in that charmed circle in front of the stands. It was surely his lucky day. He's always been a fast-track horse, and when heavy rain turned the racing strip into a sloppy mess, it was thought that he would be withdrawn, but at the last moment his stable decided to take a chance. Right at the break, he scooted into a sizable lead, and it looked as though the race would be just a romp for him. In the stretch, however, he began slowing down, and Selari, who had come up from next to last—making a very wide turn, incidentally—would have passed him in another jump. Selari, by the way, rates a membership in the Second Again Club; it was the seventh time in eight starts that he has finished in that spot. Slystitch was third. Convex, the favorite, apparently didn't like the going and wound up seventh.

Kelso, the horse everybody knows, was to make his bow for his eighth season in a sprint earlier in the afternoon, but he didn't, because he dislikes getting his feet wet. If the track suits him, he will have a gallop before he goes for the Gulfstream Park Handicap and that two-million mark next month.

ALTOGETHER, it was quite a week at Hialeah. To begin it, Buckpasser, the top two-year-old colt of 1965, made his first start in 1966 and finished four and a half lengths behind Impressive, a stablemate; Stupendous, another stablemate, was third. It wouldn't be stretching things too much to say that Impressive fairly flew, for he did the seven furlongs in 1:21⅘, equalling the track record. There is little to be said in a critical sense about the performance of Buckpasser. He hadn't raced since he won the Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct last October; he left the gate more slowly than usual (he has never been a fast breaker), and observers agreed that at no stage did Shoemaker, who rode him,

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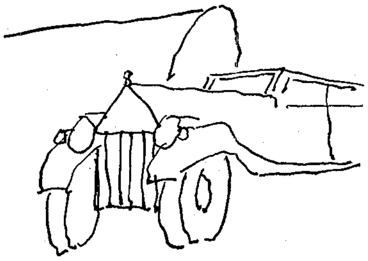

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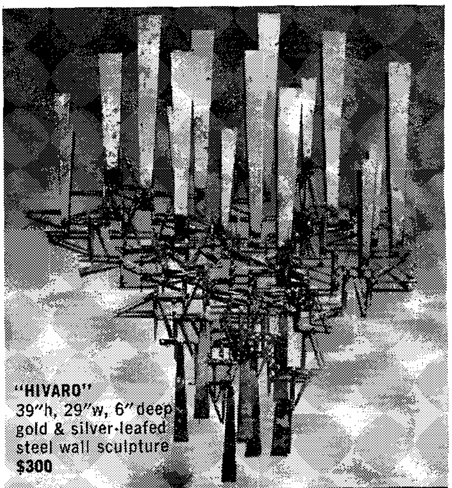

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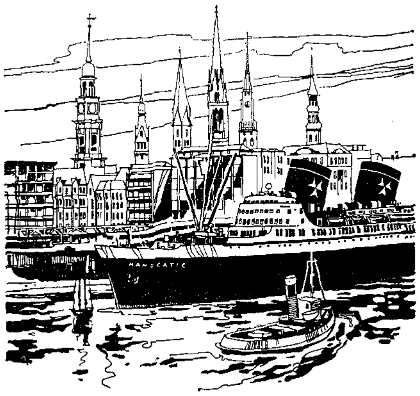

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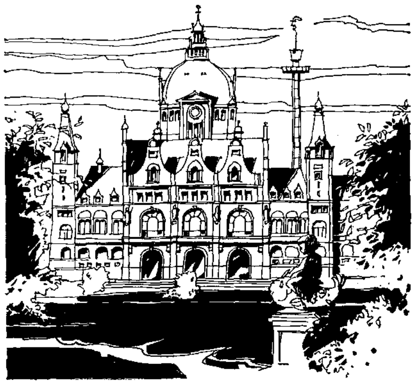

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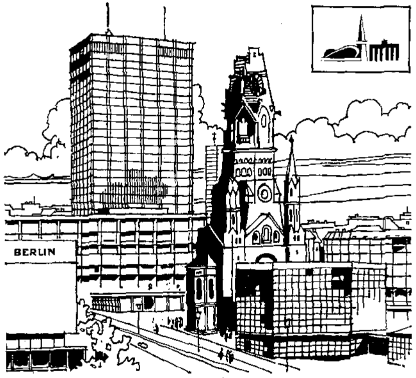

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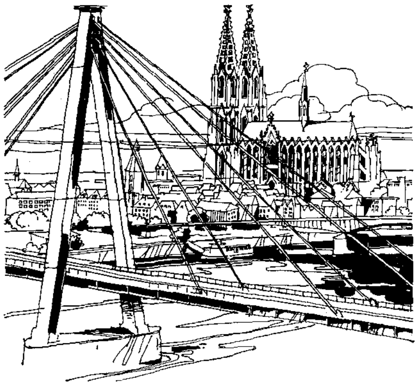

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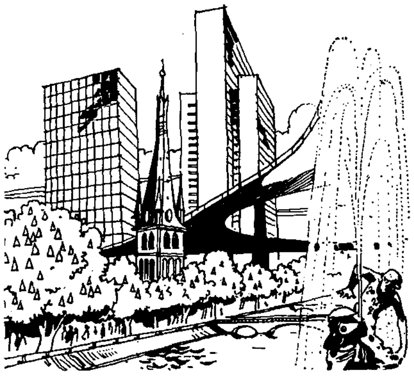

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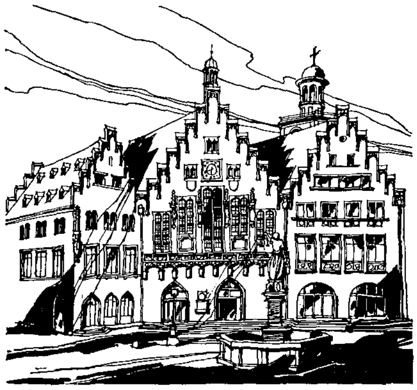

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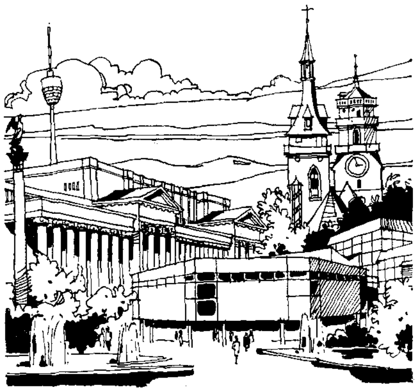

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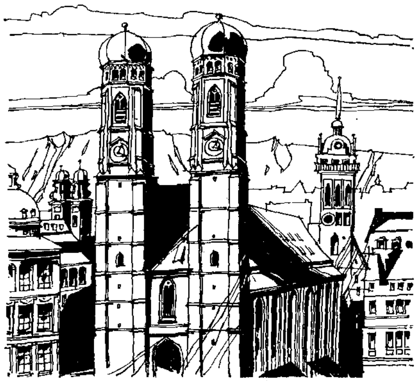

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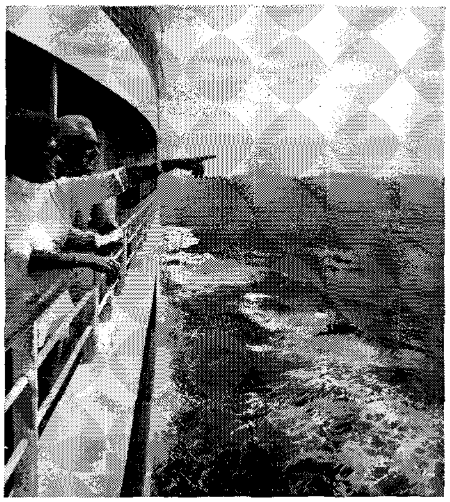

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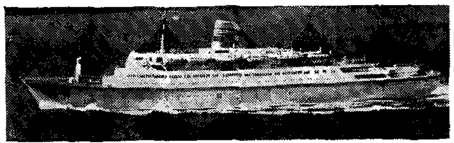

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put any pressure on him. It was the sort of thing you see in a morning workout. I've a notion that he will soon be a horse of another color.

Earlier in the meeting, Queen Empress beat Tosmah and What A Treat in a photo finish. A while ago, they met again, along with six other fillies and mares, in the Columbiana Handicap. This time, Tosmah beat Queen Empress, but a little surprise package named Gold Digger beat them both. This must have made it a happy afternoon for the horseplayers who go for hunches on names; Gold Digger paid a $108.80 mutuel.

Baeza, who has been going great guns, with forty-seven winning mounts at the meeting, must have a lucky amulet. Early last week, he hurt an ankle as his mount came out of the starting gate, and two days later a horse he was riding stumbled and tossed him to the track. It was feared that he had a slight concussion, but apparently he's good as new.

WHEN the racers of Louis B. Mayer were auctioned off, in the best tradition of movie premières, at Santa Anita in 1947, the sixty head bringing in $1,553,500, this figure seemed an unapproachable high in horse sales. Well, the dispersal of the Foxcatcher Farms bloodstock last week at Timonium—the little old half-miler near Baltimore—beat that all hollow. Fifty-one head brought $2,401,300. And that wasn't the only record. John E. du Pont, a son of the late William du Pont, Jr., paid $253,000 for Berlo, the best three-year-old filly of 1960—the highest price ever paid for a thoroughbred of her sex. (The old mark was $177,000, for La Dauphine at Keeneland in 1964.) He also gave $215,000 for Rose Trader, a four-year-old, which, with purchases of two other mares and three yearlings, brought his tab to $767,000. The yearlings will be handled for him by Downey Bonsal, who trained Mongo for Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott. Mrs. Scott picked up Lopar for $145,000 and Gay Fairy for $100,000. Paul Mellon got the only other six-figure mare—All Beautiful—for $175,000. At this sale, John R. Gaines also offered twenty-one of the broodmares he bought recently from C. V. Whitney at a private sale. They brought $467,300.

Speaking of luck and the high dollar, a horseplayer from Brooklyn held the only ticket sold on the winning twin double at Lincoln Downs last Saturday. He collected $54,838.40.

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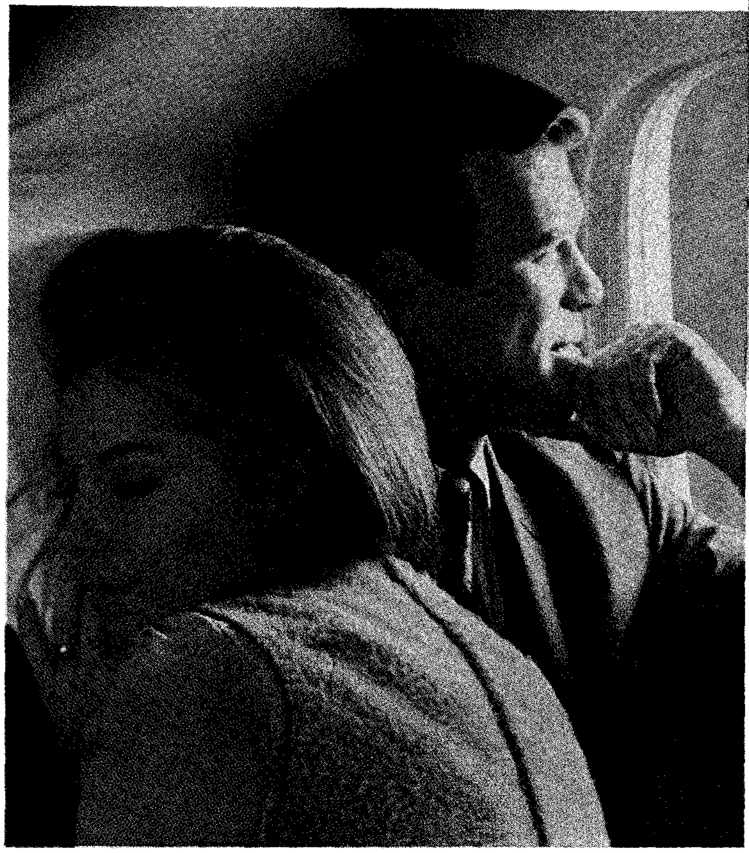

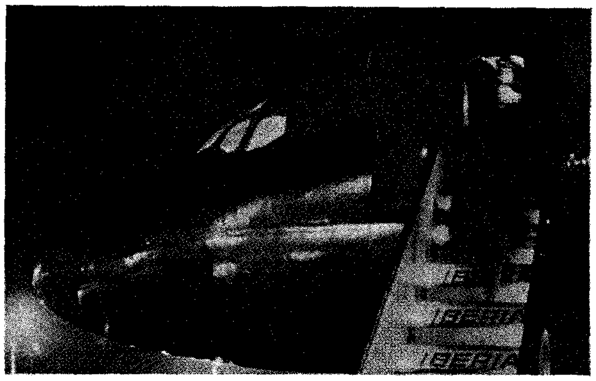

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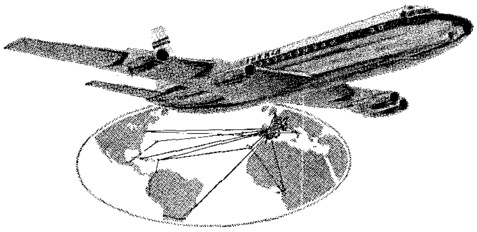

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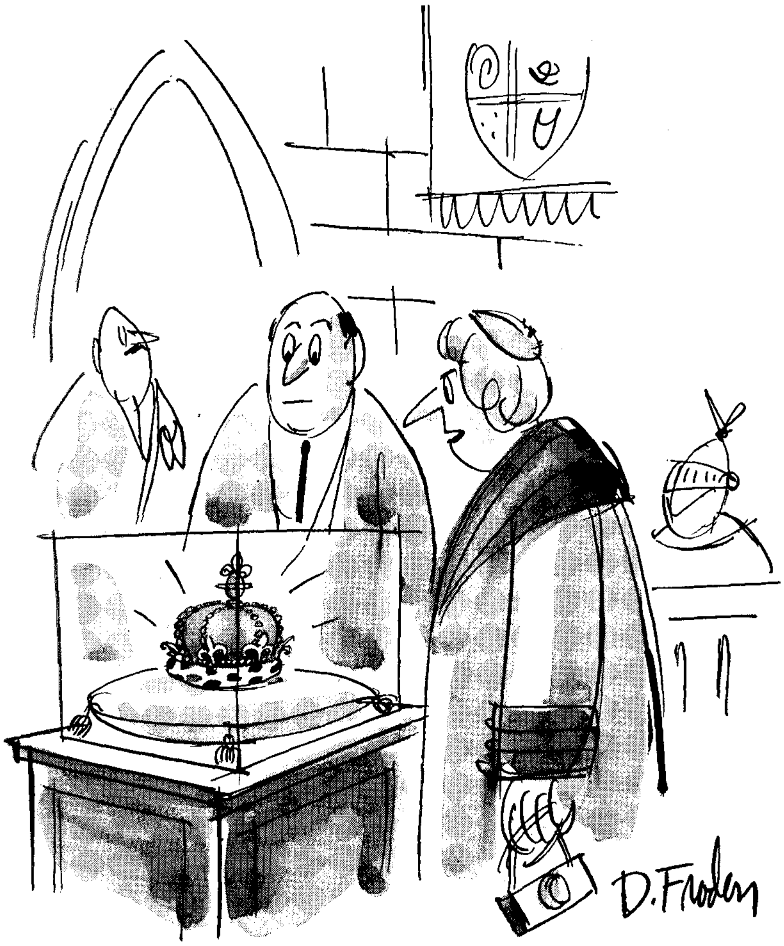
BOOKS

The Fork

IT is not certain that the United States needs still more translations of Kierkegaard. The Kierkegaard bibliography in this country is already amply confusing; led by the dauntless Walter Lowrie, a campaign of translation coincident with the Second World War endowed the English-speaking world with almost all of the torrential *œuvre* that the Danish thinker had created a century before. Eight books, including the immense "Concluding Unscientific Postscript," were published here in 1941 alone. The current index of books in print lists twenty-two Kierkegaard titles, not counting duplications and anthologies. Distributed among a number of commercial, university, and religious presses (notably Harper, Princeton, and Augsburg) and bedevilled by overlappings and omissions ("Stages on Life's Way" seems to be out of print, whereas some of the "Discourses" crop up repeatedly), the list is nevertheless the fullest outside of Germany and Denmark itself. We lack in English only Kierkegaard's doctoral dissertation on irony (to be published next month), some topical and humorous trifles, and the very voluminous total of the journals and stray papers.

"The Last Years: Journals, 1853-1855" (Harper), edited and translated by Professor Ronald Gregor Smith, draws upon the papers from 1853 onward and the journals from their resumption, on March 1, 1854, after a four-month gap. This material, which represents Kierkegaard in his most haranguing and repetitious phase, is not unknown to previous translation. The final fifty-five pages of Alexander Dru's selection derive from the same portion of the journals. Professor Smith, though he compiles three hundred and forty pages, omits half of what Dru includes.



"If I wore something like that, you'd hate it."

Absent in Smith are some of the most pungent entries in Dru:

> Oh, Luther, Luther; your responsibility is great indeed, for the closer I look the more clearly do I see that you overthrew the Pope—and set the public on the throne.
>
> Hypocrisy is quite as inseparable from being a man as sliminess is from being a fish.
>
> What could be more ridiculous than to use a jack to pick up a pin—or to make use of the eternal punishment of hell in order to make men into that half-demoralized, half-honest bagatelle which is roughly what it means to be a man.

Professor Smith prefers the extensive to the epigrammatic, and he might claim that his selection emphasizes Kierkegaard's religious thought—the ideas that were projected outward in his pamphleteering attack upon the established Christianity of Denmark. But the pamphlets (ten in all, called "The Instant") and the open letters that Kierkegaard issued have been already rendered into English by Lowrie, under the title "Attack Upon 'Christendom.' " This book relates to "The Last Years" much as the outside of a sock relates to the inside; the pattern is not identical, but the threads are the same. After minimizing the considerable duplication, the editor of "The Last Years" justifies its publication by saying, "The last years of Kierkegaard's life saw a remarkable concentration of the motifs which controlled his whole authorship. This comes vividly to life in the present selection from the journals and papers of that time, and casts light on all that went before it." True, if "concentration" is taken to mean a narrowing. The prolix philosophizing of the "aesthetic works" and the fervent exhortation of the "religious works" have been succeeded by a third stage—an apostolic or pathological vehemence. "The Last Years" shows Kierkegaard's mind narrowed to a very hard point. More precisely, it shows his mind and life, those antagonistic twins, both narrowed to a very hard point, the point of attack, which becomes the point of vanishing.

Søren Aabye Kierkegaard (the name means "churchyard," and is pronounced "Kĕrkĕgōr") was born in Copenhagen in 1813—"the year," he was to say, "when so many worthless notes were put in circulation." His father, Michael, was a man of great force and complexity. A shepherd lad from the desolate West Jutland heath, he had become a prosperous cloth merchant and grocer in the city, only to retire at the age of forty, perhaps to devote himself to religious brooding. Within a year of his first wife's death, Michael married a household servant, Ane Lund, who bore him a child four months after their wedding. This marriage was to produce seven children, of whom Søren Aabye (as distinguished from his older brother, Søren Michael) was the last. His father was fifty-six, his mother forty-five; the advanced age of his parents accounts in part for Kierkegaard's physical frailty, and his position as the fam-

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ily Benjamin for his pertness and conceit. His nickname within the family was Fork—bestowed when, rebuked for shovelling food greedily at the table, he announced, "I *am* a fork, and I will stick you." Descriptions of his childhood abound in his journals:

> I was already an old man when I was born.... Delicate, slender, and weak, deprived of almost every condition for holding my own with other boys, or even for passing as a complete human being in comparison with others; melancholy, sick in soul, in many ways profoundly unfortunate, one thing I had: an eminently shrewd wit, given me presumably in order that I might not be defenseless.

But many weak boys with sharp tongues are born into the world, and Kierkegaard's heightened sense of himself reaches for more:

> I am in the deepest sense an unfortunate individual who has from the earliest age been nailed fast to one suffering or another, to the very verge of insanity, which may have its deeper ground in a disproportion between my soul and my body.

And in "The Last Years," in the last entry, within a few weeks of his death, this sense of initial misfortune attains a frightening pitch:

> Through a crime I came into existence, I came into existence against God's will. The fault, which in one sense is not mine, even if it makes me a criminal in God's eyes, is to give life. The punishment fits the fault: it is to be deprived of all joy of life, to be brought to the supreme degree of disgust with life.

His adult life consisted of a series of quixotic, or expiatory, gestures. His father wanted him to study for the ministry, so he spent his youth in frivolity, drunkenness, and dandyism. His father died, so he settled down to pass the theological examination. He fell in love with and successfully courted Regine Olsen; then he broke off the engagement and buried himself in a frenetic literary activity dedicated to her. He became, under his own name and under the open secret of his pseudonyms, the most remarkable writer in Denmark, the only author above attack by the scurrilous magazine the *Corsair;* so he incited the *Corsair*, though its editor, Meïr Goldschmidt, revered him, to attack, which it did with such success that Kierkegaard's personal life was made a torment and the name Søren became a byword for the ridiculous. Lastly, he who had long been on the verge of becoming a country parson mounted a savage attack upon organized Christianity, exhorting true Christians to abstain from the sin of church

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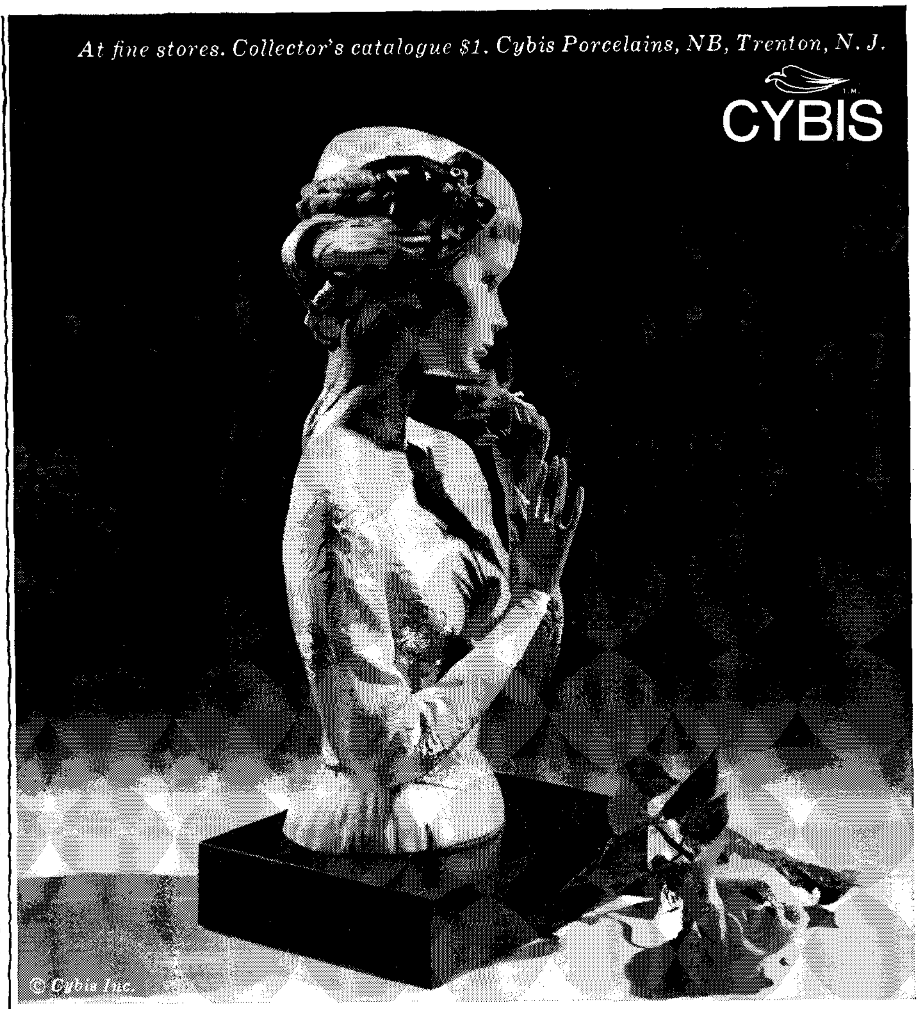
worship; he refused the Eucharist, since it could not be administered by a layman, on his deathbed.

Kierkegaard's American reputation was long deferred and is still esoteric, but in Denmark Kierkegaard was a celebrity. Indeed, he seems to have been the Benjamin of Copenhagen, the marketplace capital of a small and homogeneous country. His break with Regine was surrounded by so much gossip that it amounted to a public event. His pseudonyms, with their interlocking prefaces and compliments, must have been private jokes to a considerable group. His books, surprisingly, sold well enough to make money. During the *Corsair* persecution, his twisted back and uneven trouser legs were caricatured every week for a year, and the students at the university produced a comedy whose ridiculous hero was called Søren Kirk. Children taunted him on the streets. In his journals, he lamented, "To let oneself be trampled by geese is a slow way of dying," and complained that "when . . . I have sought recreation by driving ten or twelve miles, and my body has gradually become somewhat weak . . . when I alight from the carriage . . . there is sure to be someone at hand who is jolly enough to call me names." Astonishingly, the very name Søren, up to then the most common male baptismal name, became opprobrious, and Danish parents, according to Lowrie, took to admonishing their children, "Don't be a Søren." Though helpless under such assault, Kierkegaard was not without power. A staunch monarchist, he was on conversational terms with King Christian VIII, and Lowrie asserts that in the relationship it was Kierkegaard who "held himself a little aloof." (In his journals, Kierkegaard dryly noted, "On the whole, Christian VIII has enriched me with many psychological observations. Perhaps psychologists ought to pay particular attention to kings, and especially to absolute monarchs; for the freer a man is, the better he can be known.") Kierkegaard's satirical pen was a feared weapon. He undoubtedly ruined the life of a former friend, P. S. Møller, with a personal attack published in the newspaper *Fatherland*. So his assault upon the ecclesiastical establishment was delivered from the strength of notoriety, and, far from being the private fulminations of an obscure aesthete and mystic, was a demagogic assault, a well-publicized uproar reverberating throughout Scandinavia. ("The Instant" was immediately translated into Swedish and, not needing translation in Norway,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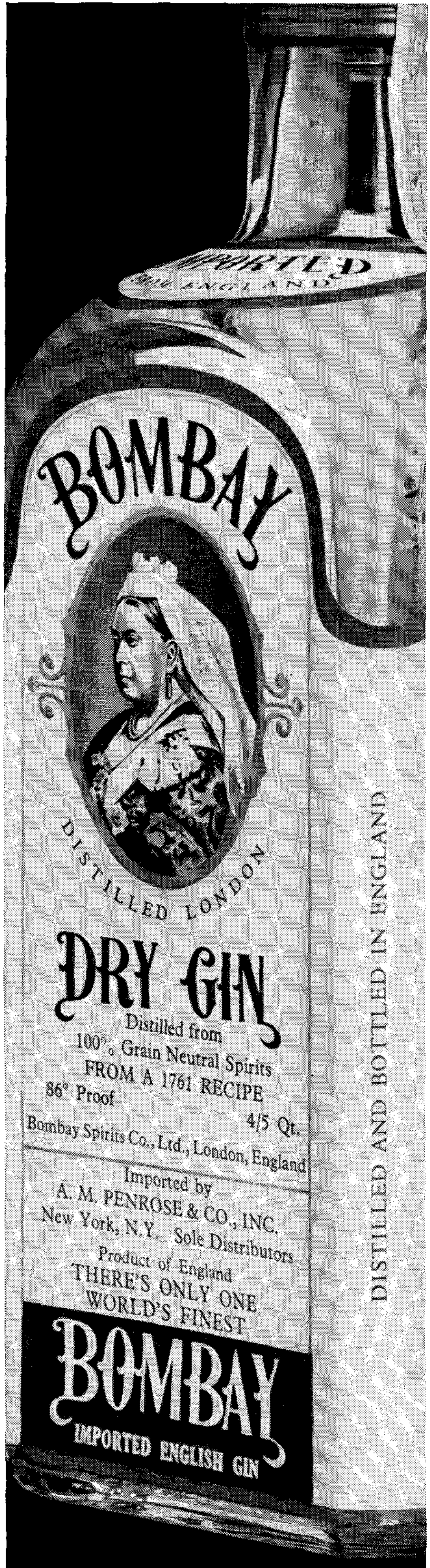
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aroused the interest of young Ibsen, to become the basis of "Brand.") Kierkegaard's expectation of arrest and imprisonment was not fulfilled, but at his funeral a crowd of students gathered to protest the church's appropriation of the body, and a riot was barely averted. W. H. Auden, in introducing his own Kierkegaard anthology, regards "The Attack Upon 'Christendom' " as not a book but an act: "What for the author was the most important book of his life is for us, as readers, the least, for to us the important point is not what it contains, but the fact that Kierkegaard wrote it."

Certainly, the journals of "The Last Years" are difficult to enjoy. How different are, say, the "Last Diaries" of Tolstoy, wherein the old man, honored all over the world, a sacred figure to his countrymen, struggles with the naïveté of a child to become good! Kierkegaard never had Tolstoy's candid willingness to learn and grow. He was endowed from birth with a somewhat elderly mind. Though he read voraciously and could be gregarious and charming, only five people seem to have really interested him: Jesus, Socrates, Hegel, Regine Olsen, and his father. Though his ability to vary and extend his voice is marvellous, a single field of ideas appears to have been in his possession since the beginning. It remained only for him to explore it and to arrive at the ultimate conclusion. One does not find in "The Last Years" those categories—"the absurd," "the leap," "dread"—that modern Existentialism has made fashionable; they were expounded in the earlier "aesthetic works." What one does find, theologically, is a wholehearted insistence upon the inhumanity of God. Through the bitter clamor of these journals—the outrageous but telling satires on bourgeois Christianity, the complaints about priests and professors and Bishop Mynster, the searching diagnoses of Luther and Schopenhauer, the not always tender deprecations of women, the copious self-dramatization, the tedious extollation of "the individual," the slashing dismissals of "knavish religiosity," "scoundrelly posterity," and the "increasing mass of drivel which is called science"—there sounds a note that attains a crescendo in the last pages: Christianity is torture, and God a torturer:

> In Christianity God is spirit—and therefore so immensely severe, from love: for he longs for spirit from man. . . . God is never so severe with those he loves in the Old Testament as he is with the apostles, for example, whose life was sheer suffering and then a martyr's death. . . . *In the Old Testament*, when the

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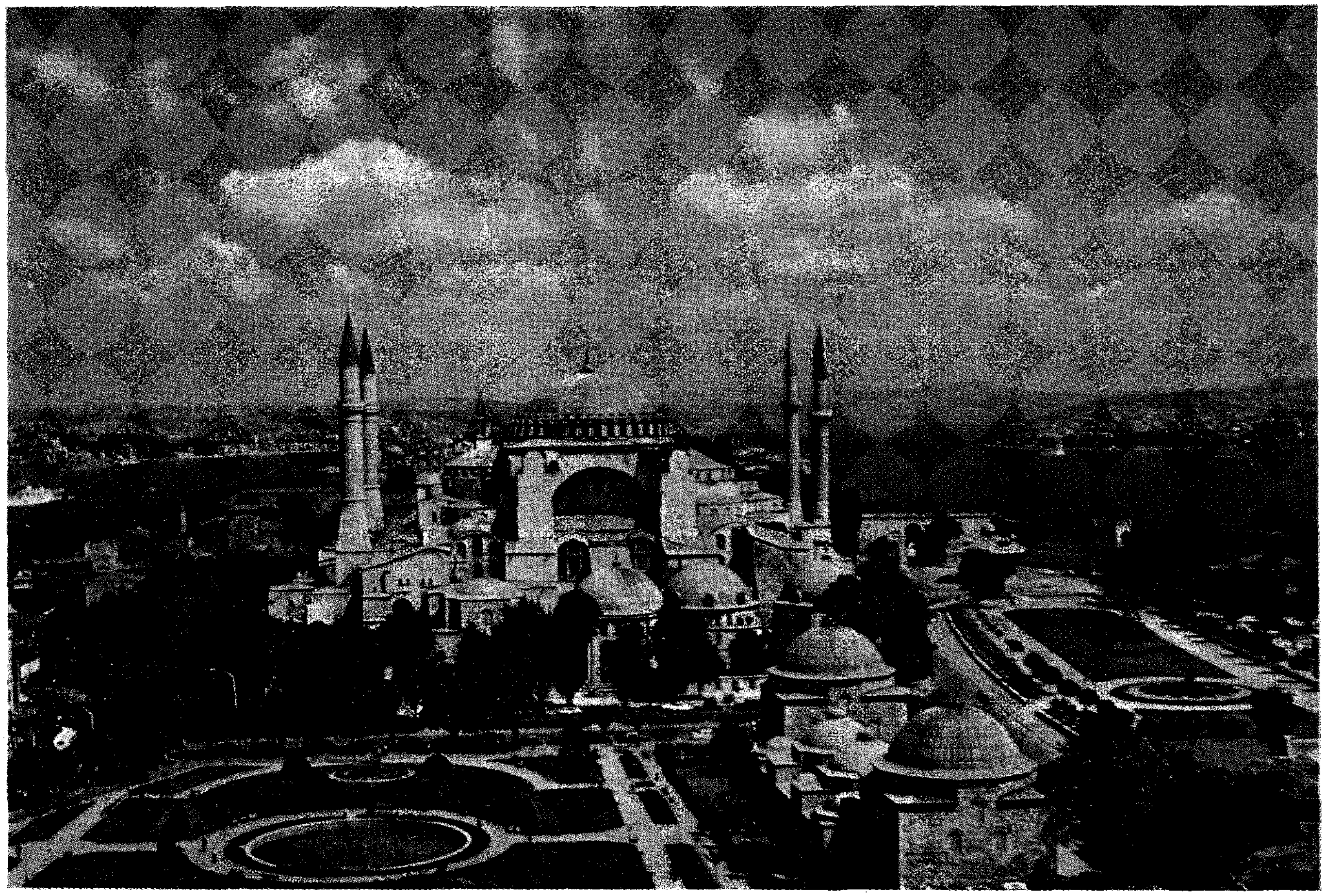

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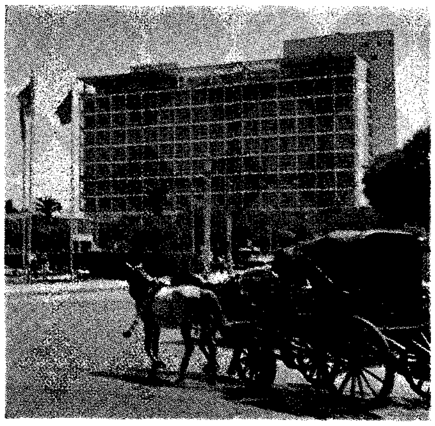

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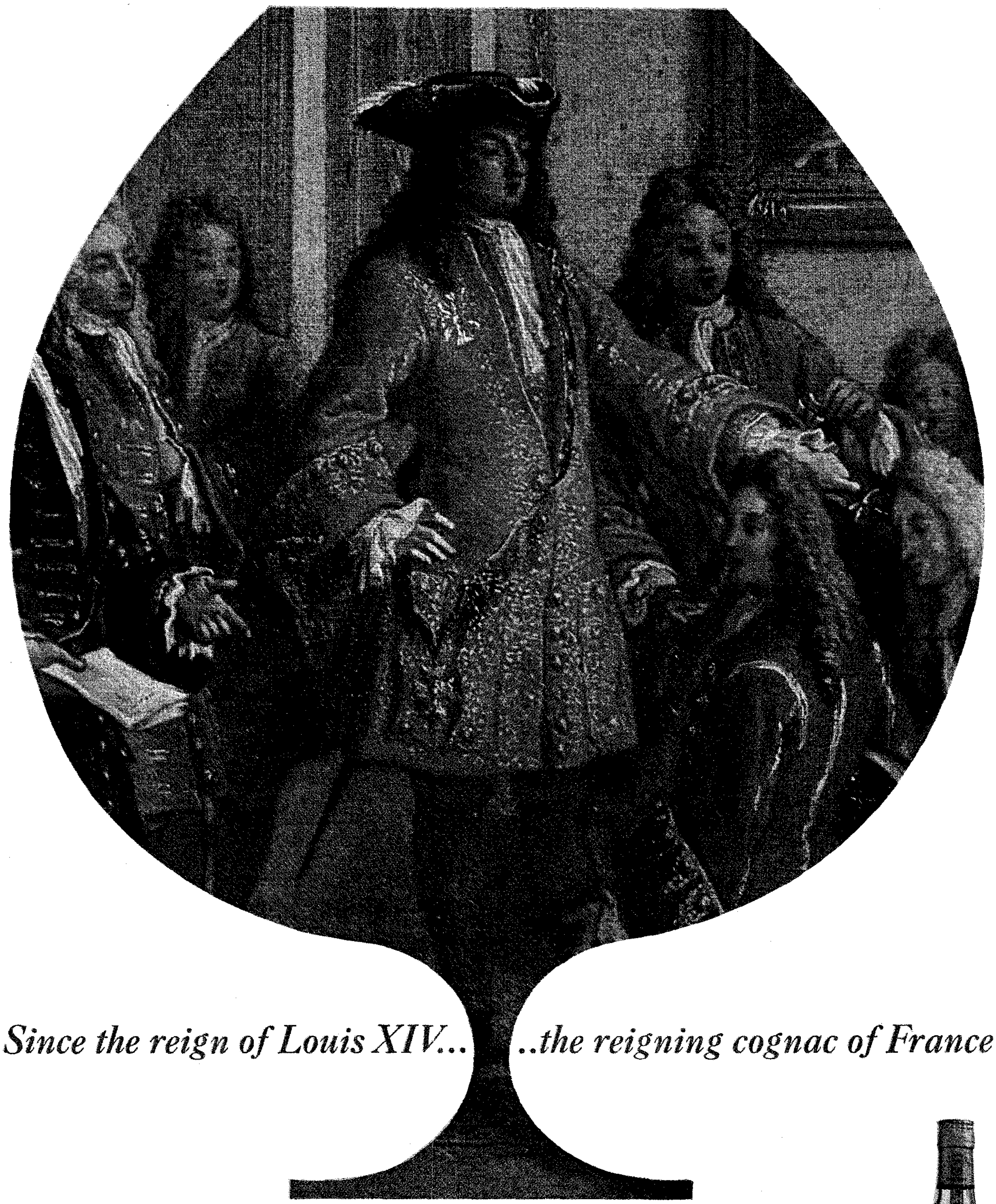

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prophet is in need, God always finds a way out—but as for the apostle . . . there is no talk of unexpected help which shall bring him his strictest necessities; no, God just leaves him in the lurch, leaves him to die of hunger and thirst—it can be as severe as that.

If I were a pagan and had to speak Greek, I should say that God has arranged everything for his own entertainment; he amuses himself like a man who puts a piece of bacon in a mousetrap and watches all the tricks of the mice to get the bacon out without being trapped—so God amuses himself at the leaps and springs and contortions of these millions of men to get hold of the truth without suffering.

. . . What torture! If a man is really to be the instrument of God, for the infinite will that God is, then God must first take all his will from him. What a fearful operation! And it is natural that no one knows how to examine so painfully as one who is omniscient and omnipotent. Certainly with other forms of torture there are doctors present to estimate how long the tortured man can hold out without losing his life. Yet mistakes can happen, and the tortured man can die before their eyes. This never happens with one who is omniscient.

To be a Christian is the most terrible of all torments, it is—and it must be—to have one's hell here on earth. . . . One shudders to read what an animal must suffer which is used for vivisection; yet this is only a fugitive image of the suffering involved in being a Christian—in being kept alive in the state of death.

The vision is so terrible that Kierkegaard almost relents: "What I write is from a Christian standpoint so true, so true, and from a Christian standpoint this is how I must write. And yet I can say that what I write here tortures me to produce . . . it is repugnant to me." Again: "Ah, it is with sorrow that I write this. In melancholy sympathy, though myself unhappy, I loved men and the mass of men. Their bestial conduct toward me compelled me, in order to endure it, to have more and more to do with God."

And what is the essence of God's nature, that makes "having to do" with Him so painful? Majesty:

Suffering, that there must be suffering, is connected with the majesty of God. His majesty is so infinite that it can be characterized or expressed only by a paradox: it is the paradox of the majesty which is bound to make the beloved unhappy. . . . Suffering depends on the fact that God and man are qualitatively different, and that the clash of time and eternity in time is bound to cause suffering.

A little later, the formula is given a personal turn:

O infinite majesty, even if you were not love, even if you were cold in your infinite majesty I could not cease to love

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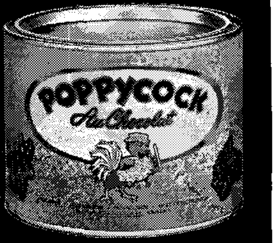

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you, I need something majestic to love.... There was and there is a need of majesty in my soul, of a majesty I can never tire of worshipping.

Yet elsewhere this majesty acquires human attributes, even weaknesses. God knows sorrow. "Alas, the more I think about it the more I come to imagine God as sitting in sorrow, for he most of all knows what sorrow is." God loves, out of need. "It is God's passion to love and to be loved, almost—infinite love!—as though he himself were bound in this passion, in the power of this passion, so that he cannot cease to love, almost as though it were a weakness. . . ." And: "I know that in love you suffer with me, more than I, infinite Love—even if you cannot change."

The paragraph preceding this last quotation is revealing:

> If my contemporaries could understand how I suffer, how Providence, if I may dare to say so, maltreats me, I am certain that they would be so profoundly moved that in human sympathy they would make an attempt (as sometimes happens with a child which is being maltreated by its parents) to wrest me free from Providence.

The hypothetical cruel parents return in another metaphor:

> As the child of a tight-rope walker is from his earliest years made supple in his back and in every muscle so that, after daily practice, he is sheer suppleness and can carry out every movement, absolutely every movement, in the most excruciating positions, yet always easily and smiling: so with prayer to the absolute majesty.

And in a third image, world history is likened to "the uproar and hubbub which children make in their playroom, instead of sitting still and reading their books (as their parents would like)." With these similes, we touch a central nerve of Kierkegaard's thought—the identification of God with his father, whom he both loved and hated, who treated him cruelly and who loved him.

Much is known of Kierkegaard's relation with his father, but more is unknown. Kierkegaard wrote in his journals: "Perhaps I could recount the tragedy of my childhood, the fearful secret explanation of religion, suggesting an apprehensive presentiment which my imagination elaborated, my offence at religion—I could recount it in a novel entitled 'The Enigmatical Family.' " And another entry reads:

> It is terrible whenever for a single instant I come to think of the dark background of my life, from the very earliest time. The anxious dread with which my father filled my soul, his own frightful melancholy, the many things which I can-

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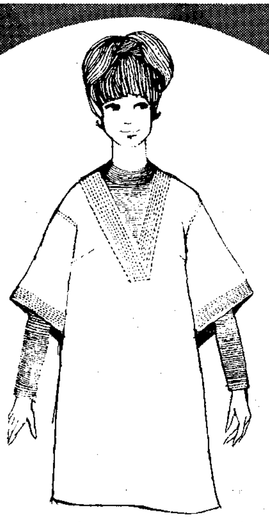

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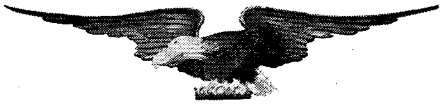

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not record—I got such a dread of Christianity, and yet I felt myself so strongly drawn to it.

A childhood classmate later wrote, "To the rest of us who led a genuinely boyish life S. K. was a stranger and an object of compassion, especially on account of his dress. . . . This [his costume, which resembled the costume of charity schools] procured him the nickname of Choirboy, which alternated with Søren Sock, in allusion to his father's previous business as hosier. S. K. was regarded by us all as one whose home was wrapped in a mysterious half-darkness of severity and oddity." And in his autobiographical "The Point of View for My Work as an Author," Kierkegaard wrote, "As a child I was strictly and austerely brought up in Christianity; humanly speaking, crazily brought up. A child crazily travestied as a melancholy old man. Terrible!"

Yet the boy's relation to his father was also intimate and admiring. One of Kierkegaard's pseudonyms, Johannes Climacus, reminisces:

> His father was a very severe man, apparently dry and prosaic, but under this rough coat he concealed a glowing imagination which even old age could not quench. When Johannes occasionally asked of him permission to go out, he generally refused to give it, though once in a while he proposed instead that Johannes should take his hand and walk back and forth in the room. . . . While they went back and forth in the room the father described all that they saw; they greeted passersby, carriages rattled past them and drowned the father's voice; the cake-woman's goodies were more enticing than ever. He described so accurately, so vividly, so explicitly even to the least details, everything that was known to Johannes and so fully and perspicuously what was unknown to him, that after half an hour of such a walk with his father he was as much overwhelmed and fatigued as if he had been a whole day out of doors. . . . To Johannes it seemed as if the world were coming into existence during the conversation, *as if the father were our Lord and he were his favorite*, who was allowed to interpose his foolish conceits as merrily as he would; for he was never repulsed, the father was never put out, he agreed to everything.

I have abbreviated this often quoted passage and italicized a revealing clause. By the same light, Kierkegaard did not expect to live past the age of thirty-three (the age of Christ) and did expect his father, though fifty-seven years older, to outlive him (to be immortal). In fact, his father lived to the patriarchal age of eighty-two and Kierkegaard died when he was only forty-two, so the premonition was in spirit correct. There is no doubt that his father fearfully dominated the

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household. Incredibly, in all of Kierkegaard's writings there is not one mention of his mother. And an age that has been able to peruse Kafka's diaries need not be reminded that, severity aside, the *competence*, the very wonderfulness of a father can be felt as a crushing tyranny. "It is a fearful thing," Kierkegaard wrote, "to fall into the hands of the living God."

To all this add a precocious compassion. In his journals Kierkegaard writes of the perils of religious education:

> The most dangerous case is not when the father is a free thinker, and not even when he is a hypocrite. No, the danger is when he is a pious and God-fearing man, when the child is inwardly and deeply convinced of it, and yet in spite of all this observes that a profound unrest is deeply hidden in his soul, so that not even piety and the fear of God can bestow peace. The danger lies just here, that the child in this relationship is almost compelled to draw a conclusion about God, that after all God is not infinite love.

It does not seem to me contradictory to posit a father who appears as both God and a victim of God. Such a paradox, after all, is fundamental to Christian theology, and Kierkegaard's imagination often returns to the forsaken Christ's outcry on the Cross. Duplicity was the very engine of Kierkegaard's thought, a habit he elevated to a metaphysical principle—the principle of "indirect communication," which he found both in Socrates' intellectual midwifery and in God's decision to embody Himself in a scorned and mocked sufferer. In all Kierkegaard's production, nothing is more powerful, more beautiful and typical, than the sweeping Prelude to "Fear and Trembling," wherein the story of Abraham and Isaac is pursued through a sequence of differing versions. All portray, in similar language, Abraham and Isaac rising in the morning, leaving Sarah, and travelling to Mount Moriah, where God has told Abraham he must sacrifice his son. In the first version, Abraham, whose face has shown sorrow and "fatherliness," turns away a moment, "and when Isaac again saw Abraham's face it was changed, his glance was wild, his form was horror. He seized Isaac by the throat, threw him to the ground, and said, 'Stupid boy, dost thou then suppose that I am thy father? I am an idolater. Dost thou suppose that this is God's bidding? No, it is my desire.' Then Isaac trembled and cried out in his terror, 'O God in heaven, have compassion upon me. God of Abraham, have compassion upon me. If I have no father upon earth, be

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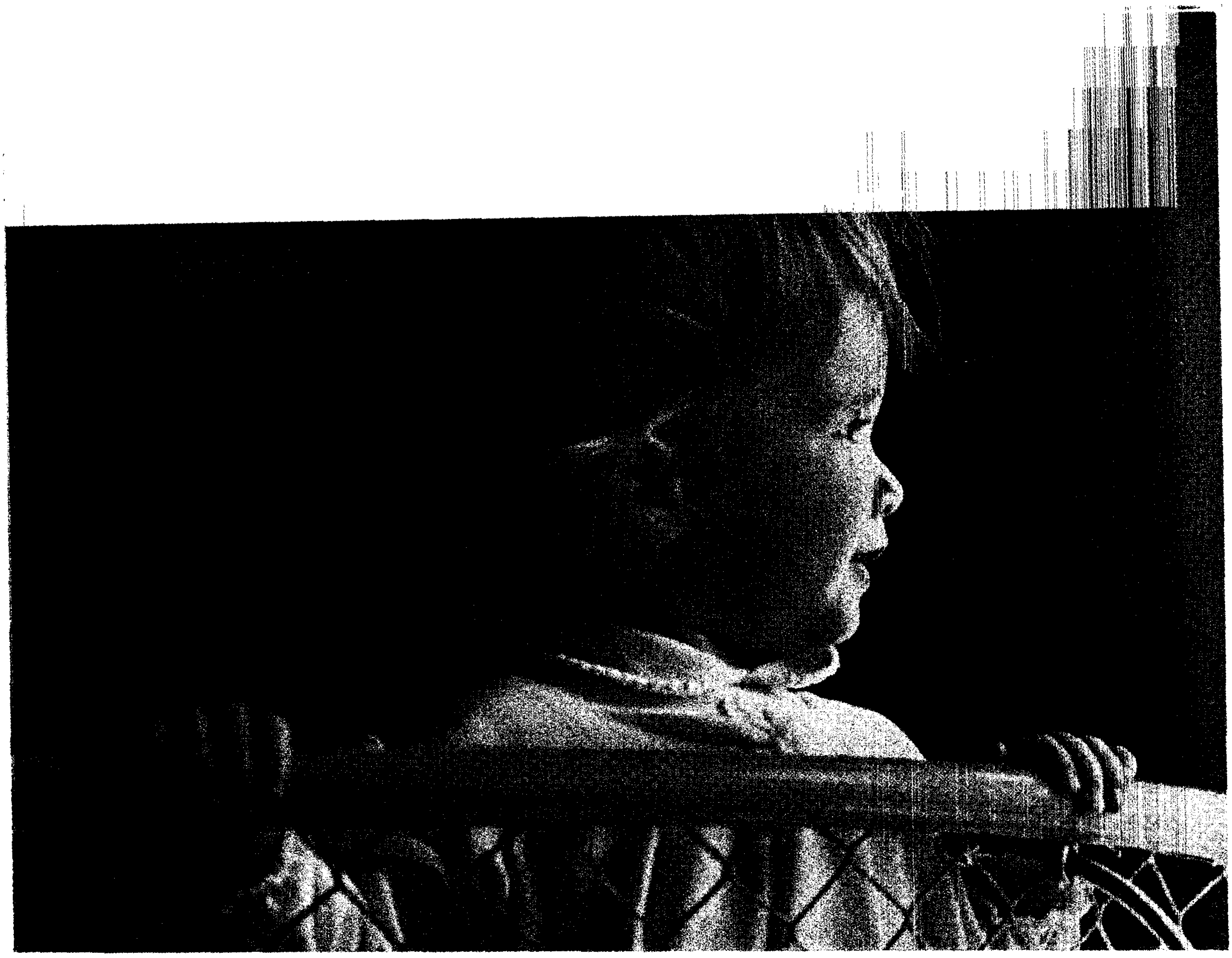

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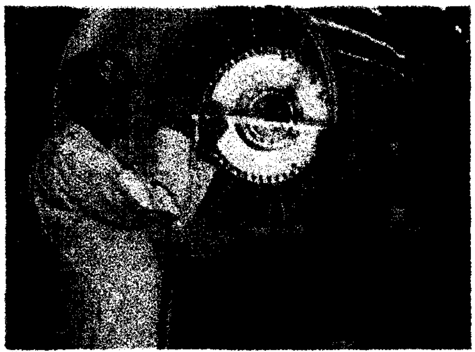

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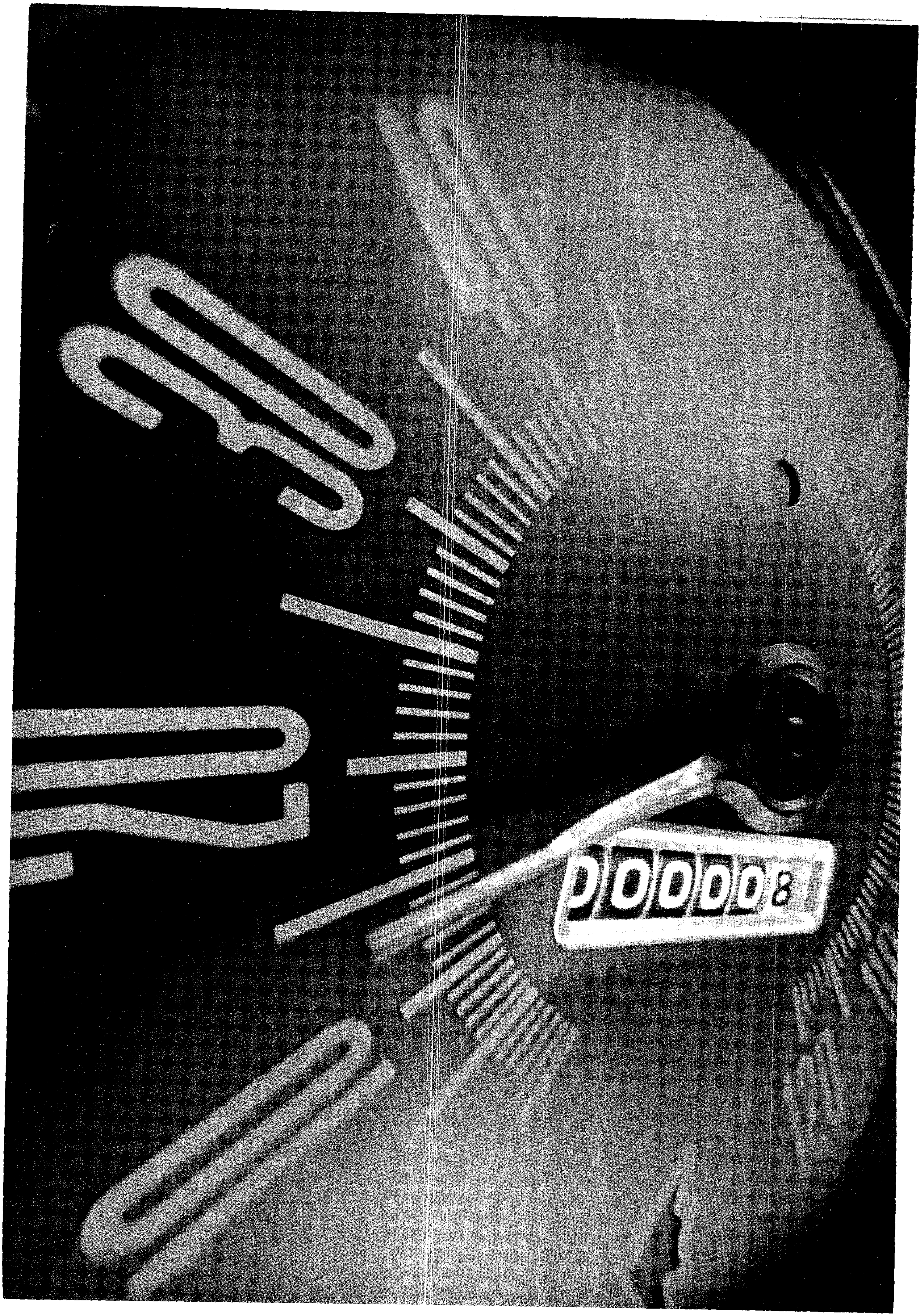
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Thou my father!' But Abraham in a low voice said to himself, 'O Lord in heaven, I thank Thee. After all it is better for him to believe that I am a monster, rather than that he should lose faith in Thee.'" Here, in this shocking twist of a myth, that nerve is bared. Here, in this play of ironies and deceits carried out under the highest pressure of anguish, we feel close to Kierkegaard's mysterious and searing experience of his father.

A specific revelation about his father troubled Kierkegaard's young manhood and was transmuted, or absorbed, into a gnawing guilt or uneasiness that he refers to in his journals as "the thorn in my flesh," which in turn seems to be synonomous with his singularity, his fate, as "the individual," to suffer a martyrdom not incomparable with Christ's. Some crucial confidence was imparted on his twenty-second birthday: "Then it was that the great earthquake occurred, the frightful upheaval which suddenly forced upon me a new infallible rule for interpreting the phenomena one and all. Then I surmised that my father's great age was not a divine blessing, but rather a curse. . . . Guilt must rest upon the whole family, a divine punishment must be impending over it." The exact nature of the "earthquake" is forever buried in the portentous secrecy Kierkegaard assigned it. Possibly the old man's confession had to do with sex. On the mere statistical records, Michael Kierkegaard seduced his housekeeper in the year of mourning his first wife, married the woman when she was five months pregnant, and fathered upon her a total of seven children, the last, Søren Aabye, being born when the parents, if not as ancient as Abraham and Sarah, were of an age when, in Lowrie's delicate phrase, "no such blessing was expected." Kierkegaard frequently speaks of his own existence as a "mistake," and in the journals of "The Last Years" this sense of himself has spread to include all humanity: "This whole human existence, dating from the Fall, and which we men are so puffed up about as a devilish *tour de force* . . . is merely the consequence of a false step." Of a hypothetical son he writes:

> Concerning himself he learns that he was conceived in sin, born in transgression—that his existence is therefore a crime, that therefore his father, in giving him life, has done something which is as far as possible from being well-pleasing to God.

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he felt about being himself living proof of an elderly couple's concupiscence. He ranged from the heights of conceit to abysmal depths of shame; near the end of his life, he suffered a stroke while visiting friends and, falling helpless to the floor, rejected the attempts to lift him up by saying, "Oh, leave it [his body] until the maid clears it away in the morning." In the last journals, he thanks God "that no living being owes existence to me," urges celibacy upon all Christians, faces cheerfully the consequence that the race would die out, and asserts that "human egoism is concentrated in the sexual relation, the propagation of the species, the giving of life."

Or the "earthquake" may have been learning that his father, as an eleven-year-old boy, had cursed God. An entry in the journals of 1846 reads:

> How terrible about the man who once as a little boy, while herding the flocks on the heaths of Jutland, suffering greatly, in hunger and in want, stood upon a hill and cursed God—and the man was unable to forget it even when he was eighty-two years old.

The first editor of Kierkegaard's papers, Barfod, showed this passage to Bishop Peter Kierkegaard, the one surviving sibling, who confirmed that this was indeed his father, and that, since shortly thereafter the shepherd boy was adopted by an uncle and set on the road to prosperity, he regarded this prosperity as an inverted curse, as God's vengeance for, to quote Peter, "the sin against the Holy Ghost which never can be forgiven." It seems likely that this, and not a sexual confession, is the matter of the "earthquake." And it seems to me, furthermore, that in some sense Kierkegaard's attack upon Christendom is a repetition of his father's curse—an attack, ostensibly directed against the Danish Protestant Church, upon God Himself, on behalf of the father who had suffered, and yet also against this same father, who had made his son suffer and bound him to Christian belief.

In 1849, Kierkegaard wrote in his journals, under the heading *Something about myself which must always be remembered:* "If, with my imagination, and with my passions, etc., I had been in any ordinary human sense a man, then I should certainly have forgotten Christianity entirely. But I am bound in agonizing misery, like a bird whose wings have been clipped, yet retaining the power of my mind undiminished, and its undoubtedly exceptional powers." And the pamphlets comprising "The Attack" have been,

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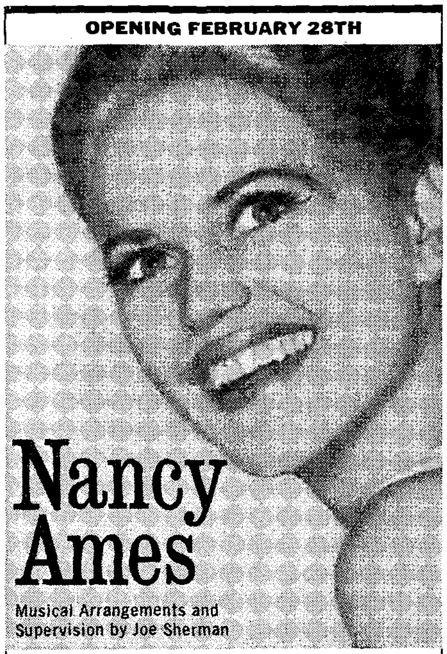

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in every language except English, the first things by Kierkegaard to be translated, as anticlerical, anti-Christian literature. The "Christendom" Kierkegaard denounced was popularly taken to be synonymous with Christianity, and perhaps it was. It is hard to account otherwise for the strange qualities of the attack as found in "The Instant" and in these journals. Are specific abuses, as in Luther's attack upon the Papal church, named? No: "Luther nailed up ninety-five theses on the church door; that was a fight about doctrine. Nowadays one might publish one single thesis in the papers: 'Christianity does not exist;' and offer to dispute with all parsons and dons." This is from a journal of 1851; by 1854, Kierkegaard had developed a piercing critique of Luther, stated wittily as:

> Luther suffered extremely from an anxious conscience, he needed treatment. Very well: but is that a reason for completely transforming Christianity into a matter of calming anxious consciences?

Kierkegaard does not want consciences to be calmed, he wants them to be exacerbated by the truth about Christianity. "My task is to put a halt to a lying diffusion of Christianity, and to help it to shake off a mass of nominal Christians." And what is the truth about Christianity?

> The ideal means hatred of man. What man naturally loves is finitude. To face him with the ideal is the most dreadful torture . . . it kills in him, in the most painful way, everything in which he really finds his life, in the most painful way it shows him his own wretchedness, it keeps him in sleepless unrest, whereas finitude lulls him into enjoyment. That is why Christianity is called, and is, hatred of man.

Now, is such advocacy not a hidden prosecution? It may be argued that harsh words were a needed corrective to an existing complacency and that the New Testament itself is sternly world-denying. But I notice that, just as liberal apologists are troubled to explain away the "hard" sayings of Jesus, Kierkegaard is embarrassed by the Gospels' softer moments—the genial miracle at the wedding of Cana, the sufferance of little children, the promise to the thief on the cross. Kierkegaard says, "Men live their life in the strength of the assurance that of such as children is the kingdom of God, and in death they look for consolation to the image of the thief. That is the whole of their Christianity, and, characteristically enough, it is a mixture of childishness and crime." Surely here he is attacking something essential to Biblical teaching—the forgivingness that balances

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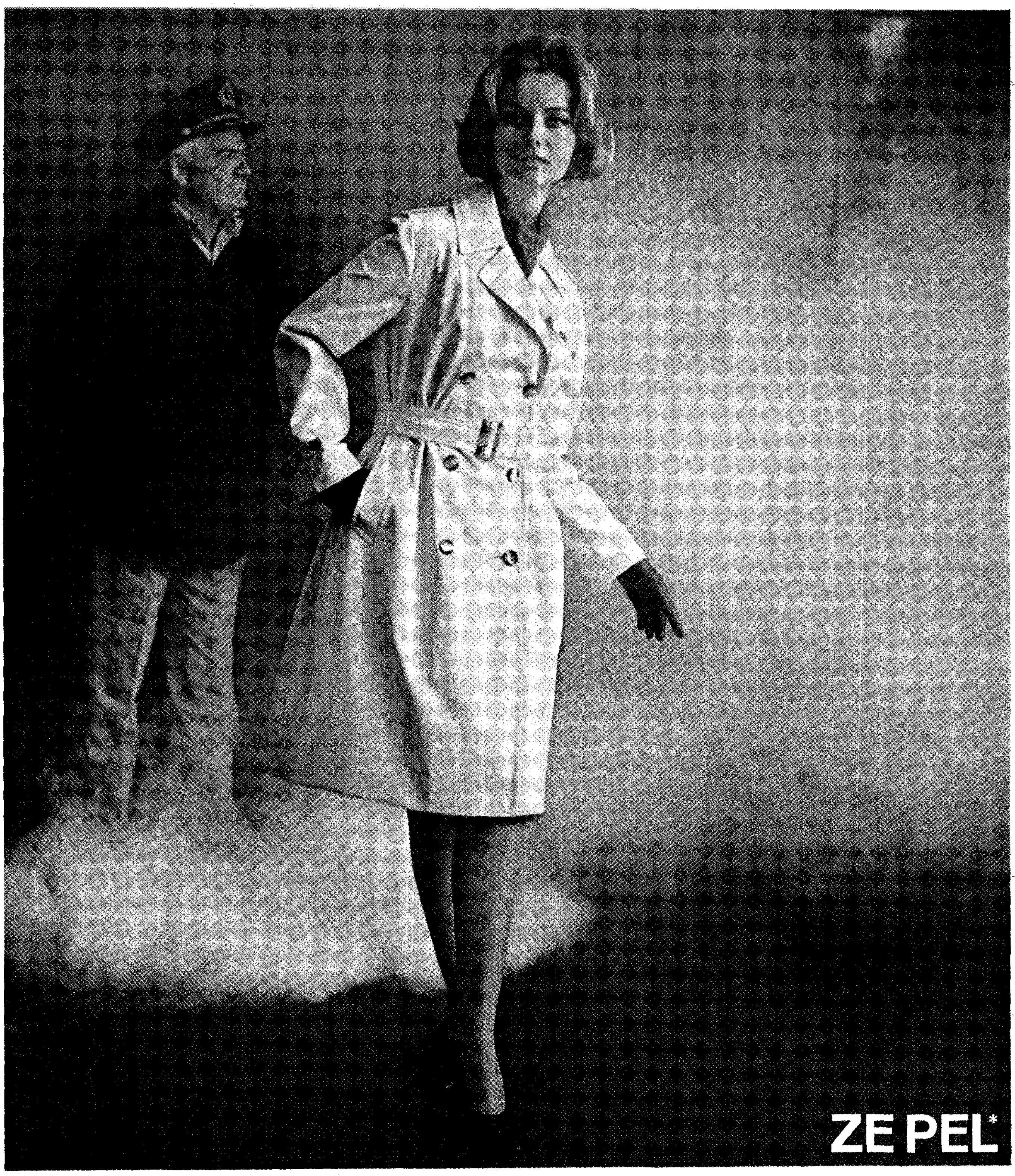

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majesty. He seems impatient with divine mercy, much as a true revolutionary despises the philanthropies whereby misery is abated and revolution delayed. The "Christendom" he attacks has strangely little substance, apart from the person of Bishop Mynster, his father's pastor, who is criticized only for his urbanity and eloquence and his refusal to confess that "what he represented was not really Christianity but a milder form of it." Indeed, the whole attack is an invitation to the Church to commit suicide: "Yes, truly, suicide, and yet an action well-pleasing to God." Any specific reform—a revival of monasteries, an abolition of "livings"—he explicitly disavows. The one concrete result he expects from his attack is his own imprisonment and death. Though the Church's functionaries barely troubled to respond even in writing, he did die. He suffered his fatal stroke while returning from the bank with the last scrap of his fortune. He had nowhere further to go, and his death, whose causes eluded diagnosis, seems willed.

In the hospital, he told his only intimate friend, the pastor Emil Boesen, "The doctors do not understand my illness; it is psychic, and they want to treat it in the ordinary medical way." His conversations with Boesen, a kind of continuation of the journals (printed as such by Dru), have a relaxed sweetness; his terrible "task" is done, and he is happy that so much in his life has "come out right" and melancholy that he cannot share his happiness with everyone. He refuses to put flowers sent him into water: "it is the fate of flowers to blossom, smell, and die." Of "The Instant," whose tenth number lay unpublished on his desk, he said, "You must remember that I have seen everything from the inmost center of Christianity, it is all very poor and clumsy. . . . I only said it to be rid of evil, and so to reach an Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!" This "Alleluia," it may be, could be reached only through a scandal in which, alone like a shepherd boy on the Jutland heath, Kierkegaard execrated God. At any rate, with Kierkegaard, as with Proust, we feel writing as a demon—the one way to set a bent life straight.

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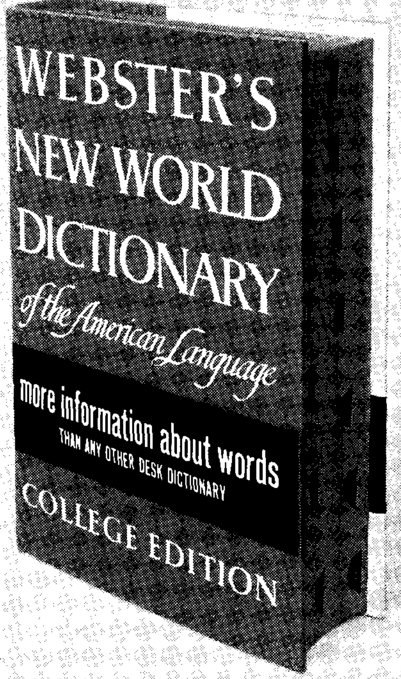

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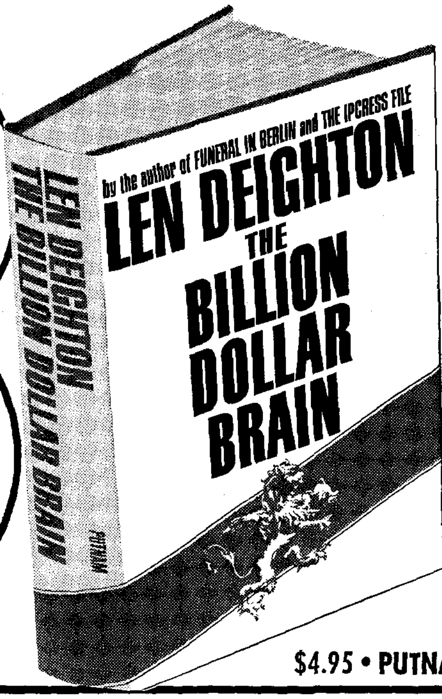
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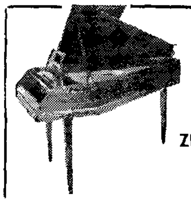

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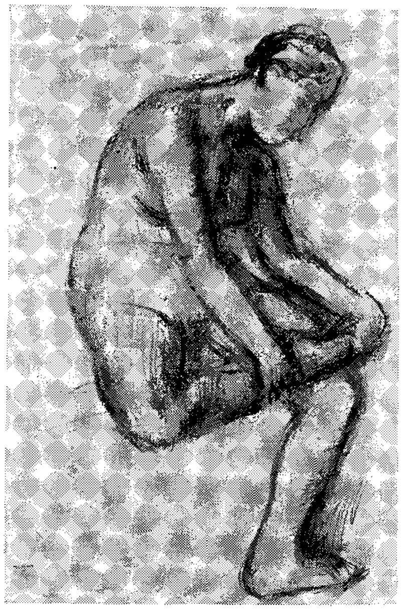

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by giving metaphysical dignity to "the subjective," by showing faith to be not an intellectual development but a movement of the will, by holding out for existential duality against the tide of all the monisms, materialist or spiritualized or political, that would absorb the individual consciousness, Kierkegaard has given Christianity new life, a handhold, the "Archimedean point." From Jaspers and Barth, Unamuno and Marcel, Heidegger and Sartre, his thought has filtered down through the seminaries to the laity. He has become, as he angrily predicted, the property of those men "more abominable and gruesome than the cannibals," professors and clergymen, and he is used, in the form of a few phrases or a bolder style, to prop up the feeble, always tottering faith of contemporary "Christians." He has become an instrument in the conspiracy to "make a fool of God." Those who read him eat the aesthetic coating and leave the religious pill, and "neo-Orthodox" Protestantism, his direct beneficiary, has accepted the antinomianism and ignored the savage austerity, the scornful authoritarianism. Yet Kierkegaard himself, this two-tined Fork with his trouser legs of unequal length, this man in love with duplicity and irony and all double-edged things, lived luxuriously to the last and is nowhere quite free of sophism and vanity. (His sermons, for example, so symphonic and ardent, somehow belong with the memorable sermons of fiction, like those of Father Mapple in "Moby Dick" and of Père Paneloux in "The Plague.") In the journal of 1849 he reminded himself, "It must never be forgotten that Christ also succored temporal and worldly needs. One can also, untruly, make Christ so spiritual that he becomes sheer cruelty." If this is what Kierkegaard seemed to do in the end, he also remembered that infinite majesty infinitely relents. Late in "The Last Years" we find this surprising entry: "For with such clarity as I have, I must say I am not a Christian. For the situation as I see it is that in spite of the abyss of nonsense in which we are caught, we shall all alike be saved."

—JOHN UPDIKE

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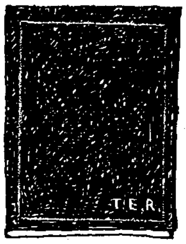

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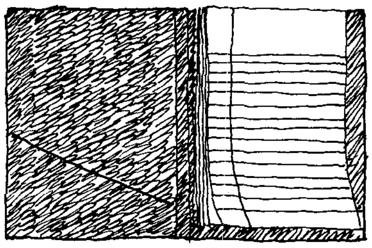

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head of the Community Health Association in Detroit, sounds its theme: "Little comfort can be taken from the fact that we—the country with the least socialization of medicine—are not the country with the greatest longevity or the lowest maternal mortality. It has been well documented that ten other countries have lower perinatal mortality, but that we, on the other hand, have the highest death rates from diabetes, cardiovascular disease, and accidents, and the second-highest death rate from cancer." The cause of this shabby showing, Mr. Tunley tells us, is the fee-for-service system, which tends to limit good medical care to those who can comfortably pay for it, and the stubborn opposition of the American Medical Association to any tinkering with that system. The A.M.A. is unquestionably a numbing social force, for, as Mr. Tunley notes, "among the measures which organized medicine has opposed in the past few years were public-health vaccinations against diphtheria, venereal-disease clinics, health insurance of any kind, group practice, salaries for doctors, Blue Cross ('a half-baked scheme'), Social Security, fee schedules, federal grants for mother and child welfare programs, the elimination of the means test for crippled children, the extension of Social Security benefits to the disabled." Nevertheless, Mr. Tunley's indictment of the A.M.A. is a bit too shrill, and his thinking in the field of clinical medicine is at times a little muddled. "New York City Department of Health statistics," he reports, "reveal that in a disease like tuberculosis—where the incidence of susceptibility is roughly the same for both Negroes and whites—the former have a rate of 31.4 per 100,000 people, while the whites have only 3.9." The incidence of tuberculosis has little to do with medical care and much to do with standards of living and with emotional and social factors. "There is also no reason," he remarks, "why the average American child should have at least ten decayed teeth by the time he's fifteen years of age." The cause of dental caries is essentially unknown, and, although dental care can save teeth, it cannot prevent decay. Socialized medicine may be desirable—and, indeed, inevitable—but it is not the robust, pink-cheeked utopia that Mr. Tunley seems determined to believe.

NOTE: Atheneum has published "Nights and Days," a collection of poems by

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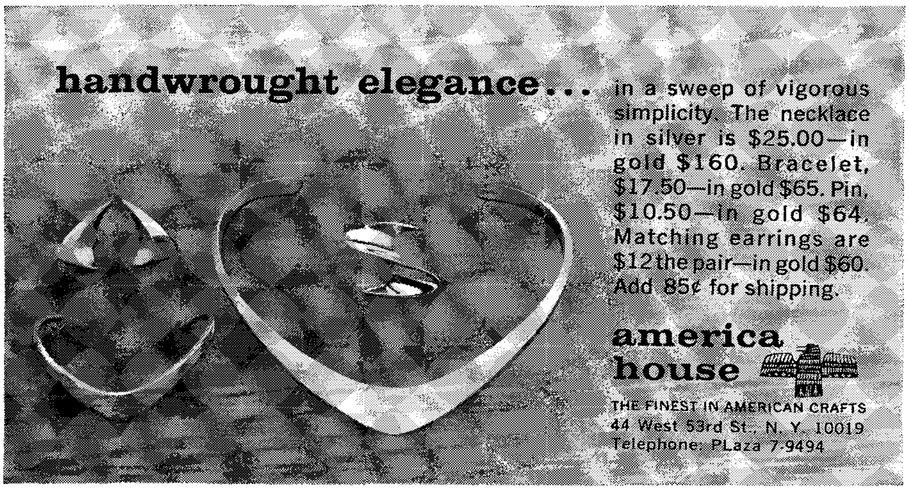

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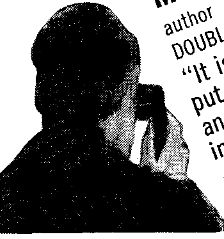

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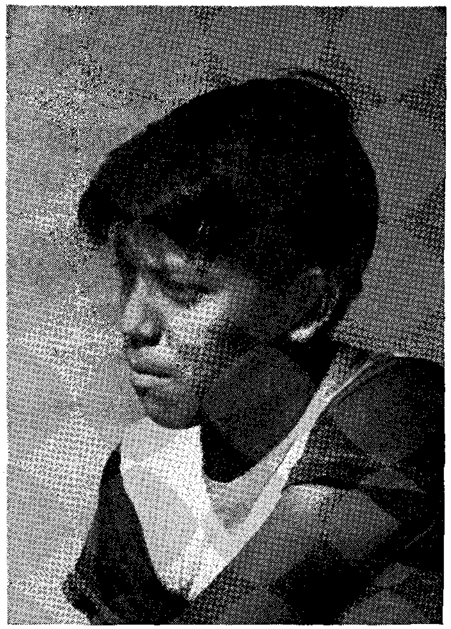

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James Merrill, a number of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CRACK IN THE TEACUP, by Michael Gilbert (Harper & Row). We find ourselves in the small and bustling English seaside town of Sandling, where skyrocketing real-estate values are turning men who would normally be adequate citizens into swindlers, and other men who would normally be swindlers into gangsters. Anthony Bryden, a twenty-three-year-old cricketer who is also a competent solicitor, blunders accidentally into the net of crime that is being drawn around Sandling, and then, instead of minding his own business, he proceeds to try to unravel all the mysteries he sees starting up, and very soon finds his own life in danger. Mr. Gilbert writes like a bat out of hell and plays his clues close to his chest.

THE BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN, by Len Deighton (Putnam). Mr. Deighton's insouciance is a tiny bit forced, but on the whole his story of a dreadful Texan's plot to dominate the earth is entertaining. The best scenes are in London and Helsinki, and the best portrait is that of a marvellously beautiful and quite believable Finnish robot named Signe Laine, a smiling fiend in human form.

DARK BLOOD, DARK TERROR, by Brian Cleeve (Random House). A wildly untidy but nevertheless engrossing excitement about a gang of black African racists and a gang of South African white supremacists and a gang of multi-racial Communists and an indestructible and fashionably moody Irishman in the employ of the British Intelligence Service who manages to kick some sense into them. There is also a modish bittersweet romantic interlude. The action is largely confined to the London slums and to a madhouse near Zurich.

•

Culture is actones, episodes, nodes, nodal chains, scenes, serials, nomoclones, permaclones, paragroups, nomoclonic types, permaclonic types, permaclonic systems, and permaclonic supersystems. Culture is also phonemes, morphemes, words, semantically equivalent utterances, behavior plans, and many other emic things. —*"The Nature of Cultural Things," by Marvin Harris.*

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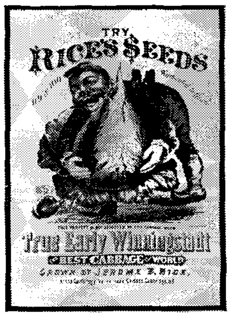

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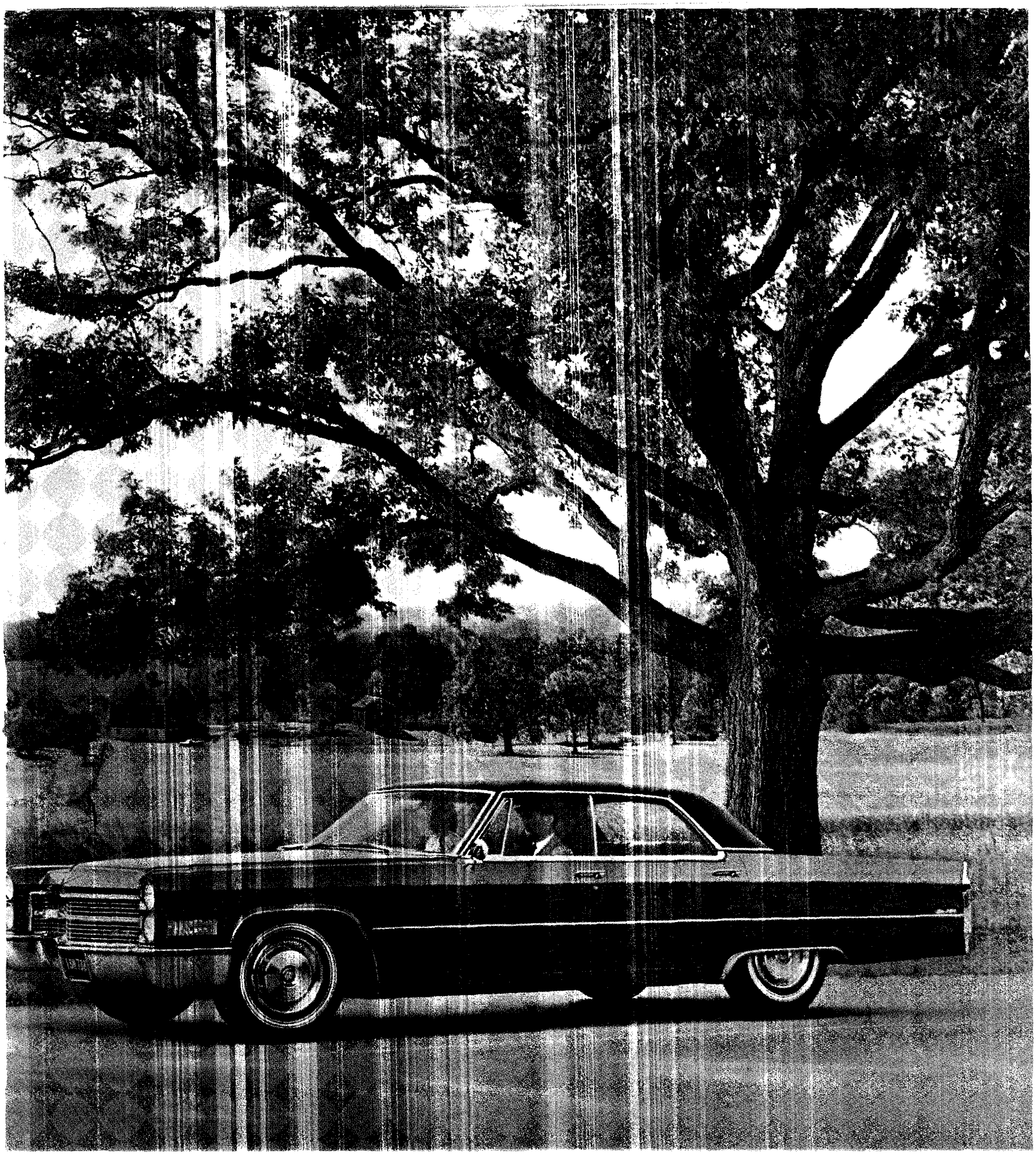

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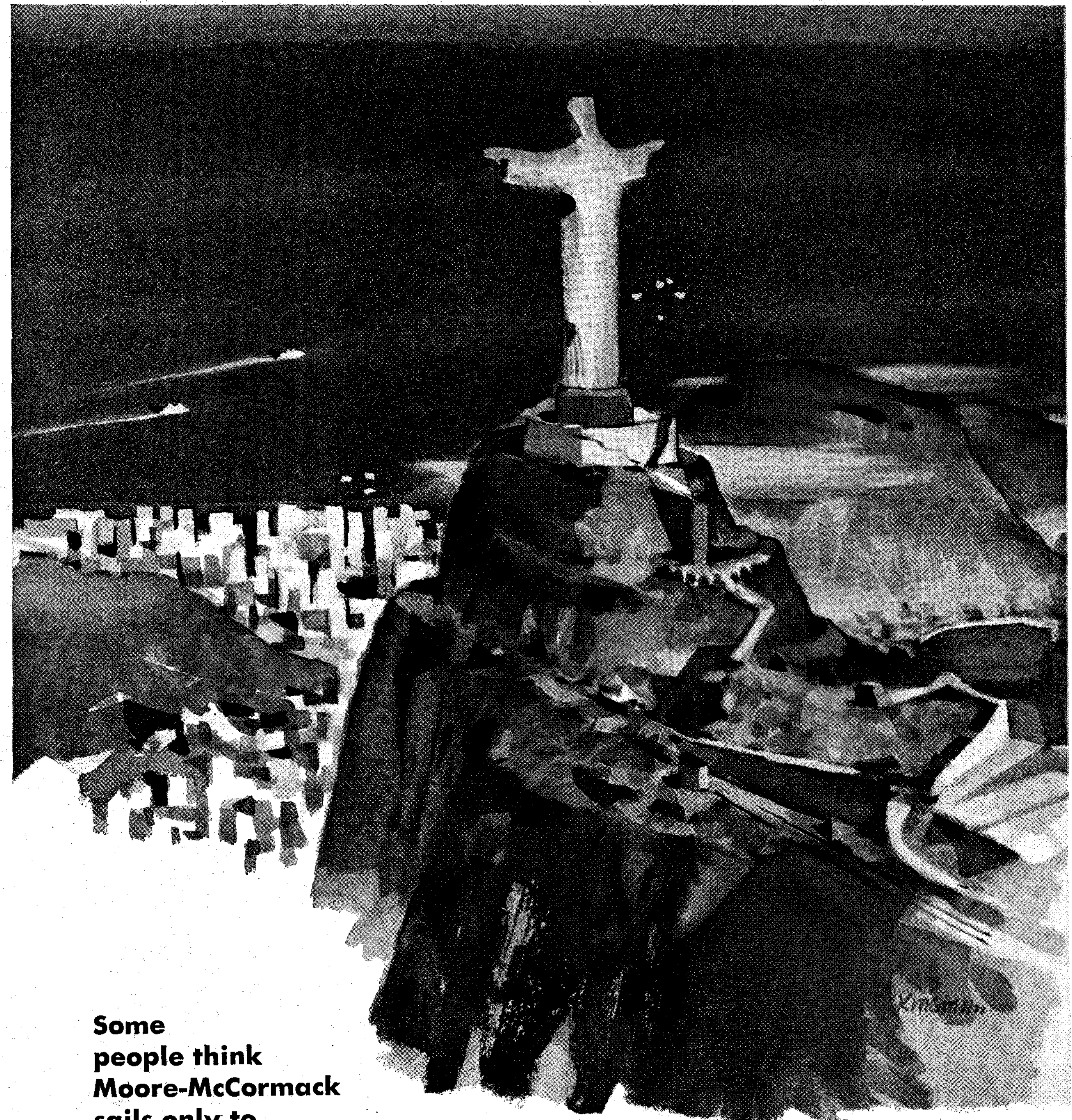

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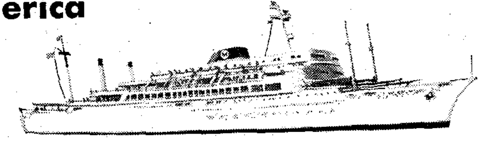

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